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SEPTEMBER
1933

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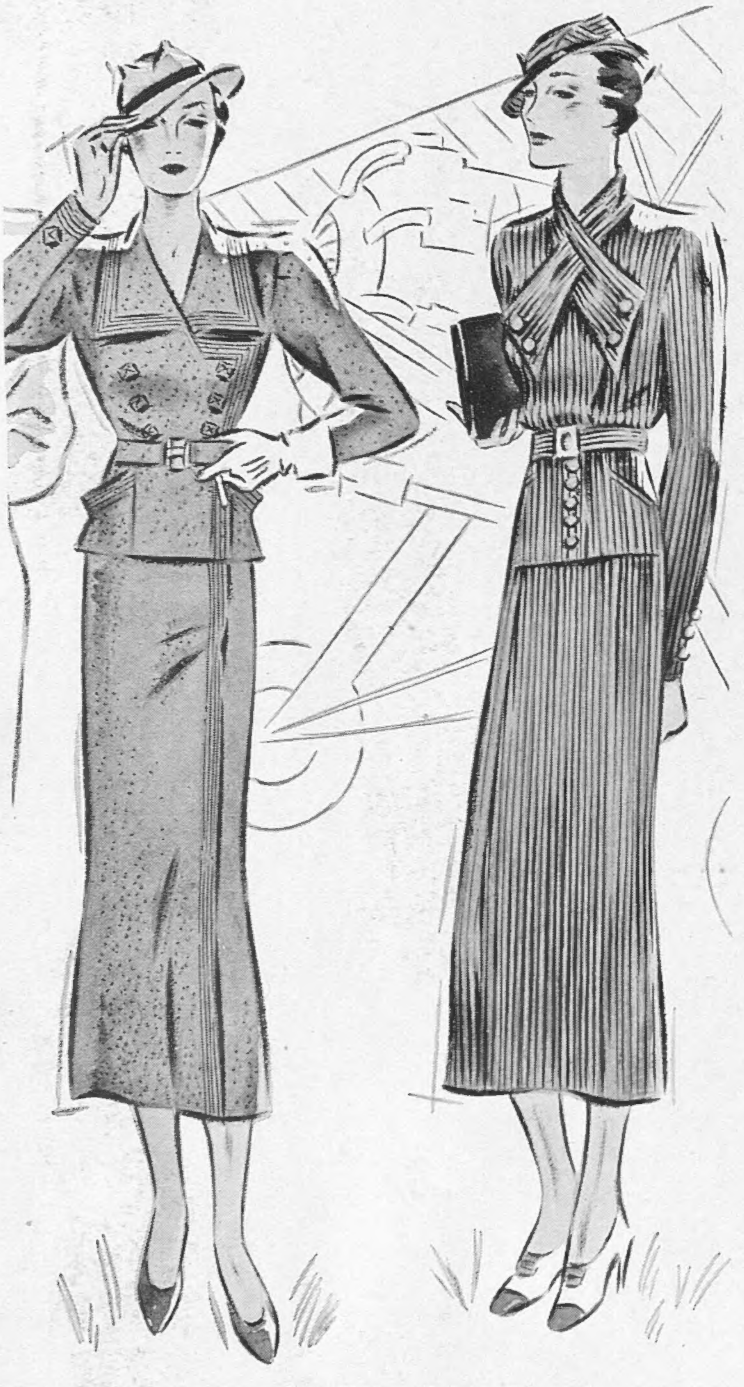
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE

Harvey Nichols

BY APPOINTMENT

SLOANE 3440



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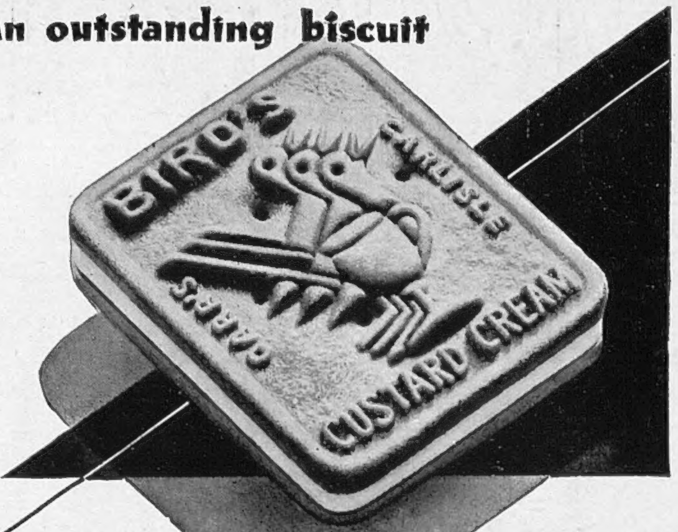

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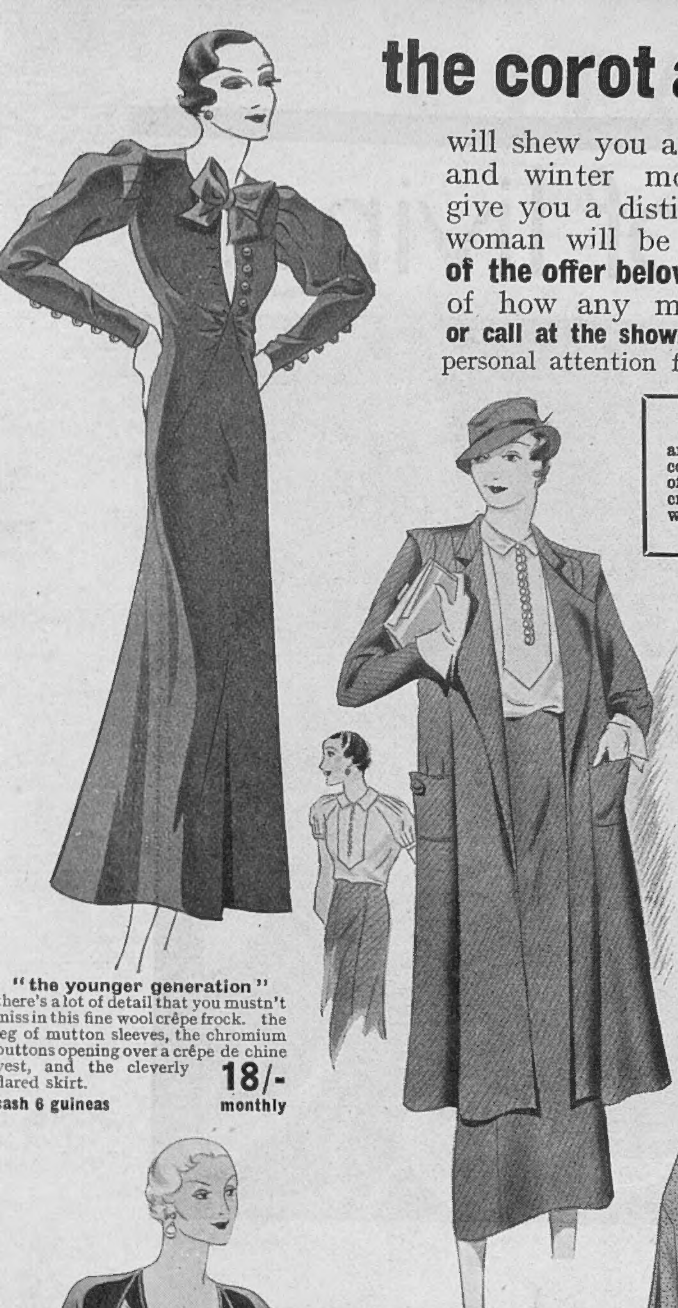

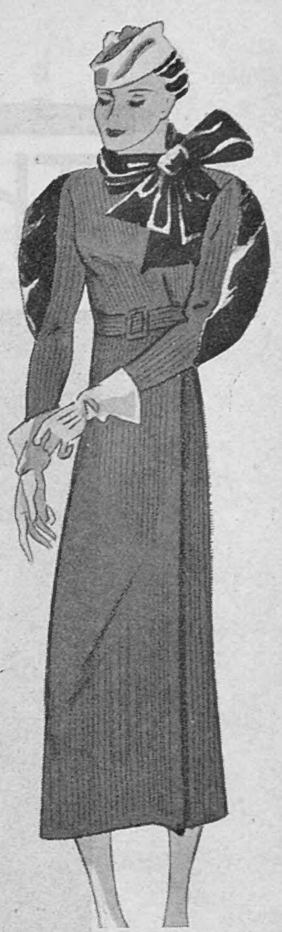

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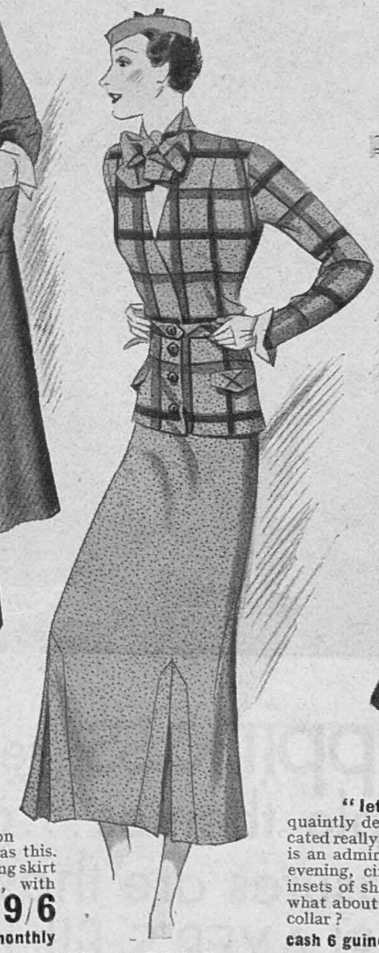

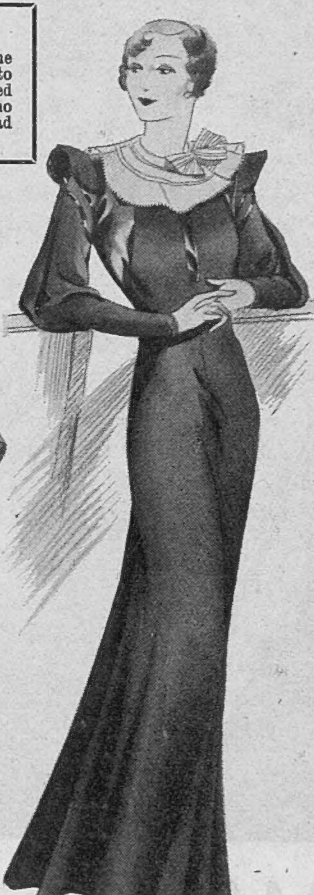

"the younger generation"
here's a lot of detail that you mustn't niss in this fine wool crêpe frock. the eg of mutton sleeves, the chromium uttons opening over a crêpe de chine est, and the cleverly lared skirt. **18/- monthly**
ash 6 guineas

"she sets the fashion"
there will be quite a craze for velvet this year, both indoors and out, so this coat of a knobbly lainage is very "right" with its amusing padded shoulders and the collar and belt of this fabric. lined throughout, of course. **19/6 monthly**
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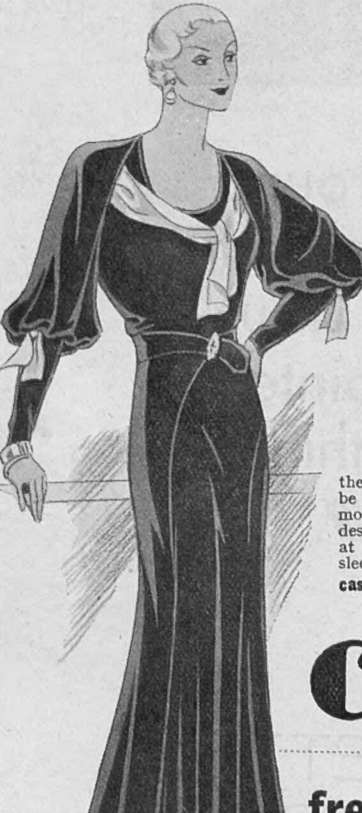

"equipped"
ready for any daytime occasion is she who dons such a suit as this. threequarter coat and matching skirt are in a diagonal woollen, with white crêpe blouse to complete the outfit **19/6 monthly**
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"let's be friends"
quaintly demure, yet oh so sophisticated really, this crêpe phantom gown is an admirable choice for informal evening, cinema or tea wear. the insets of shiny satin are smart, and what about that organdie collar? **18/- monthly**
cash 6 guineas

"fit as a fiddle"
jaunty as a clear autumn day is this suit, for there's an alliance of a plaid woollen (that's what makes the jacket) and an attractive speckled tweed (we use that for the skirt). **16/6 monthly**
cash 5½ guineas

"interested"
(at left)
the restful type of gown cannot be more graceful than when modelled in velvet. here this design is relieved with georgette at neck and on sleeves. **13/6 monthly**
cash 4½ guineas

"the house party"
(at right)
when black velvet is combined with white fur, as here, your success for that evening is assured. the gown is simply cut, yet subtly, while the matching jacket vaunts a huge tie bow at the neck. **19/6 monthly**
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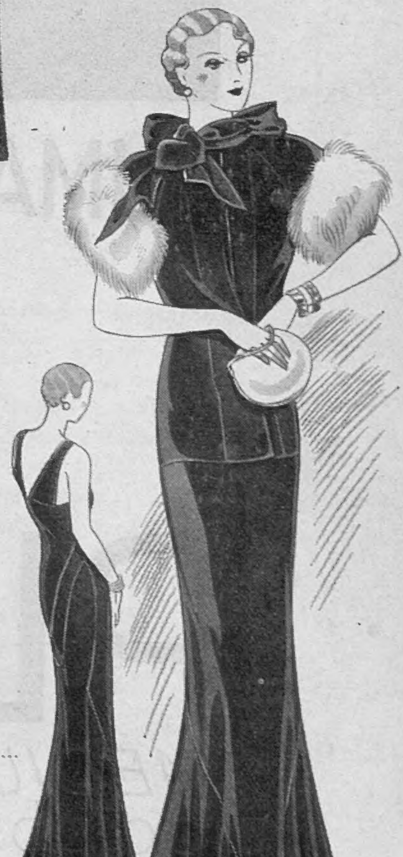

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 7, No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1933

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 122. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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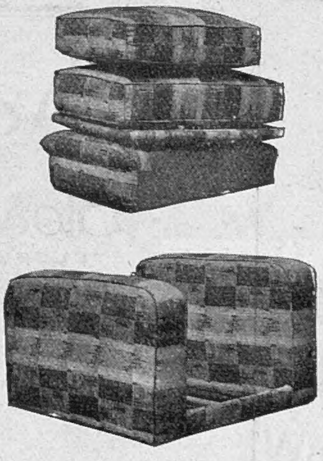

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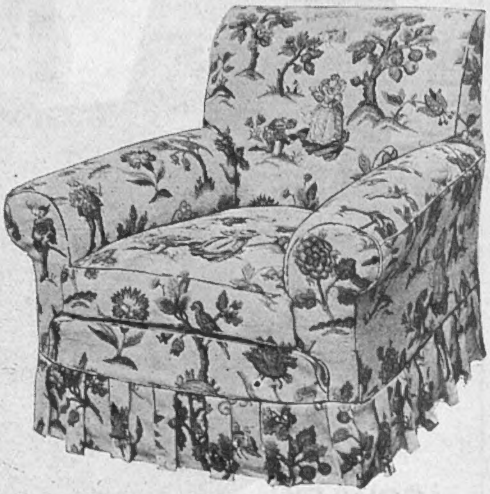

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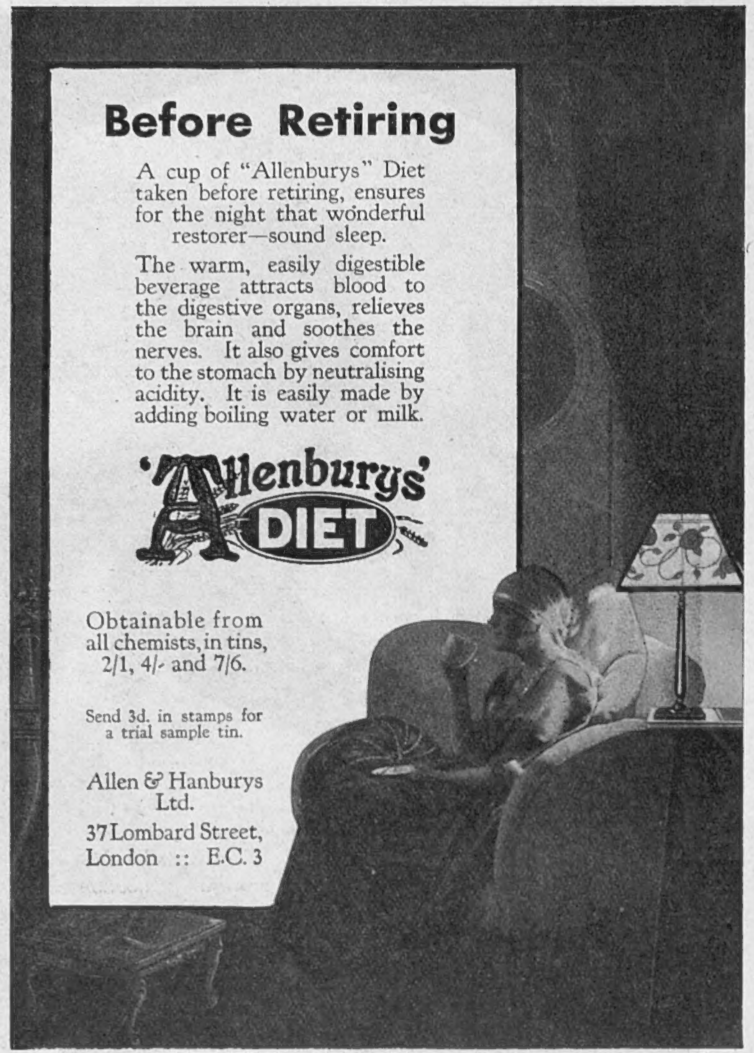

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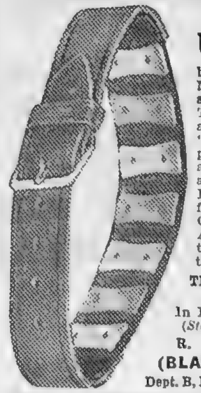

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First thing every morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief.

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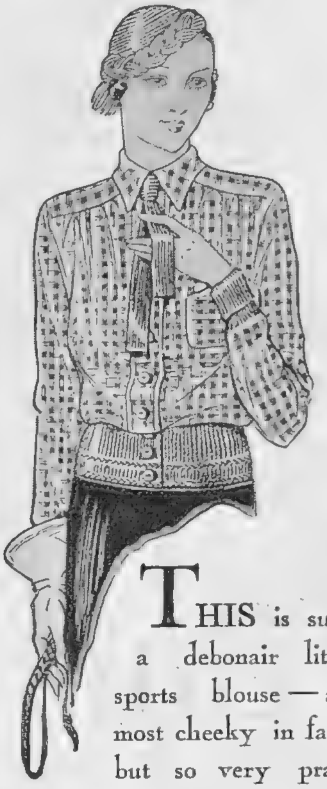
Pour le Sport!



THIS is such a debonair little sports blouse—almost cheeky in fact, but so very practical! It is made in a gay check flannel material and buttons tight to the throat in the smartest way.

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'Ovaltine' does not contain any cheap ingredients to give it bulk. Its supreme health-giving properties will never be sacrificed to cheapen the price.

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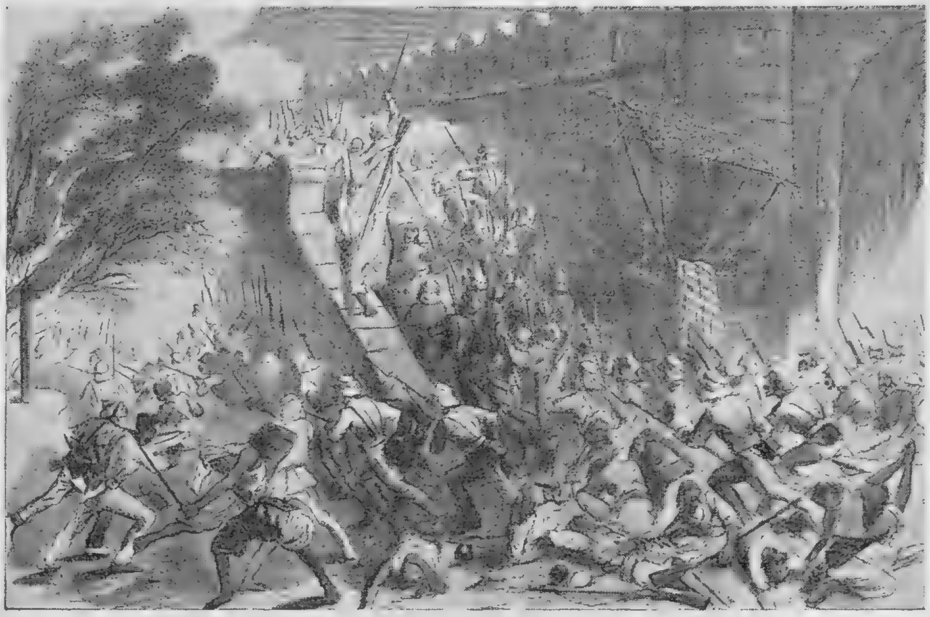
P.932

The Ovaltine Egg Farm

The 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm covering over 300 ACRES to accommodate 100,000 hens

BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for September 1933



September 20th, Delhi Day. British soldiers storming the Cashmere Gate, Delhi, 1857

1st, FRIDAY.

Untold thousands of lives were lost in the great Japanese earthquake just ten years ago to-day (1923). The island of Oshima was bodily moved northward in the upheaval.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, whose military service extended between 1864 and 1916, was born on this day in 1845.

2nd, SATURDAY—*Sunrises* 6.15. *Sun sets* 7.44. *Lighting up time*, 8.44 *B.S.T.*

Sedan, a small French town in the Ardennes, surrendered to the Prussian forces, and the rule of EMPEROR NAPOLEON III was virtually over. He was taken prisoner by the King of Prussia during the rout of Marshal MacMahon's forces.

3rd, SUNDAY.

3rd, Sun.—IVAN SERGEYEVITCH TURGENEV, the first Russian novelist to attract the European literary public, died fifty years ago to-day (1883). His style was one of great simplicity: his philosophic purpose rather the reverse.

4th, MONDAY.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, a brilliant statesman whose career was ruined by a divorce case in which he was unsuccessfully cited as co-respondent, was born ninety years ago to-day (1843). He died, still a great expert on foreign and military affairs, in 1911.

5th, TUESDAY.

On this day in 1905 the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed between Russia and Japan. It is of interest to-day that both countries agreed to withdraw troops from Manchuria.

But Japan is back with a vengeance!

6th, WEDNESDAY.

The "Miracle of the Marne" was enacted on this day in 1914. The Germans, advancing on Paris, left a gap in their lines, such a gap as the opposing armies vainly tried to force during the ensuing four years of the Great War. The German tide was turned, and France was saved by the forces led by JOFFRE and FRENCH.

7th, THURSDAY.

The anniversary of one of the most terrible peace-time disasters in naval history—yet long forgotten. H.M.S. *Captain*, one of the first two sea-going turret ships in the Royal Navy, turned turtle in the Bay of Biscay, with nearly all hands and its gallant commander, CAPTAIN HUGH BURGOYNE, V.C. The disaster, however, brought about the final abolition of masts and yards.

8th, FRIDAY.

There have been Suffragettes in New Zealand since this day forty years ago (1893), when New Zealand gave the franchise to women, being the first British Dominion to do so.

9th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.26. *Sun sets* 7.28. *Lighting up time*, 8.28 *B.S.T.*

A day when many old soldiers take out their medals, and remember that 51 years ago (1882) the British forces fighting Arabi Pasha were attacked by an overwhelming Egyptian army, yet emerged victorious at Kassassin.

10th, SUNDAY.

10th, Sun.—The EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA died 1898.

Happy memory for backers: three years ago to-day (1930) Lord Glanely's Singapore won the St. Leger with Gordon Richards up.

11th, MONDAY.

A year ago it was announced that MR. and MRS. HUTCHINSON, with two small daughters, were lost in their seaplane off Greenland coast. But they were found.

Exchange rates for this day 1930: £=123 francs, 4.86 dollars and 20.4 marks.

12th, TUESDAY.

The birthday of the late EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH; for if Herbert Henry Asquith had not died in 1928 he would have been eighty-one to-day. The great statesman was born in 1852 in Morley, Yorkshire, the son of a Liberal Nonconformist. He rose to be Prime Minister.

13th, WEDNESDAY.

Great Britain can thank some interfering Christian missionaries for much of her commercial position in China. As the result of the murder of a missionaries' interpreter called Margery, she made China sign on this day, 1876, the Chefoo Agreement, whereby she was able to penetrate even further into the hinterland of the Emperor's dominions.

14th, THURSDAY.

WILLIAM ROBERT ROBERTSON was born on this day in 1860, destined to enter the Army as a private and leave it as a Field Marshal.

15th, FRIDAY.

Russia became a Republic—officially—on this day in 1917.

And on the same day there lumbered out of the misty dawn over the Somme the first of those strange and secret new military machines which War Office prudence had quietly labelled as "tanks," presumably for the purpose of carrying water. But the secret of their manufacture was well held.

16th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.37. *Sun sets* 7.12. *Lighting up time*, 8.12 *B.S.T.*

DR. EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY died on this day in 1882. He was one of the great leaders of the Oxford Movement in the Church of England, which celebrated its centenary last July.

17th, SUNDAY.

17th Sun.—Just before midnight a year ago SIR RONALD ROSS, who conquered the malaria scourge, died aged 76.

18th, MONDAY.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN, leader of the school of lyric humorists which finds *Punch* its highest medium, is 72 to-day. He was editor of *Punch* itself for 27 years, until 1932.

19th, TUESDAY.

GENERAL ALLENBY finally broke the Turkish front in Palestine on this day 1918.

20th, WEDNESDAY.

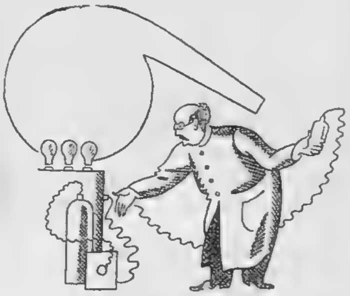
Delhi Day, when it should be recalled that in 1857 the city of Delhi was occupied and the long siege—which cost the lives of over a thousand British soldiers—was ended.

21st, THURSDAY.

A year ago the papers were filled with little else but accounts of the kidnapping, by Chinese brigands near Newchang, of MRS. PAWLEY and MR. CHARLES CORKRAN, and to whom food supplies had just been smuggled.

22nd, FRIDAY.

MICHAEL FARADAY, great English chemist and physicist, died in 1867. His electrical research work is the basis of modern electrical science.



23rd, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.48. *Sun sets* 6.56. *Lighting up time*, 7.56 *B.S.T.*

On this day in 1905 Sweden and Norway—meeting at the Swedish town of Karlstad—decided upon the severance of their union.

24th, SUNDAY.

24th, Sun.—Flashes from three years ago: HITLER was writing his "*heads will roll in the sand*" speech, to be delivered on the morrow; MRS. FREDDIE GUEST inherited £55 millions from her American father, Mr. Henry Phipps.

25th, MONDAY.

Lucknow Day, held in memory of SIR HENRY LAWRENCE'S heroic defence of the city during the Indian Mutiny in 1857.

26th, TUESDAY.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, orator and politician, born a hundred years ago (1833). Considerable facial resemblance led HORATIO BOTTOMLEY to claim close relationship with Bradlaugh.

27th, WEDNESDAY.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA, favourite son-in-law of the Emperor Franz Joseph, and leader of the German forces on the Eastern front, died alone and forgotten in Munich in 1930, aged 74.

28th, THURSDAY.

John Denton Pinkstone French was born at Ripple, Kent, on this day 1852. He died on May 22nd, 1925, as the first EARL OF YPRES, a famous and stubborn-headed soldier.

29th, FRIDAY.

Michaelmas and Quarter Day.

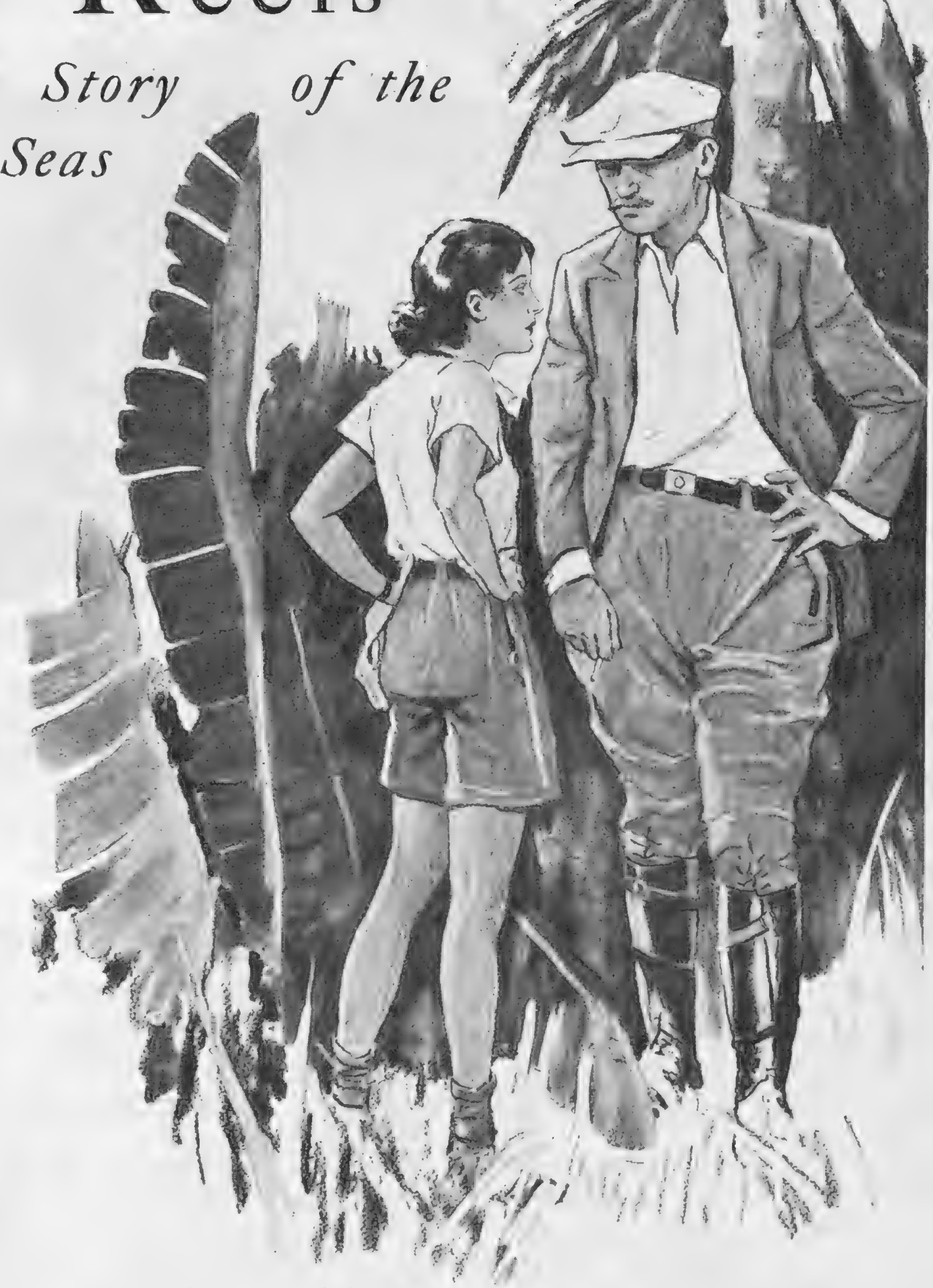
30th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 7.0. *Sun sets* 6.40. *Lighting up time*, 7.40 *B.S.T.*

FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS celebrated his first birthday a century ago (1833). He died on November 14th, 1914.

LORD BIRKENHEAD, lawyer and politician, died on this day in 1930.

The Reefs

A Queer Story of the South Seas



SINCE a long time Glascott, the trader, had grown used to the sound of sea-combers bursting on the reef; the great reef that surrounded with chevaux-de-frise this remote, unvisited island of Ro.

Four years, since Mairi and the baby died, he had lived on Ro alone. Now that there was no one to talk to—for the black men and women of Ro did not count—he had learned much of the strange, significant talking of the reef. Sometimes the voice of Ro was as the voice of angry bulls, grumbling and roaring, a sinister, storm-bringing sound. Sometimes it sang, a song that was dangerously sweet—island dwellers know that fatal sweetness. And sometimes, maliciously, it tricked you, making you believe, in the quiet hours of dawn, that you heard a ship coming, where they never came, save as wrecks. You would be sure that you heard the tramp of a steamer's engines, or the throbbing of a launch, and yet all the time you knew it wasn't true; knew that the only launch was your own, lying idle at the jetty, the only ships were those whose anchors stood up black and minatory, like warning hands, from the wool-white smother of the reef.

Ships, nowadays, had learned to avoid the neighbourhood of this last, outermost island of the group, notorious for shoals and currents. So Glascott knew that it was only the reef tricking him again when he heard, once more in an hour of sleepless dawn, the thrash of engines that certainly weren't there.

Until day had come in flaring gold, he lay where he was, seeing through the mist of his mosquito net the verandah rail, and the palm-tree tops and below and beyond all that, the sea, the ever empty sea. No need to get up and look at the other side of the island. He knew . . .

By-and-by, after breakfast, served by his native boy, he took the track down to the store, where all his business was done. Copra and fungus, ivorynuts, red money shell, pink trochus shell, the royal goldlip pearlshell and—sometimes—the pearls that it sheltered; these things he had been buying from the natives of Ro for seven years, giving them in exchange tobacco, red calico, beads and knives and axes. Nobody knew how much he had made out of the place, and he told nobody, on his rare visits to the little island settlement, three hundred sea miles away. He had no rival; the only trader who had ventured Ro before him had died, and the few wrecked sailors who could have told tales were walking about Ro inside the stomachs of Glascott's customers. Or at least you could say so, as a figure of speech—twenty years after. They'd been wrecked, and killed, long before Glascott came.

Mairi, strange to say, had been his safeguard, in early days; the dark men of Ro realised while she was there, that no harm could come to their own women, and so they made friends with Glascott. After she died, poor plucky little soul! he had never dared to ask another white woman to risk the perils and hardships of the place. But he had learned the difficult island language, and he had, by sheer force of personality, contrived to make himself a sort of little king; and that position he proposed to keep, as long as it was necessary to stay. Or maybe longer. For Ro was "getting him."

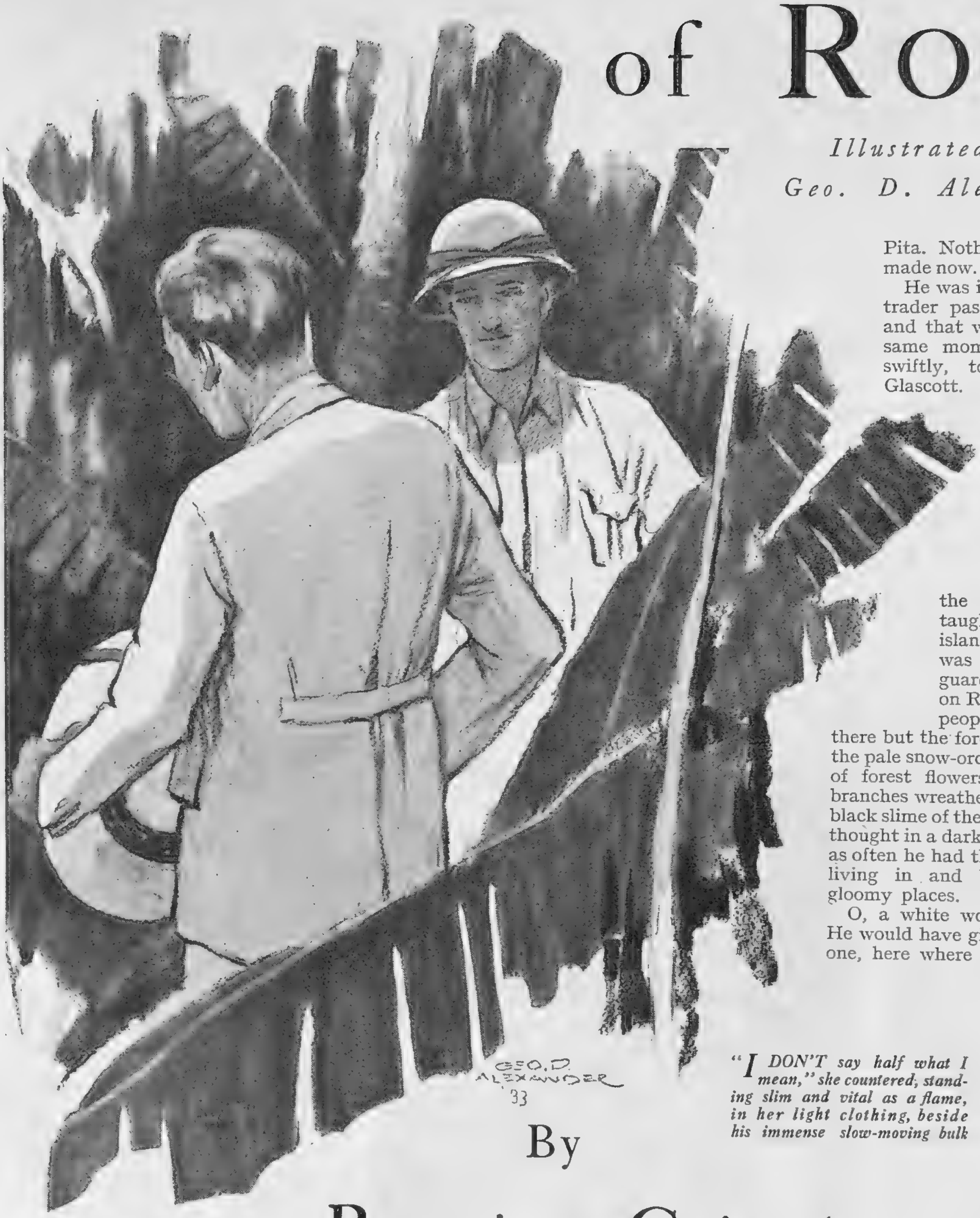
One other thing kept him safe, albeit with the safety of a man who walks on a thin log bridge above a boiling torrent. He had no love among the Ro women.

Every time he passed through the forest on the way to his store, they would be there, the younger and better looking of them; naked creatures of beautiful dark form, giggling and running through the dusk, among the orchid-netted palms. They were bent, to a woman, on his conquest, even knowing as they did that the love of any one of them was fatal as the love of those legendary fairy women, whose embraces were death.

IN past time, shipwrecked sailors had made love to these Ro women, and had swiftly paid for it. There were white men's skulls among the war trophies in

# of Ro

Illustrated by
Geo. D. Alexander



"I DON'T say half what I mean," she countered; standing slim and vital as a flame, in her light clothing, beside his immense slow-moving bulk

By

Beatrice Grimshaw

the great devil-house, down below. Pale children there were none—save one only, and if he had not been the son of a high chief's daughter, and if she had not survived long enough to see him safe through infancy, he too would have gone by the way of the braining-stone and the deep sea beyond the reef.

As it was, he lived; he was twenty-five years of age and he was—in Glascott's eyes—the pity and the shame of Ro. His name was Pita; he had been taken away by a missionary, educated more or less, and then turned loose on Ro to evangelise his people. What he had done was to drop all semblance of religion, go back to savagery as near as possible, and use the prestige of a "misinari" only for his own ends. Glascott used to have him up to the house sometimes for a talk; Pita would come, dressed like a white man, and speaking like one, and then, a night later, Glascott would know him to be dancing naked in the middle of the head-hunters, down at the Jaggega, that sacred place whereon no white person was allowed to set foot. He was a great dancer, a great hunter, and Glascott could have told you, in one way only, a great man. That was in the matter of his face, an almost exact reproduction of the face of a certain famous Victorian statesman, whose son had many years ago been wrecked on the reefs of Ro, and there had died, slain for the unforgivable crime of living with a Ro woman.

If he had been caught young—but he hadn't been; they had given him only a black man's schooling, and little of that—something might have been made of Pita. Nothing conceivably could be made now.

He was in Glascott's mind as the trader passed through the forest, and that was odd, for in the very same moment Pita was hurrying, swiftly, to find and speak to Glascott.

Glascott kept on, a notable figure, tall and well set up, with the fair hair and light blue eyes loved by all island folk, neatly dressed, as he always was, glancing round him now and then in the half-mechanical fashion taught by long years on an island full of surprises. There was nothing that needed guarding against, nowadays, on Ro, for a man who had the people well in hand. Nothing there but the forest and the pathway and the pale snow-orchids of Ro, most lovely of forest flowers, dangling down from branches wreathed with moss, above the black slime of the sago swamp; like a pure thought in a dark house full of evil; like—as often he had thought—a white woman, living in and blessing these mystical, gloomy places.

O, a white woman, a white woman! He would have given his very soul to see one, here where the wicked, dark-satin-skinned girls of Ro were wont to wander, smiling and luring. They did not care if they drew men to death. They could laugh, when the fires were lighting. . . .

"Glas, Glas!" came a sudden call from the track ahead. That was no woman. Surely it was Pita—Pita running, and calling out his name.

In a moment he came into view, a slim, ivory-skinned creature, wreathed and girdled with leaves. "Come quick, Glas," he panted. "There's three white people come, and they've gone to the Jabbaga."

"White people! So I did hear something, after all," he said to himself.

"Come quick," repeated Pita. And Glascott broke into a run. The Jabbaga, the circle of stones where cannibal feasts and wild cannibal dances were held, was no place for strangers—deck hands off some straying ship no doubt, but whoever they were, he must save them from the consequences of their folly.

"Glas," said Pita, running easily beside him. "I don't think these men they will make trouble with the Ro girls."

"No?" They were almost there now; sea-light was breaking through the dusk of the forest, sea-scent, clean and sharp, floating on the air.

"No, Glas. Bee-cause, they got their own girl with them."

"What!" For a moment he doubted his own ears; that which Pita had said was surely impossible. "Do you mean—there's a white woman?"

"Yes, yes, Glas. Two white men, one white woman, they coming in a boat from one steamer she lying outside. Small steamer from the port. I look at them t'rough the bush, bee-cause I got no close on, I not liking to come out. They walking about, and they say 'Where's the damn trader?' and they come on the Jabbaga, and go sit down there. So then I run."

Glascott quickened his pace. They couldn't know, of course, but you might as well have sat down in the nest of a mother crocodile, as among the stones of the Jabbaga, that amazing circle of seats placed round about a central fireplace, and used by the men of Ro for their most sacred—and horrible—ceremonies. Glascott hadn't been able—yet—to break those up. Nor did he lightly visit the Jabbaga himself. As for strangers——

There they were, safe for the present at all events. There was the Jabbaga, set in the midst of huge forest trees that ringed it closely round, pushing on one another, trying—it seemed—to look over each other's heads and shoulders, at the things that had been done, would be done, there. Quiet and pleasant it looked in the early light with the sea chiming on the inner reef, close at hand, with the fruit-pigeons murmuring and mourning, in the bush, near by. A peaceful, almost a holy sort of place—if you did not know . . .

On three of the low stone seats sat the three people who had come ashore. Glascott's eyes went first to the girl, a surprising vision to a man who, like him, had scarcely set eye on any fashionable woman since he left England, not long after the war.

She was young, and very slight; she hadn't the "shape" that he had been wont to admire, and she wore, instead of feminine fripperies, a shirt and a pair of shorts. Yet, in that garb, she looked as fully finished, as completely adorned, as ever the girls that he had known had looked in gala dress. Dressed for Court, even, as he had seen his cousins, in the days before the money went, and he too went, to earth's far ends. It was something in her air of utter self-possession; in the finish of her small black satin head (she had taken off her hat); in the sinuous slimness of her long neck, like an egret's neck, he thought, remembering the white birds that haunted like spirits the verge of lakes and rivers, in the hills. She had a short upper lip, and a small heart-shaped mouth, very bright red (he did not know it was painted). Dark eyes, restless and unsatisfied, but bright as the jewels of volcanic glass he was used to find on the beach. And a sweetness about her, a sort of bitter sweetness, that charmed more than any commonplace rose-and-lily loveliness. No wonder the big man in the fine drill suit, beside her, kept looking at her as if he could not take away his eyes. There was another man, who didn't seem interested in the girl; he was rather like her, in a smudged sort of way, and Glascott put him down as her brother. Somehow, he knew that the girl and the big man were not married. She looked too restless, unsatisfied; he looked at her too lovingly, for that. "Lovers," he thought. "Engaged, maybe." And he immediately disliked, without other cause, the big man.

For a moment he had forgotten the peril in which these strangers stood; the danger, even, to himself. Now he remembered, and in the same moment he saw, with a sudden creeping of the skin, that a number of Ro men had appeared on the verges of the forest.

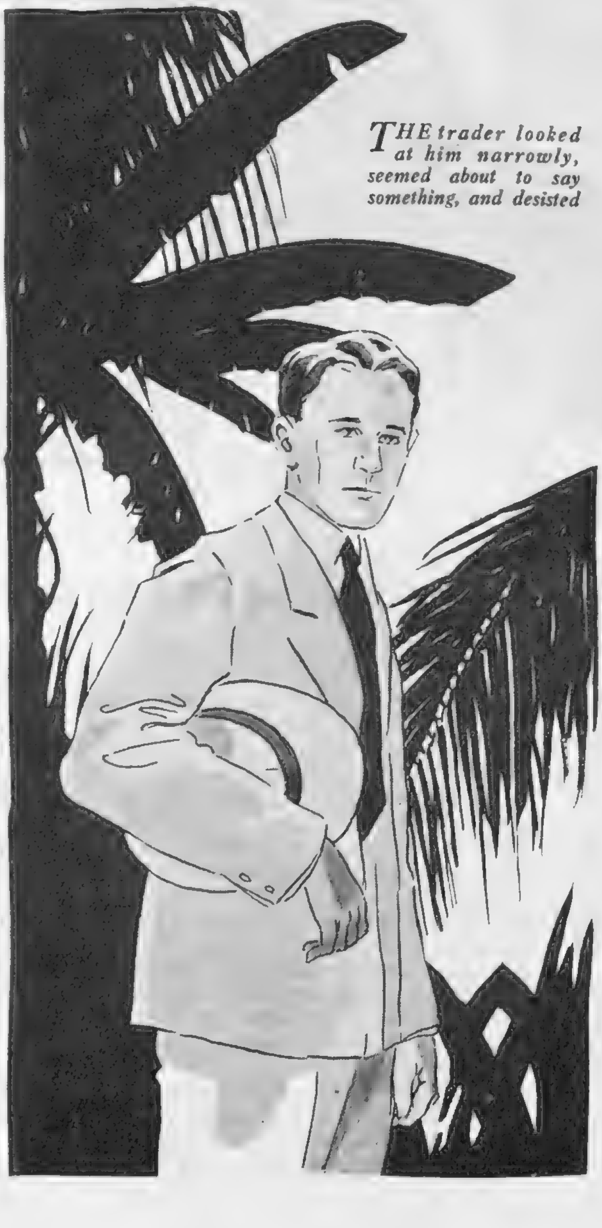
"Look at them," the girl said in a high, amused voice. "Aren't they too quaint, with their Golliwog hair, and those frantic kilts of leaves!"

The big man said, "Must be nonsense, what people said about them. They're as tame as kittens. Not a weapon among them."

The other man, who had a keen, clever, rather despicable face, let his lower lip drop down, and stared hard. "You're no fool," thought Glascott, and then, "My Lord, they're forming fives!"

"Going to show us a bit of drill, what?" said the big man, tucking his cigar into the corner of his mouth.

Glascott came forward as quietly as he could; it was never good to hurry when things went wrong. No time now to ask for, or give introductions. No time even to get these fools clear away.



THE trader looked at him narrowly, seemed about to say something, and desisted

"Pita!" he said, and as if moved by a common spring, the three strange heads turned round, staring at him. The girl saw a white man, lean, muscular, with light eyes and hair, and a look of command, suddenly appearing in the glade of the Jabbaga; with him a curious fellow dressed in leaves, dark ivory skinned, with dangling brownish hair, and a face that made her think of somebody, she couldn't remember whom. She had not time to think about it, for immediately things began to happen.

The "Golliwogs" had grouped themselves into little companies of five, and with a swift, stealthy movement, were advancing on the party of strangers. Now they were at the edge of the forest, and now, immediately it seemed, they had come so close that you could see the whites of their brown-china, staring eyes, and mark the rapid rise and fall of their naked breasts. They were clearly excited . . . . about what?

The girl didn't know, none of the strangers knew, but the two men, having done war service, guessed vaguely at something that induced them, quickly, to place themselves between the girl and the advancing groups of five. Glascott and Pita had been quicker. They were already among the Ro men, shouldering them aside, separating them one from another, all with perfect good humour on Glascott's part, and a certain sharp voiced, shrewish anger on the part of Pita. The Ro men seemed to hesitate, hung in the balance a moment, and then, sulkily, broke up. They pointed to the white people, and made some demand.

Glascott seemed to grant it; Pita shouted, threatened again, and then, as suddenly as they had come, the Ro men were gone, slipping away through the tangled bush like snakes. And there was, once more, quiet in the Jabbaga, and the sound of the mourning pigeons, and of the sea.

"I'll trouble you to get out of this as quickly as possible," the trader said.

"But what——" the big man began.

"Wait!" ordered Glascott, leading the way at a quick pace, out of the stone circle to the track that wound upwards towards his house. They covered, in silence, a quarter of a mile or so, and then the trader called a halt. Everyone was more or less winded. Pita had disappeared.

"I suppose," said the big man, between short breaths, "there was something wrong about those beggars down below? We've only just landed, we——"

"You happened on to their most sacred meeting place," Glascott told him. "They were forming fives when I came along."

"And that means——"

"Strangling parties; they're experts. Five to each man, four to legs and arms, one to squeeze the throat. Drilled and practised since they were babies. You had a lucky escape."

"Thanks to you," said the girl. The big man seemed to remember something. "Your name's Glascott," he said. "They told me in the port. This is Miss Henryson. Mr. Henryson. I'm Calthrop—I—we're much obliged to you."

The trader looked at him narrowly, seemed about to say something, and desisted. " It was the other chap who did most," he remarked. " Pita. He 's by way of being a kind of sorcerer, and they 're afraid of him. As for me, I only said you 'd pay fine. Pigs and so on. They wanted," he said, " quite a lot of pigs."

He did not mention that his own life, for a minute, while he was bargaining, had hung in the balance, but the girl seemed to know it ; shot a glance of appreciation at him. " I like this place," she remarked, seemingly to the landscape in general. " I like mine with pepper in it. I think," she said, " this island could bite. You," she said, suddenly turning to her brother, " can have Honolulu, and Fiji too, if you want 'em."

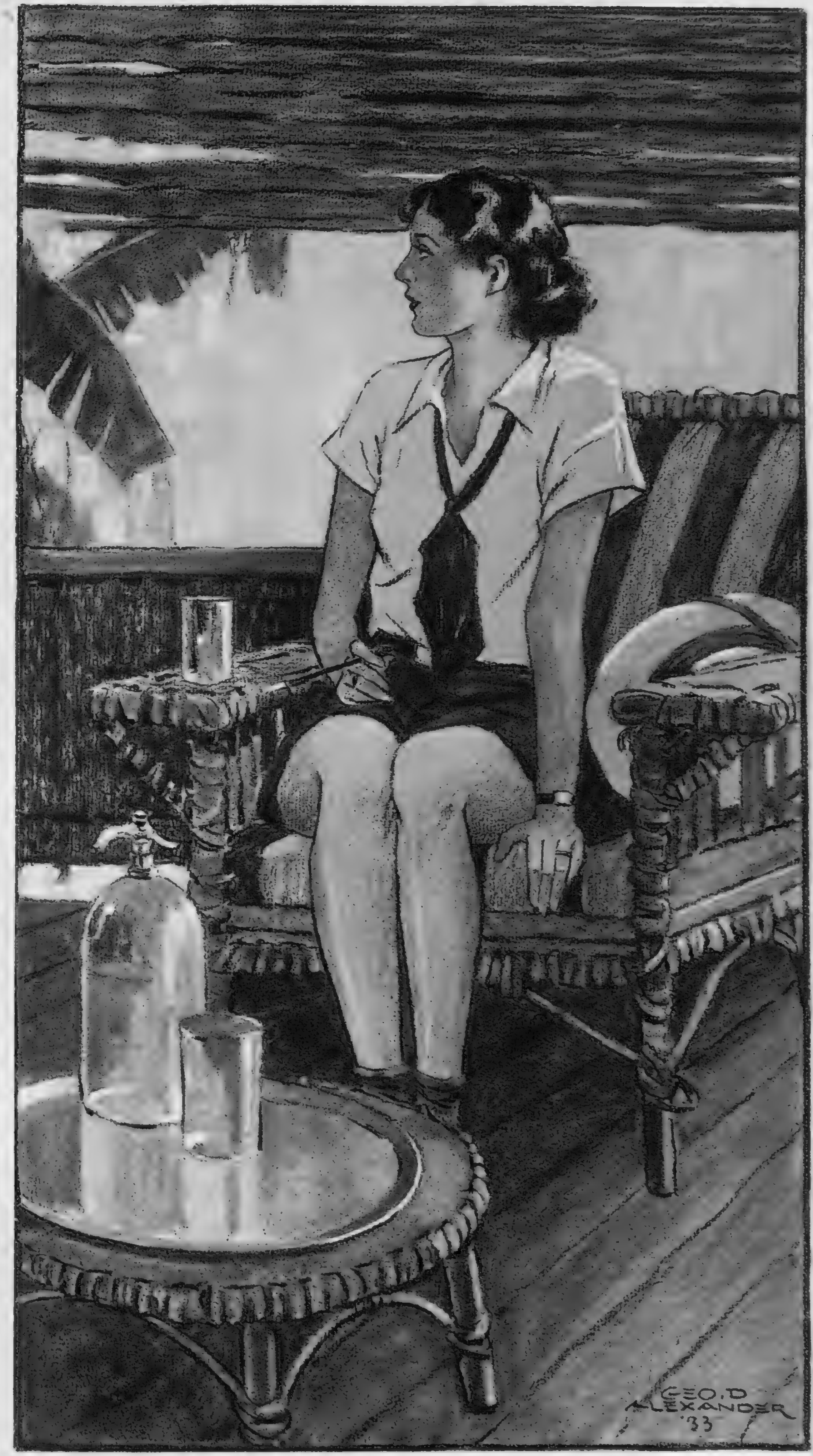
" There 's worse places than Suvan," coolly remarked the big man, Calthrop. " And I 'm sure you don't mean half what you say, Katinka."

" I don't say half what I mean," she countered, standing slim and vital as a flame, in her light clothing, beside his immense, slow-moving bulk. He was not a young man exactly ; Glascott gave him five- or six-and-forty ; more than ten years older than himself. He had an air of quiet importance, a look of being emphatically " somebody " that seemed to put the question of age aside.

To Henryson he said, speaking as a general might address an aide-de-camp : " You 'll see about this matter of fines ; square it with Mr. A-um." And Henryson said : " Certainly." And then, without further talk, they all continued up the track to the trader's wood-and-iron bungalow that stood at the top of the hill, looking out a long way across the palm-tree tops and the blue-green lagoon, to the crumbling reefs outside.

On the verandah, over glasses and whisky—which Katinka took down like a man—the newcomers explained their business at Ro. A certain great statesman, well known in Victorian days, survivor of an age almost forgotten, was passing away, full of honours and of years. The heir to his title had died in the Great War ; another, and still another heir had taken his place, death following, like a dark hound, on their tracks. Remained now, as heir, this man Calthrop, who

(*Continued on page* 94)



Katinka, smoking a cigarette in an extremely long holder, looked at him under her curly eyelashes, and reckoned him up, much more accurately than he had reckoned her

THE steam drifter "Girl Nancy" proceeding to the fishing grounds

A FLEET of steam drifters setting out through Yarmouth Roads

THE average trawlerman is a hard-bitten fellow used to his daily dose of danger, with its much larger dose of discomfort

Hungry

The unchanged Out-posts of "Rule Britannia"

By

Joan Woollcombe

THE stocky little ship stood almost on her nose—then she sat back on her haunches: her hundred feet or so changed its angle rather abruptly, and so did one landswoman and two cameras. But, because her skipper and I have inhabited the same sea-village for the last twenty years, because he would more normally, but less formally, call me "gel-Joan"—these wild but determined staggerings around the wheel-house were regarded benevolently.

Yarmouth heaved on a grey horizon: the Board of Trade compass expert swaying about on the roof of the wheel-house sang out: "Stop, your engines—let her drift. . . ."

She drifted—and wallowed in it. . . .

It was at this moment that the second-hand chose to suggest: "Come you down below," and led the way, an intimidating giant in formidable sea-kit. The *Girl Nancy*, one hundred-and-twenty tons or so, of her, continued to wallow. First we swayed into the cook's galley: hot with belligerent smells—then across the doorway of the engine room, where were the milling intestines of the machines, more smells and different, and then, an ungraceful and flying lurch into the lap of a very ancient mariner huddled in a corner and evidently left over from some voyage of the eighteen-thirties.

Thence the progress was rapid, if involuntary: down an occasionally vertical ladder, lowered (by the ancient) by the scruff of the Burberry . . . and so into the cabin, incredibly small and apparently entirely unventilated, where the skipper and some of his ten men live, sleep and eat for months on end. There we sit and talk, while Radio Paris blares from a box in the corner; talk against a background—did any of us stop to think of it!—of the last nine hundred years of the raw material of "*Rule Britannia*" and the man power of the sixth largest industry in Great Britain—*fishing*. And the cannon fodder of that work in war and in peace (and there's little difference to the fisherman, except in one he's a "hero") is the sailorman *and his wife*.

Seas *and* HERRING Heritage

They are grim enough realists, these men: and as *Girl Nancy* chug-chugs her way back to harbour, it is of economics we talk rather than romantic background; and we talk on the windy deck, whence it has been considered tactful to remove the guest from the closer atmosphere of the cabin!

"ME!" bellows six-foot or so of blue jersey and sea boots—"They pushed ME and the wife and kids on to the Parish when I was laid-off with crushed fingers. . . ." And we make sympathetic noises, for it is a "Share-Fisherman" talking who gets *neither dole nor fixed wage.*

It is, in fact, the Herring Man who has caught the full, unabated blast of the Depression—for the Industry has two main sections. The one, devoted to the catching of demersal, or white fish—deep fishing with trawls or lines; and the other the amazing Herring Fishing, worked from "drifters" who do what their name implies, with tremendous nets, ensnaring the herring nearer the surface. The Herring Fisherman's main season is from Michaelmas to Martinmas, and has been so for nine hundred years: should he work six months of the year, however, from May to November, his takings are, theoretically, his support for the year—during his absence, his wife gets a fixed allowance: "blue jersey's" wife, with her two children, got a pound a week, *less postage!* At the end of the voyage the profits are shared out: there are usually sixteen shares to a boat, of which the owners take nine-sixteenths after all the expenses of the voyage have been paid.

After that the economics are simple: the "skipper" gets 1¾ share of the remainder: the engineer and the second hand probably 1¼ share each: the third hand 1 share, and so on down to the cook (and they all start away as cook!) who may get one-half share or five-eighths. From each man's share there is taken an allowance for his dependants while he is away: and the balance (if any) is his, to maintain him and his family theoretically for the rest of the year! It has worked out of late that, for one of the most difficult and dangerous callings, the ordinary deck-hand may make at the rate of 20s. or a little over a week, all told, for the year for himself and his family. . . .

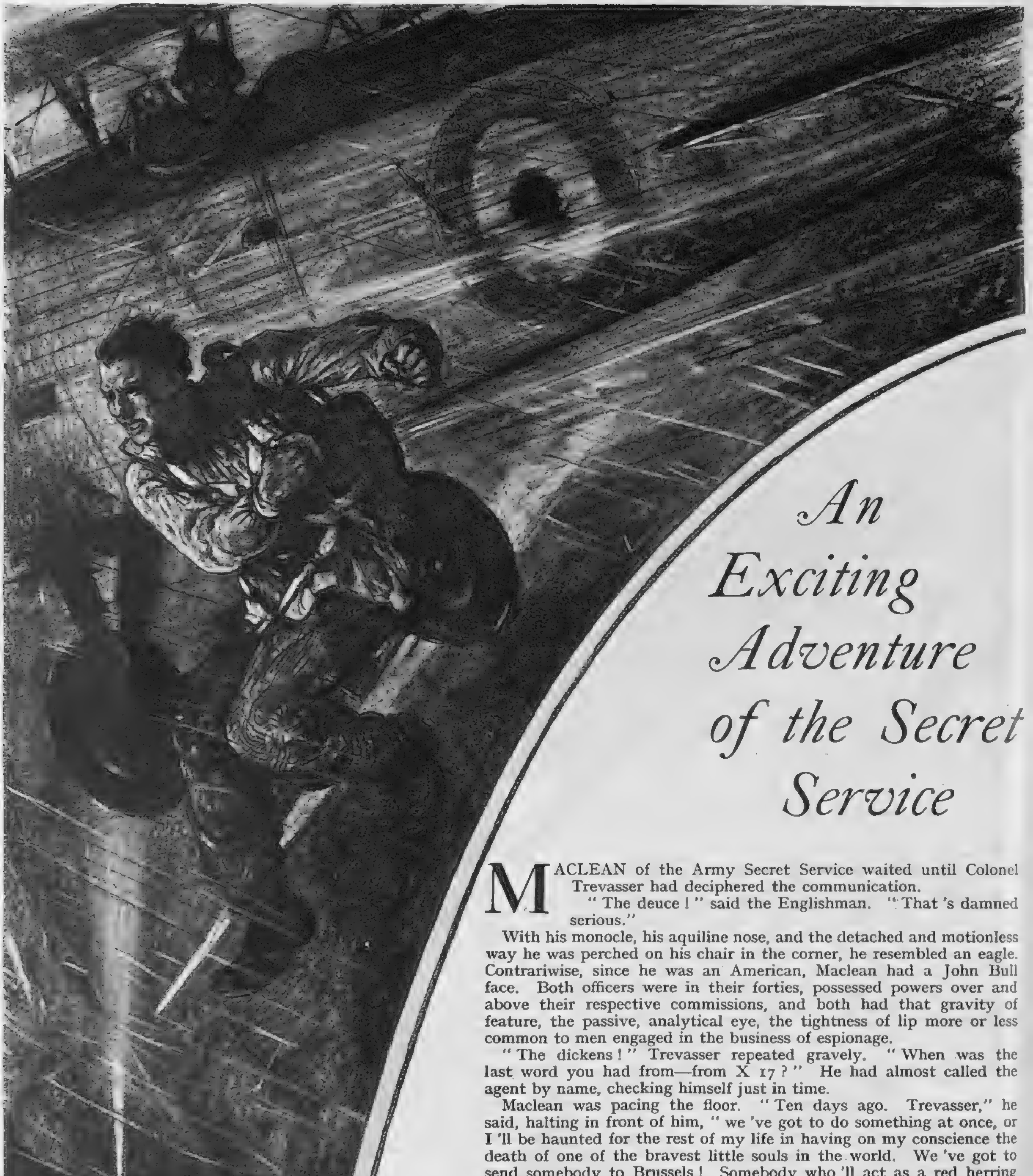
There are strange anachronisms, too—as we stand in the bows the man catches the capstan a hearty smack—and explains that from their share-out there comes the money to pay for the working of the capstan . . . which, one can but suppose, is regarded as a luxury!

One does not quote history to disgruntled men—especially on a choppy sea: but "blue jersey" is so much the living reminder of his embattled background and his forebears! Inter-marriage has made of these sea villagers, all cousins; so great is the similarity of surnames that every man goes by his nickname to save complete confusion.

(*Continued on page* 92)

SOME members of the crew in the bows of the steam drifter "Girl Nancy"

A GRANDMOTHER of fishermen. Granny Cheyney, whose sons and their sons follow the call of the sea



Frankie didn't hesitate. He climbed over the side, balanced himself precariously for an instant and let go. . . .

An Exciting Adventure of the Secret Service

MACLEAN of the Army Secret Service waited until Colonel Trevasser had deciphered the communication.

"The deuce!" said the Englishman. "That's damned serious."

With his monocle, his aquiline nose, and the detached and motionless way he was perched on his chair in the corner, he resembled an eagle. Contrariwise, since he was an American, Maclean had a John Bull face. Both officers were in their forties, possessed powers over and above their respective commissions, and both had that gravity of feature, the passive, analytical eye, the tightness of lip more or less common to men engaged in the business of espionage.

"The dickens!" Trevasser repeated gravely. "When was the last word you had from—from X 17?" He had almost called the agent by name, checking himself just in time.

Maclean was pacing the floor. "Ten days ago. Trevasser," he said, halting in front of him, "we've got to do something at once, or I'll be haunted for the rest of my life in having on my conscience the death of one of the bravest little souls in the world. We've got to send somebody to Brussels! Somebody who'll act as a red herring across the trail. Somebody we can spare."

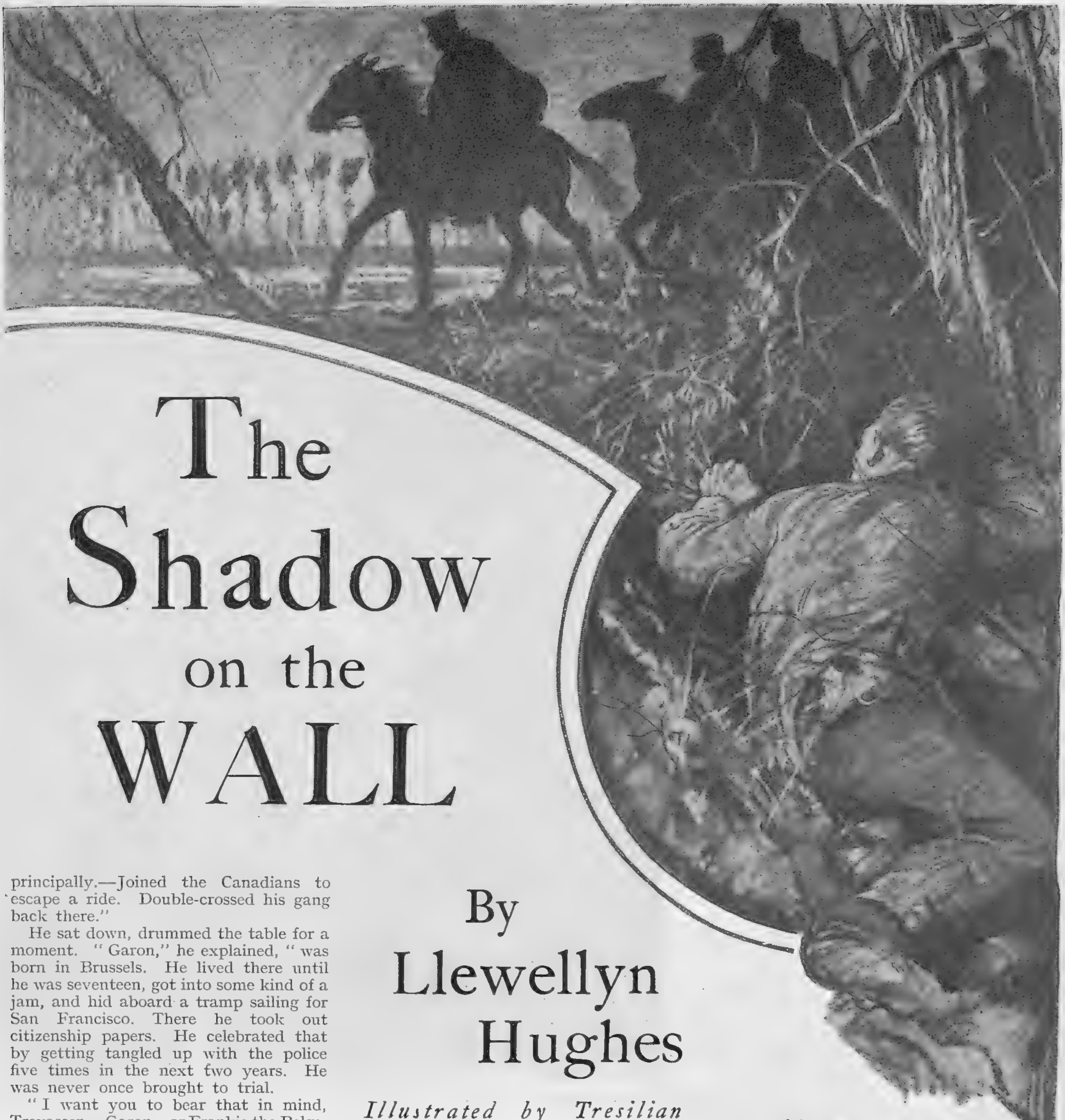
"A sacrifice," the Englishman pronounced grimly. "But who could we send there? We've nobody familiar with the ground—nobody who would willingly take such a desperate chance——"

"Desperate situations demand desperate measures," said Maclean. "I asked you to drop in here because I want to talk to you about this man the Canadians have up for court-martial to-morrow morning. His name is Garon."

Trevasser nodded.

"Seven days ago when his battalion went up into the line, Garon was missing. The truth was he got paralysed on *vin rouge*, burrowed a hole in a haystack, and slept for thirty-six hours. They've got him up for desertion.

"His commanding officer, Colonel Westwood, asked me to look up his record. It's pretty lousy. He's an American, you know; wanted in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles. Hold-ups,



A PATROL came galloping down the road. Frankie trembled. He wasn't afraid of being captured, but he didn't want to be shot full of holes before he could tell them that he . . .

The Shadow on the WALL

By Llewellyn Hughes

Illustrated by Tresilian

principally.—Joined the Canadians to escape a ride. Double-crossed his gang back there."

He sat down, drummed the table for a moment. "Garon," he explained, "was born in Brussels. He lived there until he was seventeen, got into some kind of a jam, and hid aboard a tramp sailing for San Francisco. There he took out citizenship papers. He celebrated that by getting tangled up with the police five times in the next two years. He was never once brought to trial.

"I want you to bear that in mind, Trevasser. Garon—or Frankie the Belge, as he is known back in the States—is an artist in his own line. Heaven knows how many times he has escaped justice. At least twice he escaped death. Once in Detroit from the slugs of gangsters' automatics, and again in Newark when some innocent bystander was shot down in mistake for him.

"All right. Now they've got him hog-tied. He knows you Britishers don't usually monkey with that sort of thing. Unfortunately the worst that can happen to him is corporal punishment, cancellation of leave, and enforced duty in the front line."

The Englishman, monocle in eye, preserved a strict silence.

"Garon, however, believes he is up against a firing squad to-morrow morning. First because he sounds to me like a moron, and secondly because a word or two dropped here and there has convinced him of it."

Maclean's face was inscrutable. Folding his arms, he leaned across his desk. "Why not send Garon to Brussels?" he quietly proposed. "Present it to him as an opportunity of escape from a firing squad, and also as a means of making amends. He'd jump at it. He speaks French with the Belgian accent and idiom. He's crafty as a fox. He'd reach Brussels all right—I'll bank on that—and we could easily plant the evidence on him that would safeguard X 17 and our other people there."

Trevasser remained motionless. "Ingenious," he said, "but a bit cold-blooded. How does Westwood feel about it?"

"I haven't actually put it up to him yet. But Garon's outside here—right now—under guard."

"The devil he is!"

"Shall we have him in?"

"By all means."

Maclean pressed a bell, and shortly a young man of twenty-four or so was brought into the room. His jet-black hair and dark eyes accentuated the even pallor of his strong, good-looking, somewhat haggard face.

"All right, Garon. Sit down and take it easy."

Frankie the Belge did so. For a man about to face a court-martial in the war area he seemed astonishingly composed. Quick, sepia-brown eyes roved casually from Maclean to the monocled and apparently graven figure of the English colonel.

"Colonel Trevasser," was the informal introduction. "I'm Major Maclean of the American Army Secret Service."

This made no impression on Frankie. His attitude was indifferent.

"You're an American yourself, aren't you, Garon?"

"Yep."

Maclean frowned. "A little civility, please."

Frankie fetched a slow grin. "What the hell!" he drawled tolerantly. "I'm saving all that for Santa Claus to-morrow morning."

Maclean picked up a sheet of paper, scanned it idly. "I have your record here, Garon," he began. "I see that you were born in Brussels. I note, also, that you possess unusual ability in—dodging the police."

"That's right," said Frankie.

Maclean laid the paper down. "I guess I don't have to tell you what you're up against right now," he said, his keen grey eyes measuring him. "There's only one penalty for desertion. But I happen to know why you joined the Canadians—and I *think* I know why you didn't want to go up into the front line with them."

"Some detective," growled Frankie.

Before the prisoner's dark, scornful gaze Maclean lost his pose for an instant. He played his first card.

"You wanted," he said craftily, "to fight with your own country. I understand from your company sergeant that you wanted to get transferred to the American Army. In other words you naturally wanted to put in your licks for the U.S.—now we've gotten into it."

All this was news to Frankie. A change of expression intensified the cunning in his face. "I don't get you," he said.

Trevasser hadn't so much as moved. He looked like a bird of prey, waiting to pounce down on an intended victim.

"Maybe," said Maclean, "it's not too late—even now."

The sepia-brown eyes were no longer tranquil. They switched from one officer to the other in a restless suspicion.

"No," said Frankie, shaking his head, "I don't get you—yet."

"How anxious are you, anyway, to do something for your country?"

"Sa-ay!" Frankie the Belge appeared insulted. "I'd give my life for the U.S.—any time she wanted it."

"You'd be no use to anybody—dead."

But Frankie wished to make the point clear. "Well that goes—see!" he emphasised. "What I just said—goes! Worth more to you than having me blown off by a Canuck firing squad—isn't it?"

Maclean looked at him. "We want a man to go to Brussels for us," he said. "A plane would take him over the lines at night. Somebody who speaks Belgian-French, somebody who knows Brussels intimately and is familiar with the surrounding country."

Frankie moistened his lips. His eyes, now, had a haunted look.

"We are anxious to protect one of our agents there," Maclean went on. "This person has been of great value to us in sending through information, and his capture would disrupt all our channels and involve the lives of half a dozen other people in Brussels.

"We therefore need a man brave enough to cross the trail and draw suspicion on himself. He would be carrying evidence on him proving that he was the person wanted. All he has to do is to let them follow him to a hiding place where all this evidence would be found—and he, if he is clever enough, missing."

"Right up my street," said Frankie.

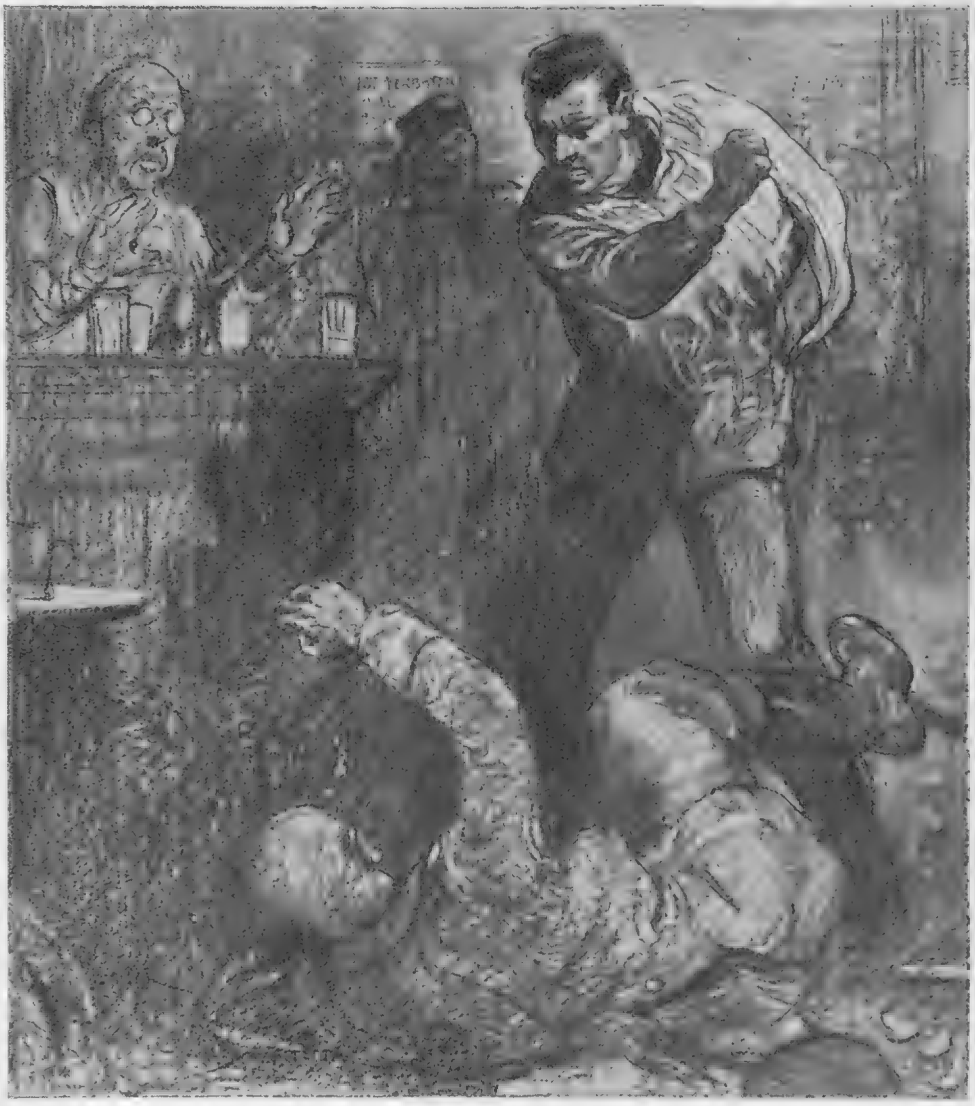
"We'd land him near Vrielly. The 114th Bavarian Corps is stationed in that vicinity, and to the left of the village is a large wood."

"Bois de Muguet," said Frankie.

Maclean nodded. "The enemy are quite alert to this sort of thing, so the man we send would have to lie hidden until the coast was clear. If he couldn't make Brussels that night he must wait until the next. He'd be supplied with additional papers and a passport proving he was Jules Dupuis, or someone, from Brule or somewhere. But he must avoid being questioned until he has safely reached Brussels. Otherwise he would be up against a wall before anything was accomplished."

Frankie was leaning forward, hands hanging between his knees. He had twisted his cap out of shape, and his knuckles were white.

"Garon! you haven't a ghost of a chance here! You're a dead man! But you'd have a very good chance in Brussels. Naturally you would be putting your head into a noose, but you have done that sort of thing before, I understand, and been highly proficient in getting it out again."



RISING, he did a very foolish thing and knocked him sprawling with

Frankie sprang to his feet. "Listen, major!" he said feverishly, "I want to make up for everything—see! Just give me the opportunity—that's all! I got the stuff in me. I'll do anything you gents say!"

"You wouldn't be doing this for us," Maclean pointed out to him. "You'd be doing it for your country. The person we want you to protect is an American."

"O.K.," said Frankie willingly. "How do I find this guy? I guess I don't go around Brussels hollering for him, telling him he's wanted on the telephone."

"He'll get in touch with you—when the time comes. And we'd want you to follow his advice in every particular."

"Sure," agreed Frankie. "But what's he look like? How'll I know this bird when I see him?"

Again Maclean equivocated. "He'll make himself known to you in his own way," he said guardedly. "And show no surprise when he does so, for he may even be dressed as a German officer."

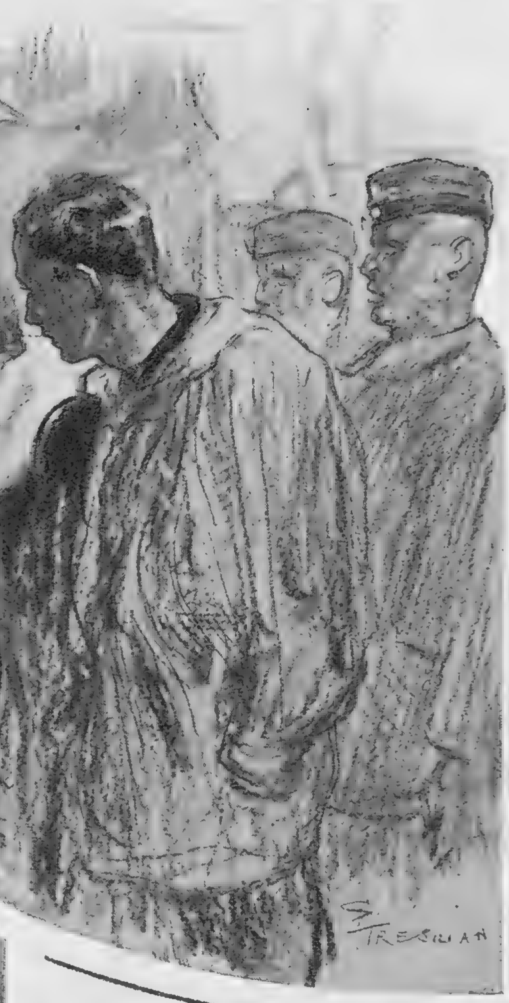
"I get you," said Frankie.

"All right." Maclean now put the question straight up to him, "Are you willing to risk it?"

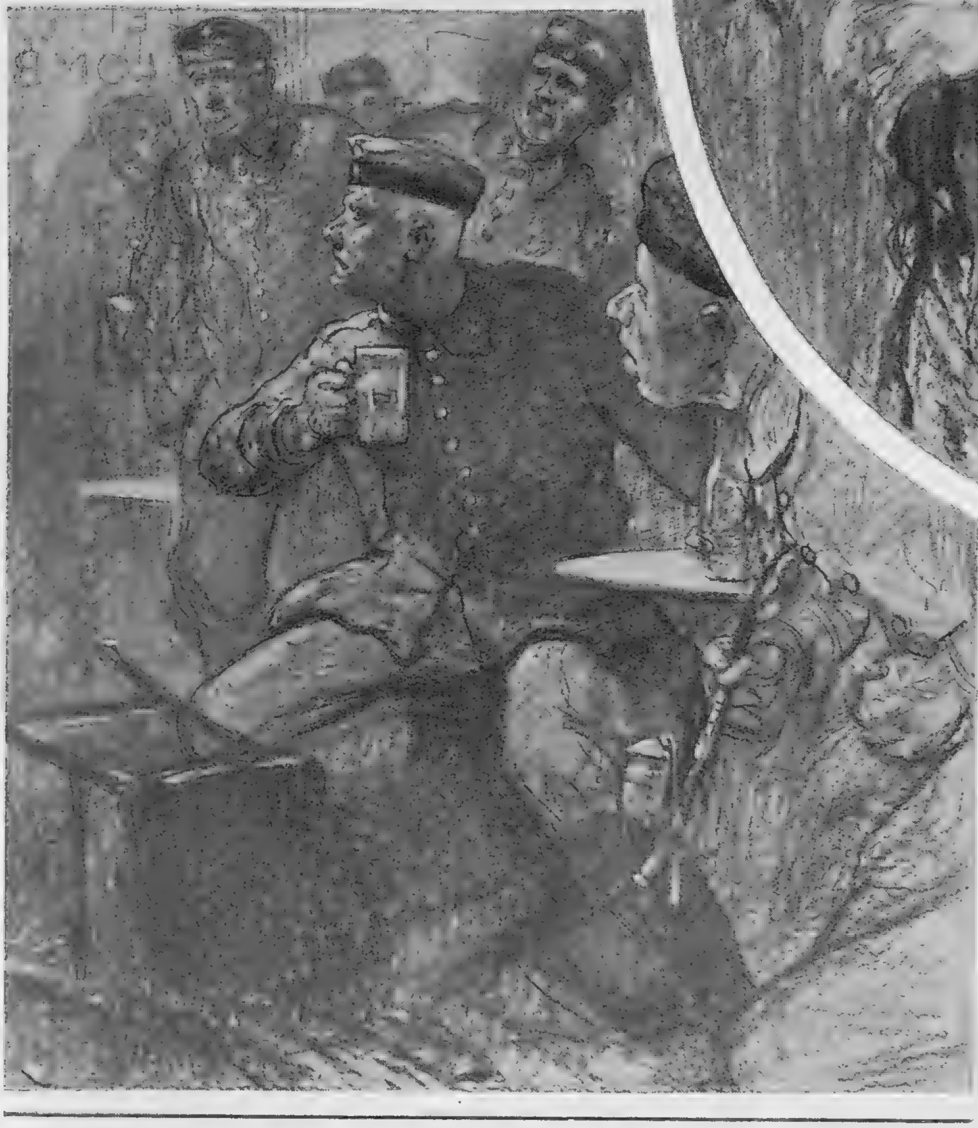
"Major! I'm ready right now."

"We'll first have to try and get you away from that firing squad," lied Maclean. "You'd also have to put in some practice on the flying field, and prove to us that you could jump at night from a moving plane with a parachute strapped to your back. We'll think the matter over, Garon, and see what we can do for you. That's all for now."

Frankie tried to make up for his want of military courtesy. He saluted both officers. The guard came in, filed him between fixed bayonets, and returned him to his cell.



HER smile was generous and a tiny bit inviting. Putting his free arm around her waist he pulled her gently towards him



He walked over to the worst offender a short, vicious right to the chin

"Well, Trevasser! what do you think?"

The sun had gone down. In the corner where he sat, Colonel Trevasser was in the shadow. His monocle gleamed like a large round eye. He looked more eagle-like than ever.

"I think he'll go through with it," he said. "But look here! It's a bit cold-blooded, you know. He won't have a chance. It's a virtual certainty he will be captured and shot by the enemy."

Maclean squared his bulldog jaw. "Up to now," he said, "Garon has been an undesirable citizen. He's wanted back in the States for robbery and assault. Now, whether he knows it or not, he'll be paying up for it, and doing something—at last—for his adopted country!"

IT was a black night, and raining. The plane drove into clouds at twelve hundred metres, came out into thinner air and turned north. Through the rifts Frankie could see the flash of guns far below, and little coloured lights. These they left behind, and presently the pilot, drawn and anxious of face, dipped to find his bearings. Soon they were climbing again in a long bank to the left.

From somewhere a splash of light ran up, blinding them. Something began whistling throught the struts. Machine-gun bullets! The pilot threw the plane into a sort of flip, and almost wrenched Frankie's innards loose with a steep bank and upward zoom.

For the next half-hour the altimetre hovered around three thousand. Then the pilot circled to his left, throttled down and put his ship into a long silent glide.

"Get ready," he shouted to Frankie. "This is as near as I can make it. Wait till I tell you to go."

Straightening out he rode flat over a dark terrain. In the rain, Frankie could make out very dimly a stretch of something black that looked solid. He guessed this to be the Bois de Muguet. Beyond it a little way would be the village of Vrielly.

"All right," hollered the pilot. "Jump."

Frankie didn't hesitate. He climbed over the side, balanced himself precariously for an instant, and let go. The pilot went on, dangerously low, covering the landing. While he was still falling, Frankie heard the sudden roar of the engine as the pilot gave her the gun. The severe pull under his armpits slackened a little, and he turned his head to look. The plane was the apex of a pyramid of searchlights and tracer bullets. It fluttered like a crazy moth, its wings singed. All at once it burned up, and fell.

Frankie landed in a ploughed field soggy with mud and clay. He cut himself free from his 'chute and ran as hard as he could for the wood. Once in there he buried

(*Continued on page* 114)

What Becomes of BEAUTY Queens?

Some Frank and Surprising Investigations into the Fate and Fortune of "Miss This" and "Miss That," crowned To-day and —sometimes—forgotten To-morrow

SELECTING the most beautiful blonde in Paris. Fifteen competitors being judged before an assembly of a thousand distinguished persons for the honour of being the blonde beauty. Jacqueline Weiss was elected and, chaperoned by the film star, Jean Harlow, will visit Hollywood to act in the pictures. (In circle) "Miss Europe 1933" (Mlle. Tatiana Marlov) arrives in Madrid

OF late it has begun positively to rain beauty queens. Time was when one election a year sufficed to slake the appetite of the promoters of this class of contest; a stunt which, in turn, had sprung from the time-honoured and uncommercialising election of *Reines* in many parts of France, girls who "ruled" prettily and locally, and did much in charity's cause. A certain journalist resident in Paris saw possibilities in developing this notion on modern business lines, and he has kept on doing it ever since until to-day we are faced by beauties produced in series if not yet in mass. Aided by his wife, this gentleman has made this job entirely his own: he presides, Madame fits out or "grooms" successful candidates so that these may suitably represent modish styles changingly aimed at. Agnes Souret, the first beauty thus produced (1920), died tragically in Buenos Aires three years later. Completely disillusioned, shaken to bits, forgotten, she had returned to the scene of her swift young glory—only to find that South Americans are no less fickle than other men, and that, anyway, her principal claim to attention had resided in the pretentious title of Miss France that had been so gratuitously associated with her. The latest Miss France to travel across the Atlantic has died hardly less tragically in Chicago. A young Savoyard typist, Lyette Teppaz by name, she was delicate in her native Chambéry, became ill on the liner going over, and on arrival in Chicago should have straightway entered a clinic. But that would never do. Was not Miss France, as always, to be the fêted of the fêted, nay, in all probability the ultimate winner at the Century of Progress? Indeed, yes, the burden on the young shoulders of a Miss France would always be greater than upon any of her international sisters. For this queen business is at bottom a clever ramp to boost the Parisian luxury trade. It all originates from Paris, and if you get the organisers talking it is ten to one they will start in on the wonderful propaganda accruing to France from the world-wide parade of her beautiful women whereas it is apparently a fact that the beauty of Frenchwomen is, popularly, in decline. My authority is the excellent *L'Illustration* which, in its current number, and *à propos* a sound and timely effort it is undertaking to track down traditional native beauty, writes:

> Le type français de beauté feminine subit au vingtième siècle une défaite qui pour être éphémère n'en est pas moins sensible. La femme française a été détrônée par la femme anglo-américaine et par la "fille sauvage."

None the less, the organisers persist in their contention that to trot round a special line in Miss France is to enhance the prestige of that country. The girls are usually in their teens, must (officially) be "of distinguished family and honourable conduct," and have nothing whatever to do with the stage or mannequin or kindred display work, and (at one time anyhow) had to live with their parents. The fresh, young, virginal type was sought for through a jury of a dozen "literary and artistic" men, and an occasional woman, meeting in the offices of one or two newspapers about Europe, although the whole hub and controlling centre of the business was and is Paris. That's why the French girl is always first or second. But I must conclude here with poor Lyette, aged 20—"poor" because there's always something extra sad in such deaths far away, and the victim a complete stranger. Lyette herself would not hear of missing a single item in the Chicago programme since all led up to the big prize, and to be an absentee was to lessen one's chances. So she kept on for ten exhausting days, after which she caved in, and in 24 hours was dead from acute peritonitis in the clinic she should have entered upon arrival.

Between these two deaths of Miss France much has transpired. The beauty queen racket has been placed on a firm business basis so that to-day it is a never-ending

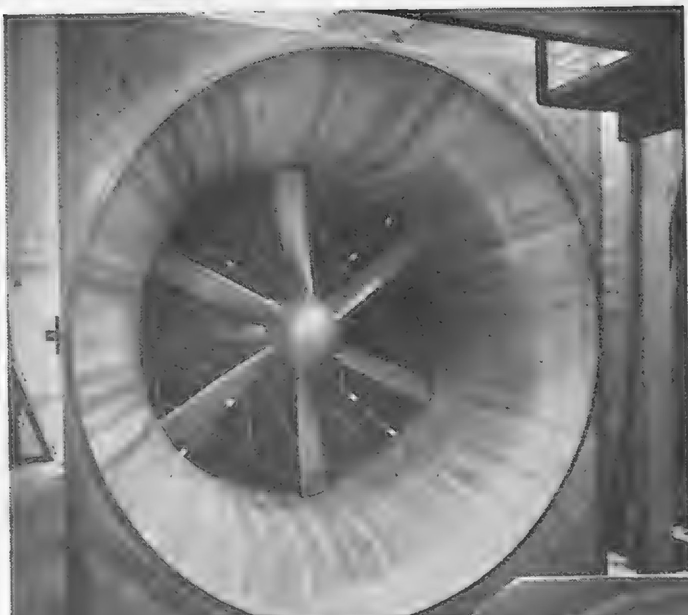
"MISS France," a beauty Queen for 1933

SELECTING "Miss Europe 1933." Miss Angela Ward ("Miss England") and "Miss Germany" driving through the streets of Madrid, where a beauty competition was recently held

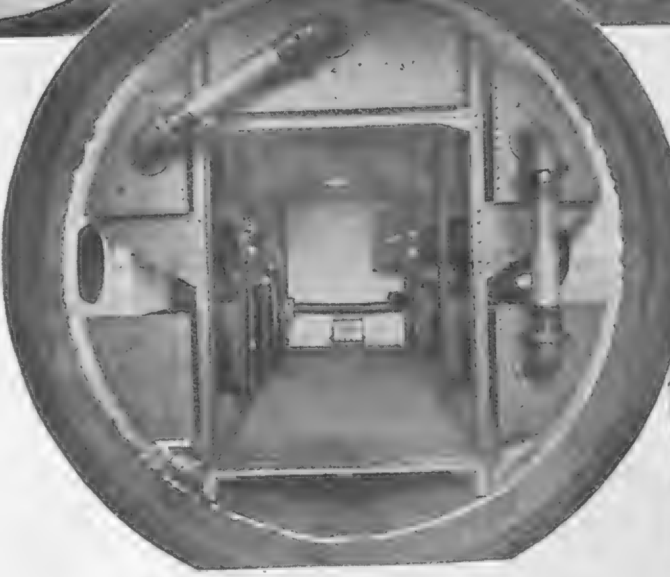
By Ferdinand Tuohy

procession of Miss Parises (who have to be "educated and intelligent"), Miss Europes, Miss Universes, Miss Chicagos, Miss Anything Else provided she can be worked into a cheap and wide advertising stunt that also brings money to certain people. New faces are cropping up all the time to be grandiloquently labelled "Miss England," "Miss Germany," and so on. A large residue of beauty queens, current and ex, is being built up—though how some national candidates are "elected" I do not profess to know. Girls appear to be obscurely obtained to represent this and that country. Who chooses the various Miss Englands that are sent abroad? I have no doubt that indirectly Paris does, and that may account for the admitted prettiest girls alive to-day never having won the prize! But the shortcomings alleged against these beauty juries are so laughable and flagrant that this angle really doesn't matter. There are many questions that could be addressed to the organisers of the long string of Beauty Contests. In several lands the notion is to call a halt to them. In point of fact, are their creators quite happy with their handiwork? Has everything in the garden been lovely from the candidates' point of view? What *becomes* of all these girls in the long or short run? Especially the far larger army of the annually rejected? Would not the majority of the selected be happier to-day had they never been exploited? And the public? Is it a pretty sight to see Mexicans mentally enjoying their pick of young girls from Europe usually still in their teens — even negroids shouting the odds? And the nations whose names are impudently given to these girls—isn't it about time those countries were consulted about things? Lots of questions might be put to certain of the Beauty Contest promoters. They might become dithyrambic concerning grace and charm and purity and chic, and propaganda on Europe's behalf. *Beauté* would be their every second word. Of body, of mind, of thought, of character. Only evil people could think ill of their contests! They might mention the solitary case of a beauty queen who really made good—Suzy Vernon on the films, and who was Miss Paris nearly a dozen years ago. They would doubtless instance one or two marriages that haven't gone on the rocks. They would recall the truly wonderful times these girls had in their full noonday—being fêted and admired and accepted as the acme of taste and breeding round half the globe.

(*Continued on page* 112)



AT the touch of a switch the scientist has at his disposal a roaring gale in which he can study the behaviour of model 'planes in this wind tunnel



THE high altitude chamber at Farnborough. Any pilot who is going up to the "ceiling"—over 15,000 feet—must undergo exhaustive tests in this chamber

THE clothes a test pilot wears when going up to the "ceiling"—15,000 feet

Britain's Conquest of the AIR

By Trevor Allen

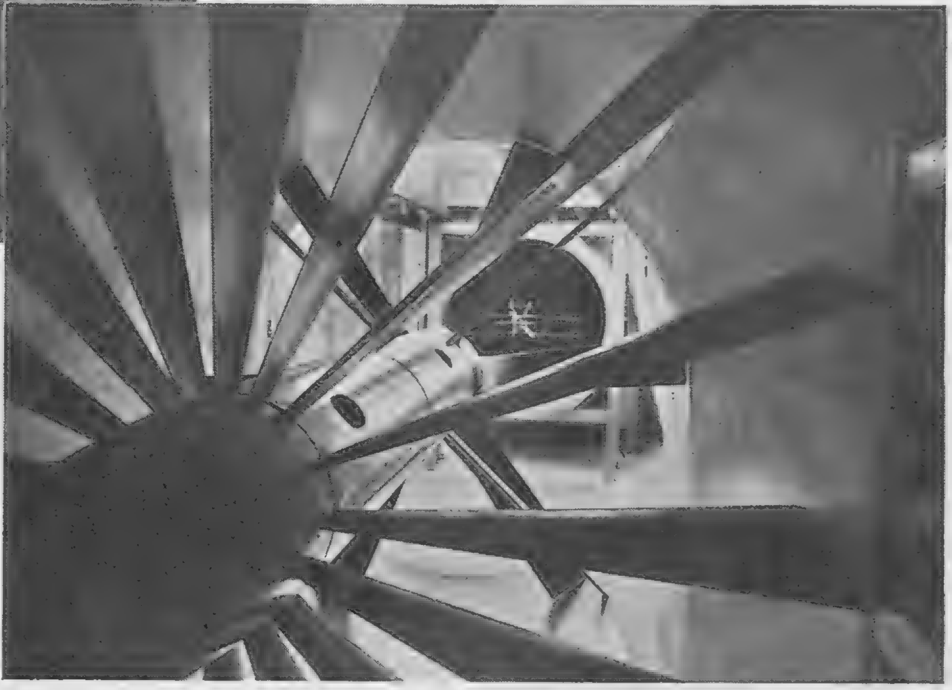
NOTE. *THE writer is the first journalist accorded permission to inspect in detail the work at Martlesham and Farnborough experimental stations. This article has been written in consultation with pilots and experts, and has been passed for publication by the Press Section of the Air Ministry*

THE conquest of the air is undoubtedly the greatest triumph of our age: its only parallel, the conquest of new worlds in the Elizabethan. Just as exploration and the expansion of trade three centuries ago attracted the finest pioneering spirits, the science of aviation to-day attracts the cleverest technicians and bravest experimenters. A voyage through uncharted seas to the Indies or the Spanish Main was a voyage into the unknown; a test flight with a new-type machine into Polar atmospheres 30,000 ft. above the earth is equally a voyage into the unknown, for designer, engineer and pilot are launching mechanics into a new element in which the behaviour of structures and equipment may be a gamble, so far as pilot and technical observer are concerned, despite the precautions taken beforehand.

Because of their technical and secret nature, the public knows little of the infinite research, skill and courage which contribute to the evolution of ever-improving types of aircraft and equipment and the methods by which they are tested for certificate of airworthiness before being passed into civil or military service. Yet the work is epic in its way—a victory over constant difficulties and occasional dangers; and it is directly responsible for the remarkable safety of flying to-day. Without such control on the part of Air Ministry experts there might be many accidents to aircraft as a result of faulty gear and unsound principles of design.

THE Raleighs and Drakes of this pioneer industry are the R.A.F. test pilots. There are fourteen of these at the Farnborough (Hants) experimental station, responsible for trying out every innovation, big and small, in the air and under the most severe conditions; eight at Martlesham Heath, near Ipswich—supplemented by other

THE Parnall Parasol monoplane for testing wing sections of aeroplanes



Below: GALES of a velocity up to 200 miles an hour are produced in enormous wind tunnels. A view of a 5 feet open jet wind tunnel at Farnborough

Thrills of the Test Pilots—How new types of Aircraft are Evolved—Experimental Secrets—Why Flying gets Safer

A VIEW of the vertical wind tunnel at Farnborough experimental station

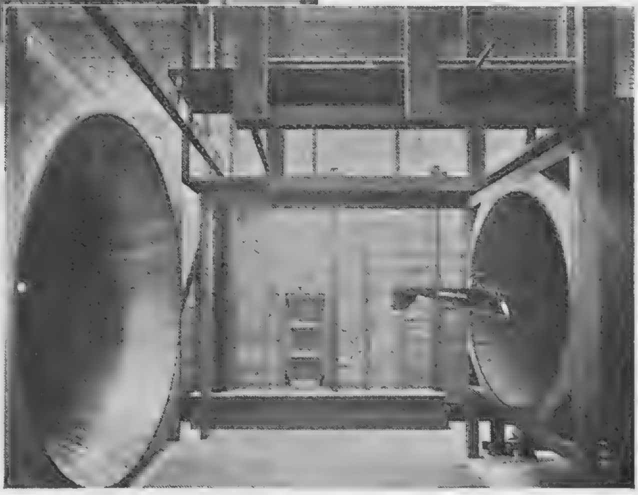
pilots of Nos. 15 and 22 Squadrons—who test all land machines for airworthiness before they pass into service; and 20 at Felixstowe, who perform the same functions for seaplanes.

A keener, pluckier body of men it has never been my fortune to meet—though they would be the first to disavow any suggestion of heroics. As part of their daily routine they climb to immense altitudes. They put their machines through breath-taking aerobatic evolutions, into intricate spins and dives, merely to see with what exactitude they will recover. Often they will flatten out with only a few seconds, a few feet, between themselves and danger. They will do everything the normal pilot seeks to avoid at all costs, in order to observe the machine's behaviour and furnish data which will help to minimise crashes in service.

AT anything over 15,000 ft. the atmosphere becomes too rarified for normal flying. The pilot will begin to feel "drunk," exhilarated, heedless of ordinary caution. A minute or two after that he may suddenly "black out" and not recover until the machine, now out of control, has dropped a few thousand feet in a headlong spin or dive. He will need all the resource, all the self-control at his command, to get her out of it while there is yet time.

Many pilots have been through this ordeal. "When you reach the ground again," one of them explained to me, "you are half-stupefied; you feel you want to go to sleep for the rest of the day. Even while you remain conscious you cannot work at such a height; all thinking, all movement, becomes sluggish and difficult."

But aircraft, especially fighting aircraft, must climb to 30,000 ft. and more for present-day effectiveness; and at that height pilot and crew must be able to perform difficult evolutions.



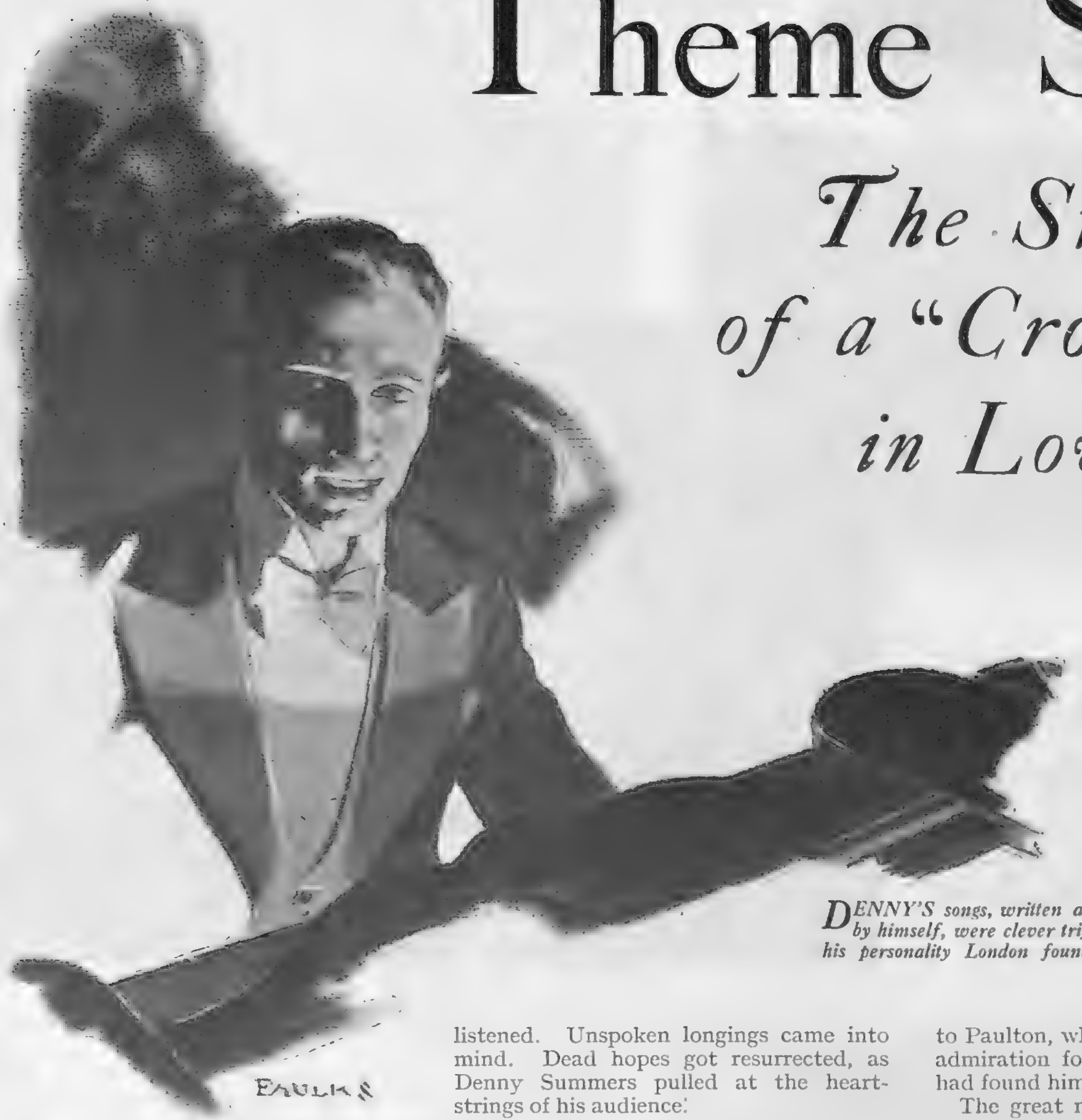
A MODEL 'plane suspended in the 5 feet open jet wind tunnel at Farnborough

A test pilot who is going up to the ceiling, as it is called, accordingly gets into oxygen equipment. This, together with electrically-heated suit and goggles and parachute, will weigh something like 40 lb. and make him feel about as comfortable as a deep-sea diver, especially when he climbs into the cockpit to take off. He is garbed for Polar atmospheres, but the climatic conditions on the ground may be subtropical. The result is that at the start of his test, when he should be as cool physically as mentally, he is all "hot and bothered" and in a bath of perspiration.

At Farnborough the research scientists, designers, and constructors he serves depend (*Continued on page* 118)

Theme Song

The Story of a "Crooner" in Love



DENNY'S songs, written and composed by himself, were clever trifles. It was his personality London found irresistible

DENNY SUMMERS was the rage of London. When he sang those foolish songs of his, with the little break in his voice which went straight to the women's hearts, there wasn't a table to be had at the Montpelier.

The success of a crooner is devastating, if short lived. It includes the man as well as the artist.

Denny's songs, written and composed by himself, were clever trifles. Put over by anyone else, they might have missed their mark. It was his personality that London found irresistible. His slight figure; his curly brown hair; his sleepy, heavy-lidded eyes burning out of his pale face.

These contributed, but it was his charm which put him head and shoulders above every other crooner in London. His charm was slow, insidious, indefinable.

"That boy's got 'S.A.' sticking out a mile," said his manager, Paulton, confidentially to a friend over a cigar. "He hits the women as surely as if he fired an automatic at them at close range."

Old Paulton was wrong. It wasn't sex appeal which gave Denny his hold on the women. His appeal was infinitely more subtle.

With his idiotic songs, he evoked memories in the minds of those who listened. Unspoken longings came into mind. Dead hopes got resurrected, as Denny Summers pulled at the heartstrings of his audience.

Night after night he sang at the Montpelier, looking across those watching faces, turned to him from every part of the room, with complete indifference.

Except when Virginia Fayre came into the Montpelier, and then he sang only to her.

He hated the life, hated every bit of it. The garish luxury of the places where he sang, the painted society women whose eyes were a perpetual invitation. Hated even his own genius, because it was so small and subtle a thing. It was like a caged bird, this talent of his. It had no wings to carry it up into the blue arch of heaven. Even the big cheques he got could not reconcile him to the stifling atmosphere in which he passed his nights and most of his days.

But he did not hate Virginia Fayre. He loved her. He sang for her. He laid his talent at her feet. For her sake he was glad of the swiftness of his success.

When he thought of Virginia, he felt very humble, very passionate and young.

Virginia was the past, present, and the future to Denny Summers.

It was Virginia who had discovered him, singing in the tiny concert room at the end of the pier at Eastcliffe, the summer before. At his first song she had been arrested, had mentally seen him in London, and gauged his probable success. By the third song, a trifle about a little frame house, called "Just Us Two," she had been completely sure, and telephoned from her hotel to Paulton, who had the greatest possible admiration for her good taste, that she had found him a winner.

The great man had intimated that he would hear Denny Summers as soon as he could get up to London, and the next night Virginia had sent a note round after the performance, waiting in the concert room until Denny joined her.

As they talked, she had felt his queer, undefinable attraction. It had intoxicated her a little, though three London seasons had left her charmproof.

To Denny, she appeared cold, beautiful and patrician. He was sure of that, in spite of her rouged lips and the look of disillusion in her lovely eyes.

He did not mistake her interest in him, but at first he resented it, seemed to shrink from the glittering hopes she held out to him, smiled away her suggestion that he had only to come and conquer.

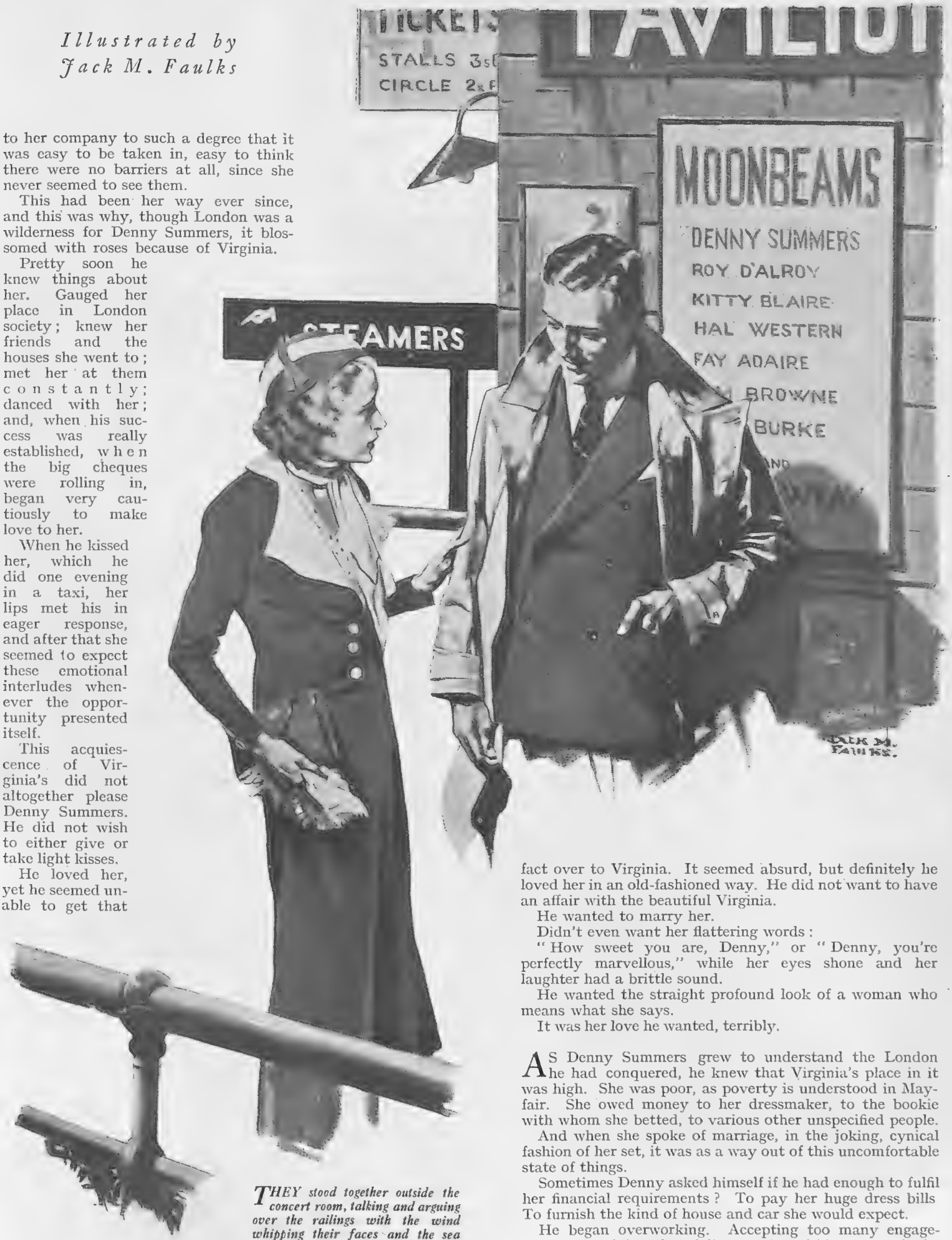
Actually, he did not wish for a London success, and it took Virginia half an hour to persuade him to see Paulton.

They stood together outside the concert room, talking and arguing over the railings with the wind whipping their faces and the sea hitting the girders of the pier. But at the end of the half-hour Virginia had won.

It was a personal victory. She knew that. It made it all rather exciting. Her charm was not negligible, and she used it unsparingly, becoming unconventional, friendly, wholly delightful. It was as if she swept away all the barriers of caste, and claimed Denny Summers as a friend and playfellow, which is only to say that Virginia had the dangerous quality of suiting herself

By Lady Troubridge

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



THEY stood together outside the concert room, talking and arguing over the railings with the wind whipping their faces and the sea hitting the girders of the pier

to her company to such a degree that it was easy to be taken in, easy to think there were no barriers at all, since she never seemed to see them.

This had been her way ever since, and this was why, though London was a wilderness for Denny Summers, it blossomed with roses because of Virginia.

Pretty soon he knew things about her. Gauged her place in London society; knew her friends and the houses she went to; met her at them constantly; danced with her; and, when his success was really established, when the big cheques were rolling in, began very cautiously to make love to her.

When he kissed her, which he did one evening in a taxi, her lips met his in eager response, and after that she seemed to expect these emotional interludes whenever the opportunity presented itself.

This acquiescence of Virginia's did not altogether please Denny Summers. He did not wish to either give or take light kisses.

He loved her, yet he seemed unable to get that fact over to Virginia. It seemed absurd, but definitely he loved her in an old-fashioned way. He did not want to have an affair with the beautiful Virginia.

He wanted to marry her.

Didn't even want her flattering words:

"How sweet you are, Denny," or "Denny, you're perfectly marvellous," while her eyes shone and her laughter had a brittle sound.

He wanted the straight profound look of a woman who means what she says.

It was her love he wanted, terribly.

As Denny Summers grew to understand the London he had conquered, he knew that Virginia's place in it was high. She was poor, as poverty is understood in Mayfair. She owed money to her dressmaker, to the bookie with whom she betted, to various other unspecified people.

And when she spoke of marriage, in the joking, cynical fashion of her set, it was as a way out of this uncomfortable state of things.

Sometimes Denny asked himself if he had enough to fulfil her financial requirements? To pay her huge dress bills To furnish the kind of house and car she would expect.

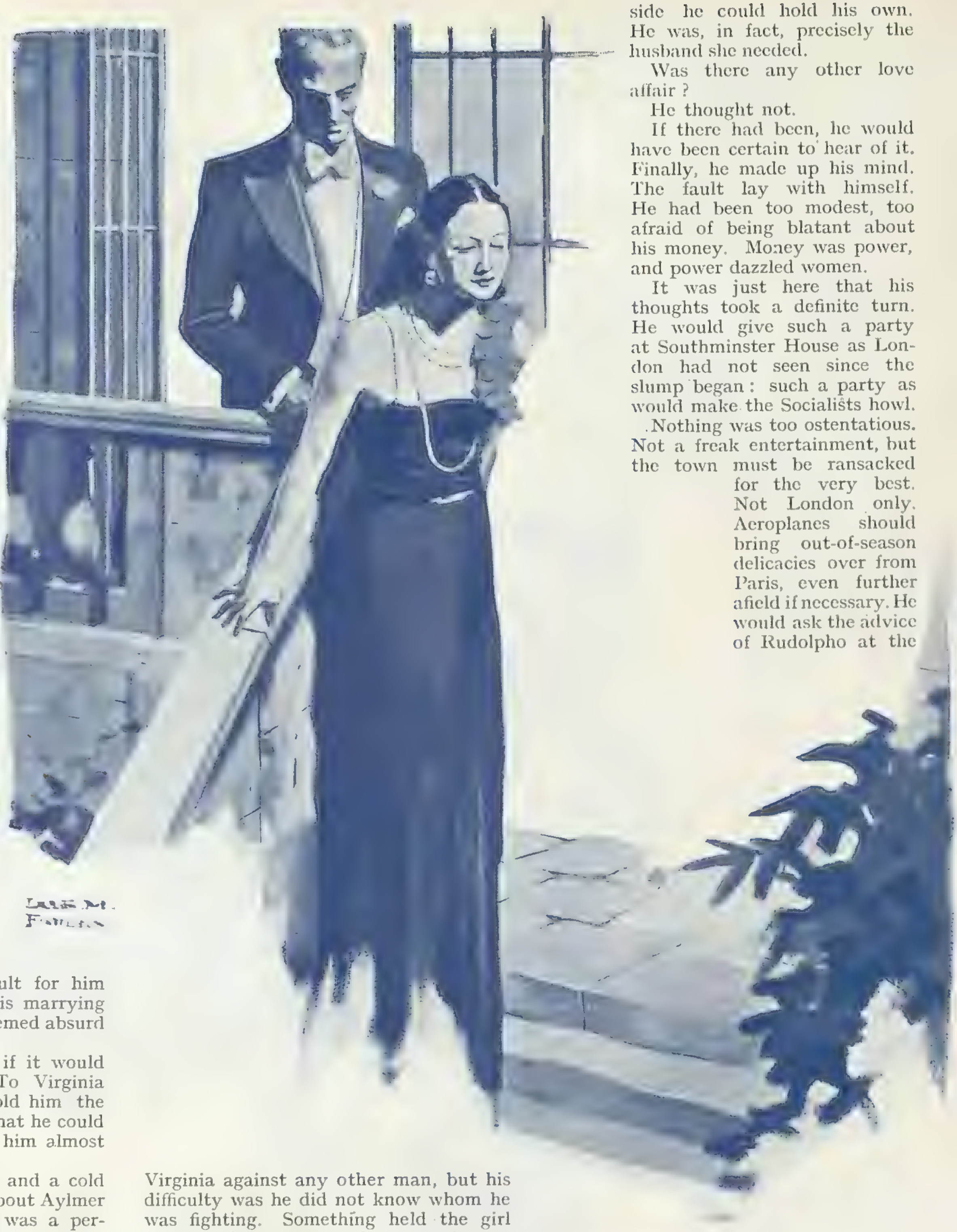
He began overworking. Accepting too many engagements; straining that delicate voice of his ever so little, ignoring the hoarseness which troubled him at times, because it didn't seem to matter since people accepted it as part of the charm of his singing.

By mid-June his bank balance was reassuring, he was beginning to think of investments, considering certain gilt-edged securities and other more speculative good things earnestly recommended by friends in the City.

By mid-June, too, people were saying Virginia was going to marry Aylmer Creston. In those semi-social, semi-Bohemian circles where he and Virginia met the buzz of it went round. If it was true that Sir Aylmer Creston was seriously attracted, nothing, her world agreed, could be cleverer of Virginia. Aylmer Creston was outstandingly rich, and had just bought Southminster House.

They spoke of it to Denny with an obvious assumption that he could not possibly mind, and for the first time he saw the gulf between him and Virginia.

Oddly enough, he had never thought of it before. He received so much adulation himself; people fell over each other to get him to their parties, praised him, flattered him, paid huge sums to hear him sing, and it was difficult for him to realise that the idea of his marrying Virginia Fayre would have seemed absurd to any of them.



He began to ask himself if it would seem absurd to Virginia. To Virginia who let him kiss her, who told him the parties she was going to so that he could join her, who telephoned to him almost every day.

With a catch at his heart and a cold feeling of fear, he asked her about Aylmer Creston, noticed that there was a perceptible pause before she answered. The usual woman's answer, which leaves a doubt and a sting.

It was too silly, said Virginia. Of course, they were friends; then, after another little pause, "great friends." Aylmer was a dear, so good-natured. She had known him centuries—well, certainly a year or two. She hoped, she said, that Denny was not going to be silly about her and her Aylmer.

Denny said :—

"I just wanted to know," and telephoned to accept another engagement his doctor had advised him to refuse.

Money, he knew, was going to count if it came to a fight between him and Sir Aylmer Creston, but Virginia might be content with less from a man she loved. So, after all, that was what he had to find out.

Sir Aylmer Creston was in the same uncertainty. He, too, was fighting for Virginia, and his resources were almost inexhaustible. Yes, he could fight for Virginia against any other man, but his difficulty was he did not know whom he was fighting. Something held the girl back, and he spent a long evening at Southminster House and smoked many cigarettes pondering over just who or what this obstacle could be.

He had made his intentions perfectly clear, and Virginia had not turned them, or him, down. She had been charmingly sweet, he admitted that, but she had almost been indefinite. She made him feel like a clumsy boy, butterfly net in hand, always just failing to snare the fluttering creature.

Was it his age?

He was a good eighteen years older than she was, for Virginia was still in the early twenties.

Alone in the library, he walked to the Venetian glass in the corner and switched on the light above it. He had worn well, he decided. Good features helped a man when it came to the forties. He had not run to fat, his hair was only slightly grey, his figure looked quite decent in his expensive, well-cut clothes.

Even with Virginia's loveliness at his side he could hold his own. He was, in fact, precisely the husband she needed.

Was there any other love affair?

He thought not.

If there had been, he would have been certain to hear of it. Finally, he made up his mind. The fault lay with himself. He had been too modest, too afraid of being blatant about his money. Money was power, and power dazzled women.

It was just here that his thoughts took a definite turn. He would give such a party at Southminster House as London had not seen since the slump began: such a party as would make the Socialists howl.

Nothing was too ostentatious. Not a freak entertainment, but the town must be ransacked for the very best. Not London only. Aeroplanes should bring out-of-season delicacies over from Paris, even further afield if necessary. He would ask the advice of Rudolpho at the Montpelier to-morrow as to the most up-to-date band and cabaret turns, and whatever they asked he would get them. He would spread his wealth like an enchanted carpet before Virginia. He would let her see what he could do for her. It should be one of the outstanding parties of the season. And he would give it for her.

Sir Aylmer Creston went to bed satisfied.

THE Montpelier was crowded next evening when Rudolpho, his face wreathed in smiles, bowed Sir Aylmer to a special table.

Were any ladies joining him, he enquired.

Sir Aylmer shook his head.

He was only here, he explained, to listen to the cabaret. He was going on later to a party, and meanwhile he wanted Rudolpho's advice.

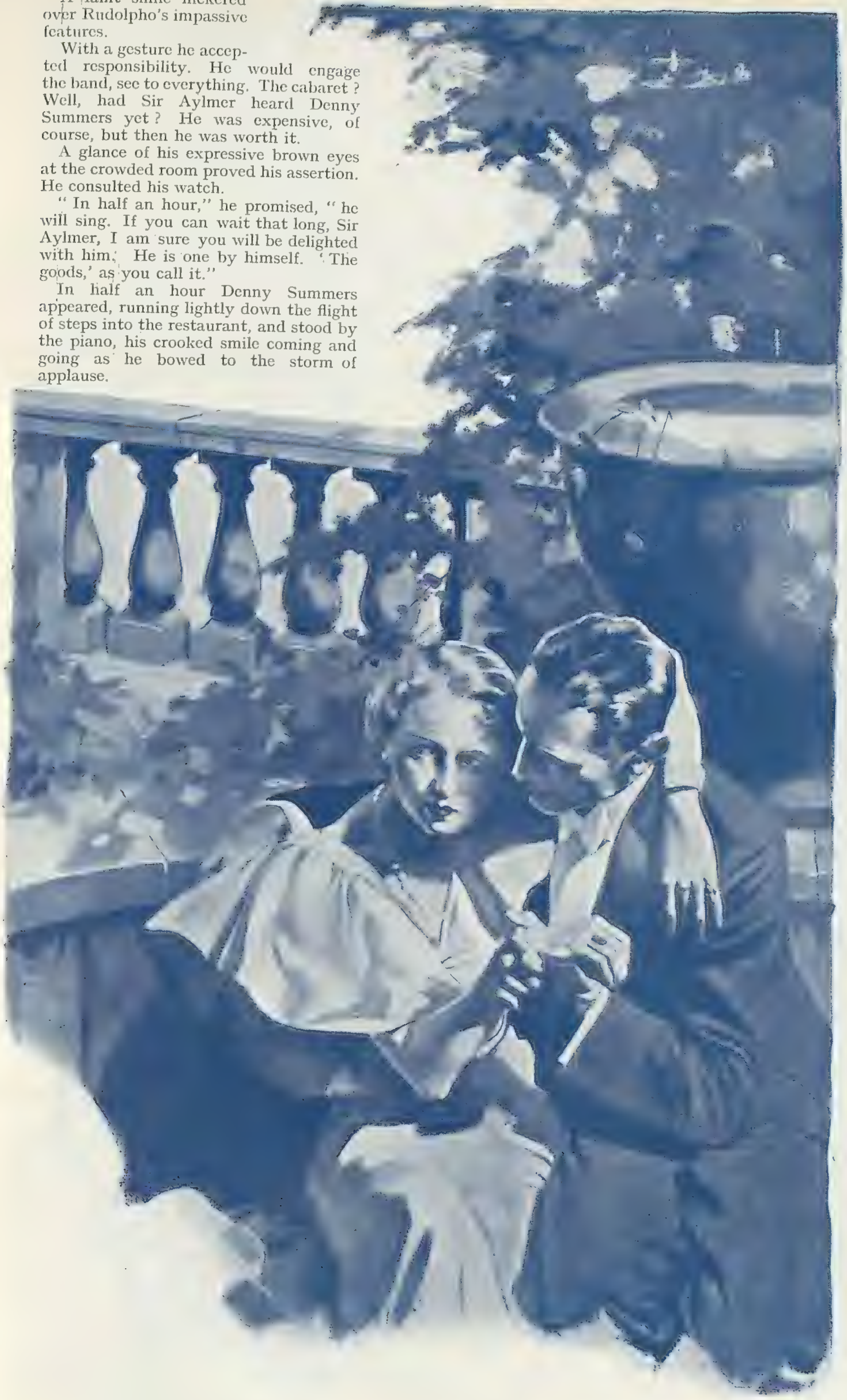
A faint smile flickered over Rudolpho's impassive features.

With a gesture he accepted responsibility. He would engage the band, see to everything. The cabaret? Well, had Sir Aylmer heard Denny Summers yet? He was expensive, of course, but then he was worth it.

A glance of his expressive brown eyes at the crowded room proved his assertion. He consulted his watch.

"In half an hour," he promised, "he will sing. If you can wait that long, Sir Aylmer, I am sure you will be delighted with him. He is one by himself. 'The goods,' as you call it."

In half an hour Denny Summers appeared, running lightly down the flight of steps into the restaurant, and stood by the piano, his crooked smile coming and going as he bowed to the storm of applause.



HE seized her wrist. "Virginia—!" She shook her head. "It's no good, Denny." For a minute they stared at each other in silence, a silence broken by the clear voice of Hazel Lufton . . .

He was certainly the goods.

Sir Aylmer recognised that after his first song. Noted its curious effect upon the listeners. Wondered what his price was. It didn't matter, anyway; he was determined to get hold of this chap for his party.

When at last they let him go and began reluctantly to dance Sir Aylmer drained his liqueur brandy and left the restaurant. It was time to find Virginia and Mrs. Darcy Lufton's party.

Waiting for his hat, which was presently handed to him by an attendant bowing thanks for his handsome tip, he noticed the slight figure of Denny Summers in the hall. He looked dead tired, and even on this hot night he was wrapping a silk scarf round his throat.

On an impulse Sir Aylmer crossed over and spoke to him.

"Are you by any chance going to Mrs. Lufton's?" he asked affably. "If so, can I give you a lift? My car is here."

To his surprise, the crooner hesitated, just too long for politeness.

"My name's Creston," added Sir Aylmer. "I've just had the pleasure of hearing you sing, and it *was* a pleasure," he finished, with a hint of patronage.

Denny Summers bowed slightly in acknowledgment.

"I know you by sight," he said briefly. "I *am* going to Mrs. Lufton's."

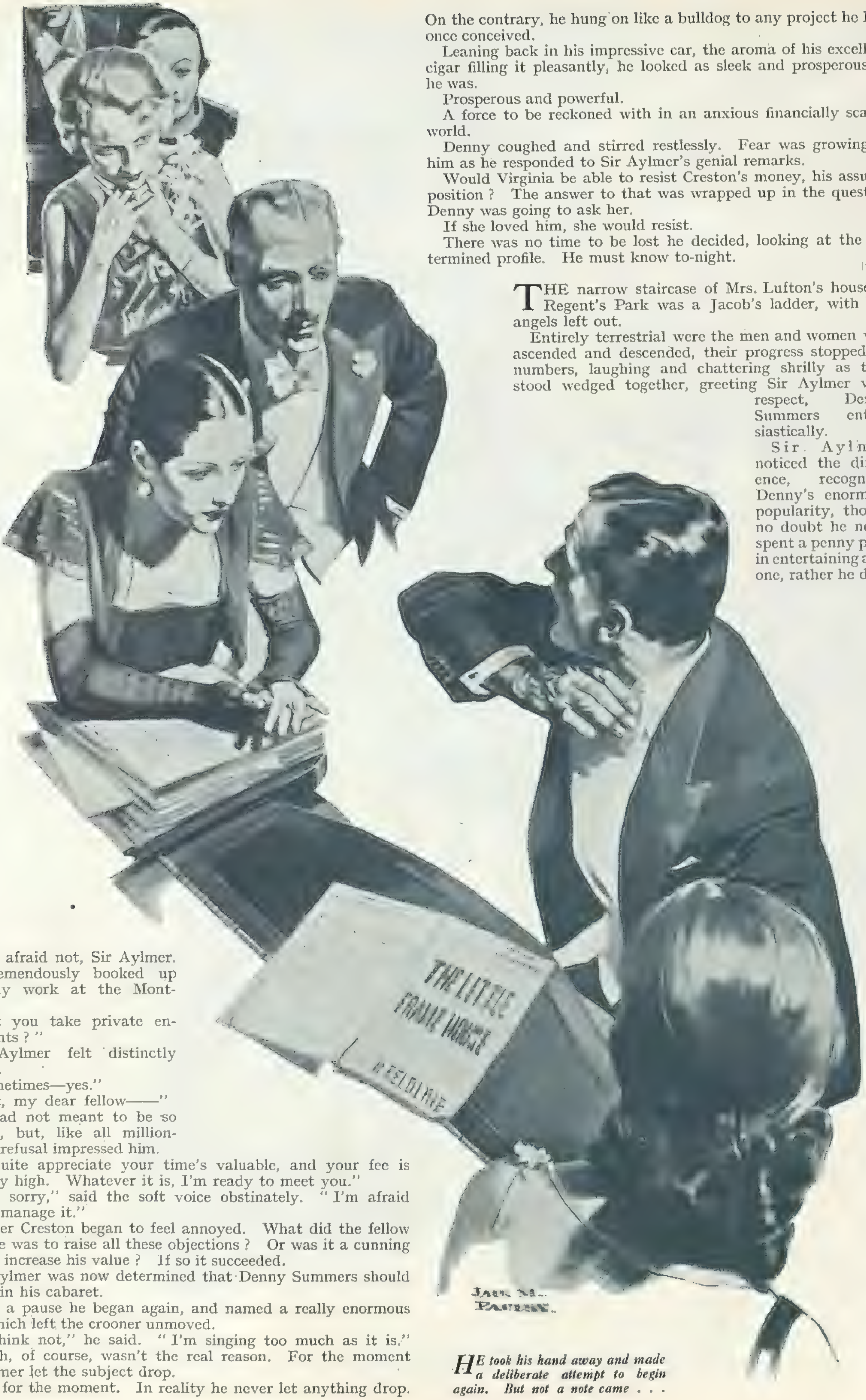
"Come on, then."

An obsequious porter sprang to open the door of the big Rolls. With a wave of his cigar Sir Aylmer made Denny free of its luxurious dimness.

As the car moved with effortless power up the shining asphalt of a half-empty Piccadilly, Creston turned to the slim figure of the singer, leaning wearily back against the cushions.

"Summers," he said. "Will you sing for me? I'm giving a party at Southminster House at the end of next week, and I want you for my big attraction."

From the dark corner Denny Summers's voice came coldly.



HE took his hand away and made a deliberate attempt to begin again. But not a note came . . .

"I'm afraid not, Sir Aylmer. I'm tremendously booked up with my work at the Montpelier."

"But you take private engagements?"

Sir Aylmer felt distinctly puzzled.

"Sometimes—yes."

"But, my dear fellow——"

He had not meant to be so friendly, but, like all millionaires, a refusal impressed him.

"I quite appreciate your time's valuable, and your fee is probably high. Whatever it is, I'm ready to meet you."

"I'm sorry," said the soft voice obstinately. "I'm afraid I can't manage it."

Aylmer Creston began to feel annoyed. What did the fellow think he was to raise all these objections? Or was it a cunning trick to increase his value? If so it succeeded.

Sir Aylmer was now determined that Denny Summers should appear in his cabaret.

After a pause he began again, and named a really enormous sum, which left the crooner unmoved.

"I think not," he said. "I'm singing too much as it is."

Which, of course, wasn't the real reason. For the moment Sir Aylmer let the subject drop.

Only for the moment. In reality he never let anything drop. On the contrary, he hung on like a bulldog to any project he had once conceived.

Leaning back in his impressive car, the aroma of his excellent cigar filling it pleasantly, he looked as sleek and prosperous as he was.

Prosperous and powerful.

A force to be reckoned with in an anxious financially scared world.

Denny coughed and stirred restlessly. Fear was growing in him as he responded to Sir Aylmer's genial remarks.

Would Virginia be able to resist Creston's money, his assured position? The answer to that was wrapped up in the question Denny was going to ask her.

If she loved him, she would resist.

There was no time to be lost he decided, looking at the determined profile. He must know to-night.

THE narrow staircase of Mrs. Lufton's house in Regent's Park was a Jacob's ladder, with the angels left out.

Entirely terrestrial were the men and women who ascended and descended, their progress stopped by numbers, laughing and chattering shrilly as they stood wedged together, greeting Sir Aylmer with respect, Denny Summers enthusiastically.

Sir Aylmer noticed the difference, recognised Denny's enormous popularity, though no doubt he never spent a penny piece in entertaining anyone, rather he drew the golden stream of money from their pockets.

It was stiflingly hot in the crowded, long white drawing-room, with its white lilies and ultra-modern furniture.

Both men saw Virginia sitting on a white chair against a pale curtain. Sir Aylmer pushed his way towards her while Denny stood a moment by his hostess, Mrs. Lufton, boldly handsome in a scarlet dress, displaying her good shoulders.

Mrs. Lufton was one of London's most successful hostesses, one of Denny's most fervent admirers as well.

"You look frightfully tired," she said, glancing at the drawn pallor of his face. "Come down with me and have something to drink."

Denny thanked her absently. His eyes were straying to Virginia's fair head outlined against a shower of lilies.

Seeing that glance, Mrs. Lufton became coy. If she had owned anything so out of date as a fan she would have tapped him with it. Her hand dropped on his arm.

"What are you looking so wistful about? Now, come along and attend to your hostess."

He smiled, not without guile.

"I see a rather important person just arriving," he told her.

The effect of the ruse was immediate. Royalty was Mrs. Lufton's weakness. With a hasty "Excuse me one moment," and a smile as absent as his own, she left him.

A group closed in on him. A. B. Strong, the producer, buttonholed him. "What about your coming in to my next show, Summers?"

"You'll have to talk to Paulton about that."

Then Lady Montferot:—

"Dear Mr. Summers, you haven't forgotten my charity matinée, and we must have that song about the little frame house. It made me cry last time, and I don't cry easily."

"What an honour!"

Denny's smile was mechanical. He felt a sudden distaste for these smart people with their smatter of talk, the endless futility of all the things they said, the way they were keeping him from Virginia. Virginia whom he must see. Yet, it was half an hour before they suddenly met face to face on the landing speaking each other's names as if they had met on a desert island.

"Denny!"

"Virginia!"

"Let's go in the garden, Denny. I've been there; it's rather lovely and so cool."

Hope rose in Denny as he followed her down the flight of stone steps into the glimmering darkness of the garden. She had been looking for him, had seemed infinitely glad to find him.

They sat down on a bench beside a stone urn under the rustling branches of a tree, whose boughs were studded with fairy lights bobbing in the faint cool breeze. Above them a crescent moon floated in a lonely sky. In the distance the band was playing one of Denny's songs. The frills on Virginia's spreading tulle skirt touched his knee. He put out a hand and touched the flimsy fabric with nervous fingers as he looked into the white oval of her face.

"Virginia—it's not Creston, is it?" he asked in his husky, whispering voice.

"Oh, Denny, I've told you; don't begin that again."

Virginia averted her head petulantly, and, dropping her flounce, Denny put out a daring hand and turned her face gently towards him.

"Look at me, Virginia. Be fair to me, I'm so in love with you."

Plaintively the band echoed his words. It was one of Denny's songs, "I'm So in Love with You," but he never even heard it.

Virginia said nothing. She only smiled.

"Ever since that day on the pier. It began then. I didn't want to come to London. I came to be near you."

"But you're glad you came?"

He shook his head.

"Not unless you care. I sing to make money. It's really for you."

In the dimness he thought he saw a look of doubt flash across her face, but it was too late to stop now.

"You're not like the others," he pleaded, "these women who jeer at love and make fun of it. You *do* love me, Virginia, tell me so."

She made a restless movement.

"Denny my sweet, don't be so terribly serious about it all."

"My God, Virginia, I *am* serious! I want you to marry me. I've got enough money to buy a house. We'll live anywhere you like, or we'll go and see the world."

"But, Denny——"

"I can sing abroad, if you like. I've had offers, big offers. You shall decide. It shall be as you say."

"Oh, Denny, *stop*. I'm so sorry you've said all this, so desperately sorry. I hate to hurt you. We've had wonderful fun together. Isn't that enough?"

"How can it be enough, when I want you so?" said Denny simply.

"Marriage would spoil it all—all our lovely friendship. You see, Denny, it wouldn't answer."

"Wouldn't answer?" he echoed.

Virginia couldn't see his eyes. Their blue blaze was hidden. She heard the incredulous scorn in his voice.

"Because I'm only a crooner?"

"It's not only that," Virginia hesitated, bit her red underlip. "You don't understand. I'm not a bit nice really. I want so much out of life, I'm worldly and rotten. I shouldn't go on loving you. I should fail you. I must have money, lots of money, a big life——"

"Then it's to be Aylmer Creston?" said Denny Summers.

"I suppose so. I don't know. I feel utterly miserable."

Turning sideways, she leaned her head on her arm with a gesture of defeat.

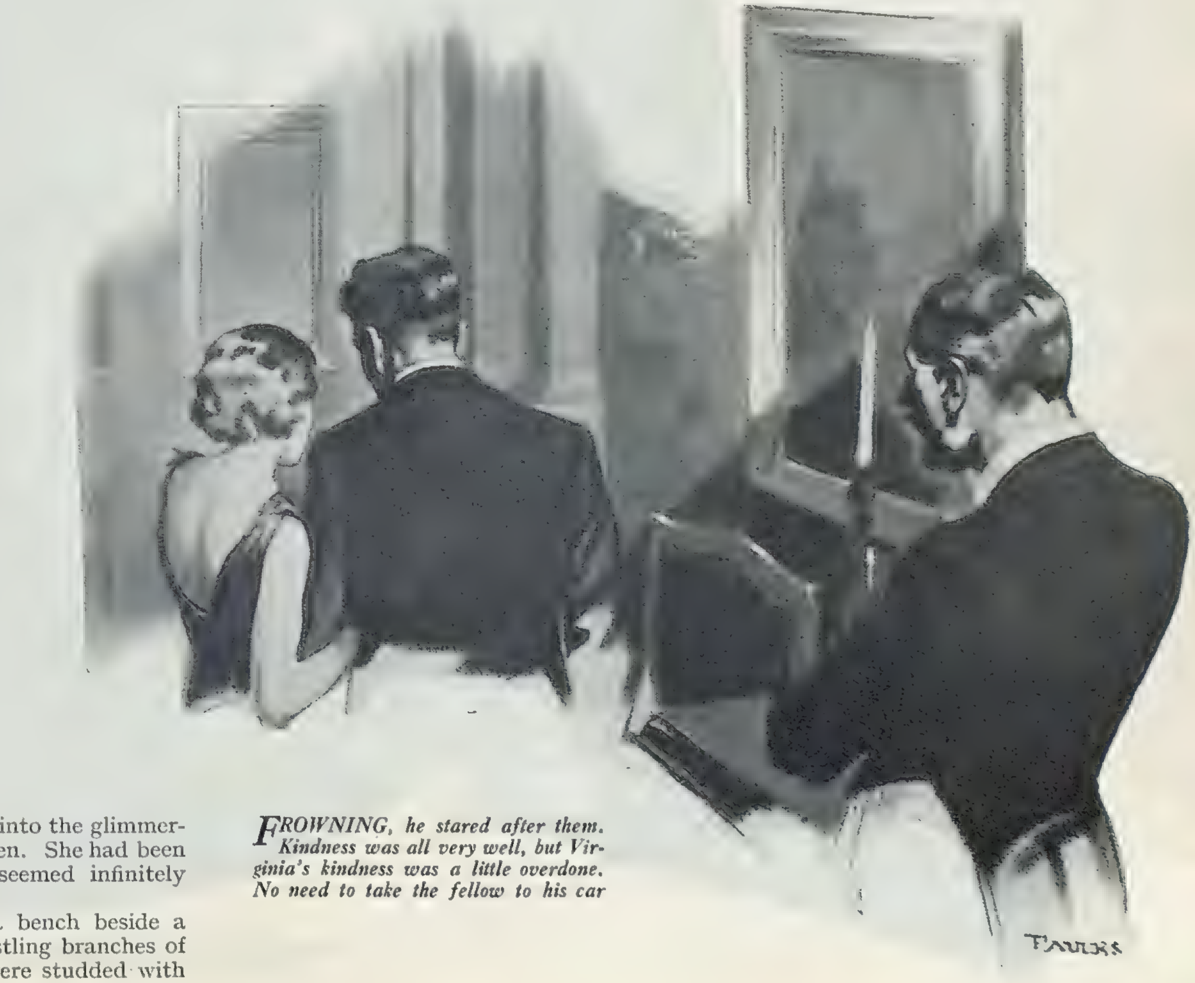
Looking down at her, Denny said slowly:—

"You're a coward, Virginia, and you know it."

Slowly she lifted her head and turned those lovely eyes on him.

"Yes, that's it. I do love you, Denny, but I'm afraid of life with you."

Denny stared at her. Above the airy white frills crossing her shoulders the exquisite lines of (*Continued on page* 88)



FROWNING, he stared after them. Kindness was all very well, but Virginia's kindness was a little overdone. No need to take the fellow to his car

A Gallery of Women

Contemporary Portraits:

No. 5, Gladys Calthrop

Photographs by Sasha

FIFTEEN years ago, a slim young man, still in his teens, stood leaning against the counter of a café on the Riviera, and murmured: "God, what a pain I've got in my stomach!"

His woman companion patted his hand consolingly and said that a drink would do him a lot of good. The slim young man shook his head sorrowfully. He knew better.

A young woman with dark hair and a small, puckish face, came through the crowd. The companion of the slim young man caught her eye, hailed her, drew her to the counter.

The slim young man looked up bleakly. Introductions, obviously.

His companion, putting her arm through the arm of the new arrival, said:—

"You two know each other? Gladys Calthrop . . . Noel Coward."

"God, what a pain I've got in my stomach!" said Noel Coward.

Gladys Calthrop smiled sympathetically.

"Tried anything for it?"

"There isn't anything. There couldn't be."

"Chloral, for instance? I've heard that it's good."

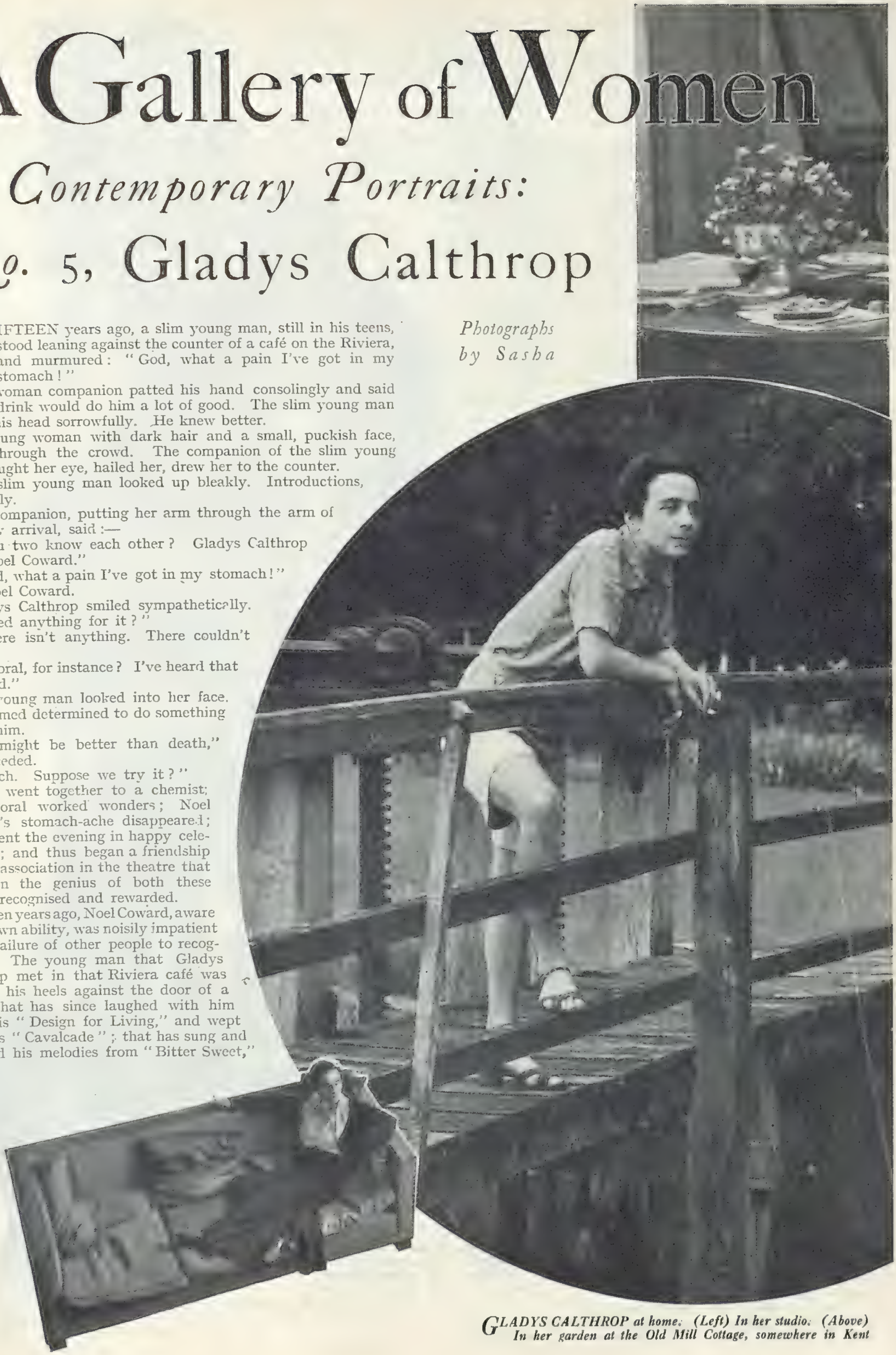
The young man looked into her face. She seemed determined to do something about him.

"It might be better than death," he conceded.

"Much. Suppose we try it?"

They went together to a chemist; the chloral worked wonders; Noel Coward's stomach-ache disappeared; they spent the evening in happy celebration; and thus began a friendship and an association in the theatre that has seen the genius of both these people recognised and rewarded.

Fifteen years ago, Noel Coward, aware of his own ability, was noisily impatient at the failure of other people to recognise it. The young man that Gladys Calthrop met in that Riviera café was kicking his heels against the door of a world that has since laughed with him over his "Design for Living," and wept over his "Cavalcade"; that has sung and whistled his melodies from "Bitter Sweet,"



GLADYS CALTHROP at home. (Left) In her studio. (Above) In her garden at the Old Mill Cottage, somewhere in Kent

GLADYS CALTHROP in her studio. She has done the décor for more successful plays than any other woman

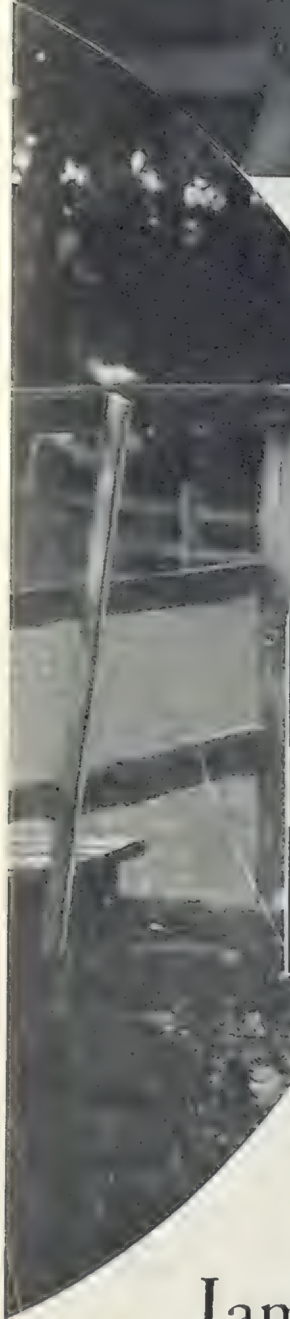
"Words and Music," "Wake Up and Dream"; that has listened appreciatively—or embarrassedly—to his biting home truths in "Private Lives" and "Fallen Angels."

But the world hadn't much use for him fifteen years ago. It saw him as a rather tiresome and strident youth with protruding ears and a bitter smile, who had acted in a few plays in the West End and the provinces and who had altogether too much to say about himself. Clever, of course, and strangely charming, but too aggressively young. Too exhausting.

Noel Coward has got his own back on the world—as he always knew he would—a long time since. His genius has entertained and provoked it, his gaiety and wit have startled it, his frankness has often pained it. The world, if it has not exactly become a better place since his recognition, has at least grown into a brighter one.

There was brightness in Coward fifteen years ago, when his friendship with Gladys Calthrop began, but there was grimness also. It was the grimness of a man who knew he could do all that he has since done, but who was being "kept in his place." He could not get going. The amazing industry that has marked his later life was very much in evidence in those early days, but young Coward was forced to spend much of his time and energy in meeting people who might help to arrange for the production of the plays he was writing. Untiring in his efforts, unwavering in his belief in himself, he battered himself against many rebuffs and disappointments.

People were amused by him, or interested in him, or just frankly irritated with him. "One of the most definite personalities of our time," Gladys Calthrop says of him now, and it might have been said of him then. He knew, he knew, he knew. He knew what he could do, and he knew what he wanted, and he knew that he would ultimately achieve. On the stage at ten years of age, he very early fixed a goal for himself, and worked his way tenaciously toward it. It bewildered him when he encountered people who tried to stop his inevitable progress by their blindness or stupidity. Quite a few people bewildered him.



GLADYS CALTHROP with Noel Coward at the first night of a new play

Gladys Calthrop has shared in Noel Coward's success. Modest to the extent that when she designed the scenery for Coward's "The Vortex," she asked that only her initials and not her name should appear on the programme, it is understandable that she is a figure of mystery to the public at large, and that outside London and New York and the great family of the theatre, she is almost unknown.

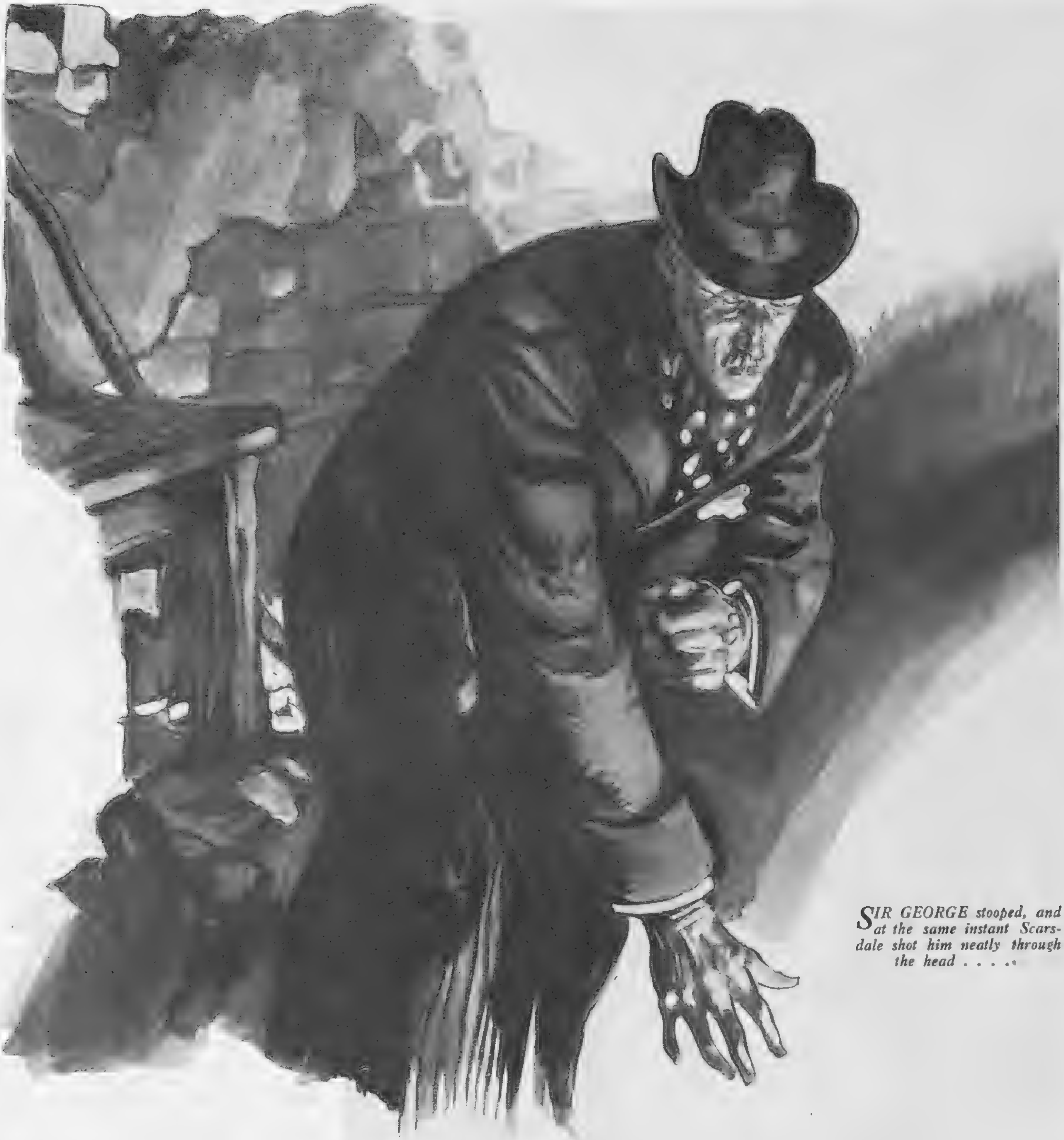
She has done the *décor* for more successful plays than any other woman, and many a time when you have sat in your seat in the stalls or the dress circle or the pit, and admired the design and intelligence of the setting and clothes on the stage—as you must have done the black-and-white bedroom with the huge four-poster in "Words and Music," and the mountain shrine scene in "Autumn Crocus," and Fay Compton's clothes in Julian Wylie's pantomime "Dick Whittington"—you have been admiring the work of this small, dark-haired woman with the puckish face.

In a way she owes her success—or rather her chance—almost to her own forgetfulness. A long time ago, returning from a holiday, she suddenly realised that she had forgotten to buy Ivor Novello a birthday present. It was impossible that Ivor Novello should go without a birthday present, so she took down from her wall one of her own paintings which she specially liked, parcelled it up, and packed it off to him.

The picture attracted the attention of Ivor's friends—particularly that of Ben Rimo, then working hard on stage settings. Ben Rimo suggested that the artist might turn her attention to the stage. She had colour sense, feeling for design, imagination. Could Ivor get her to bring along some more work so that Rimo might gauge her possibilities? Ivor could.

So Gladys Calthrop, earning at that time about thirty shillings a week by her work, gathered around her every imaginable kind of drawing and painting in her studio, tucked the canvases under both arms, staggered on to a London General bus to the amusement of the passengers and the (*Continued on page 102*)

By James W. DRAWBELL



SIR GEORGE stooped, and at the same instant Scarsdale shot him neatly through the head . . . .

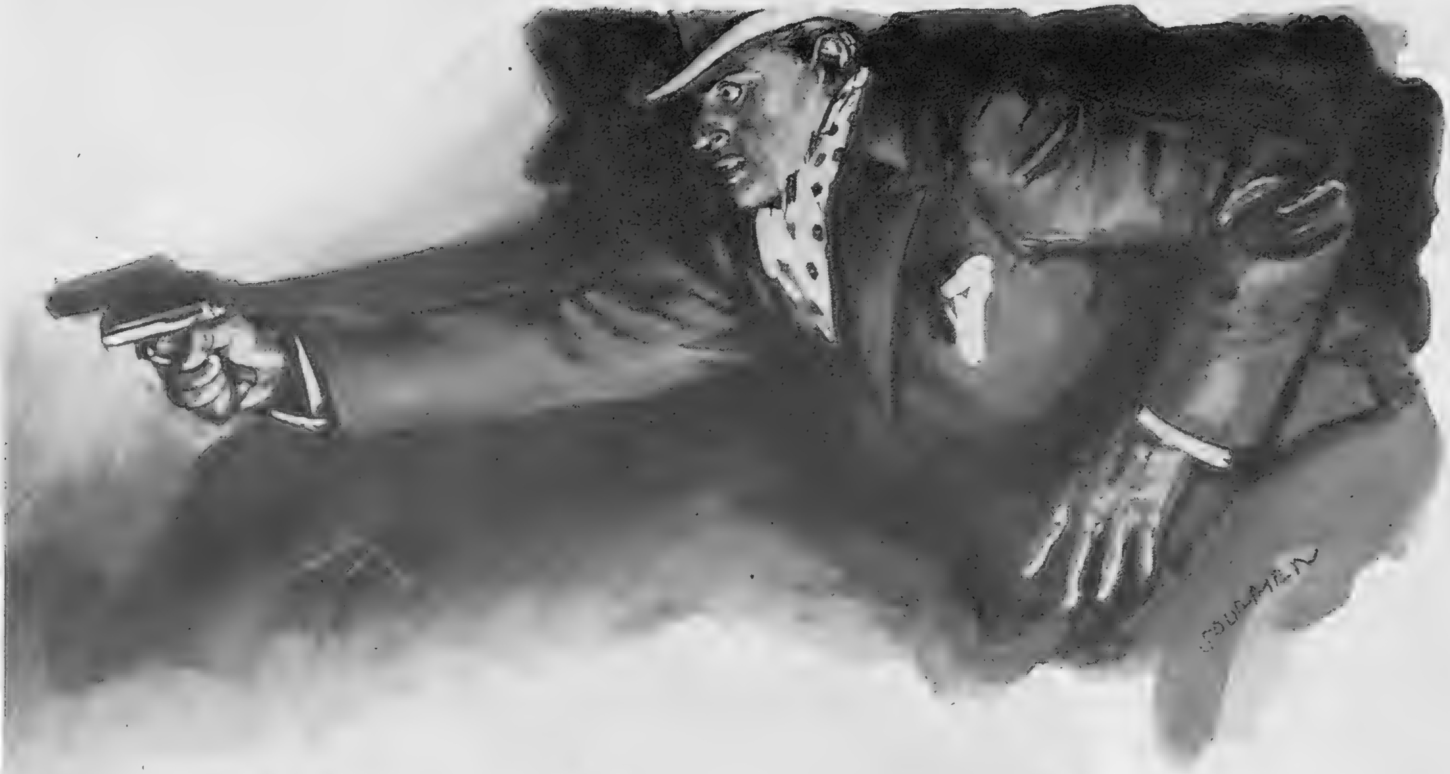
EVERY public man has his enemies, but few of these enemies would wish to murder him, or are in a position to do so in any case. Sir George Winthrop-Dunster, however, was unfortunate in these respects. He had his enemies, and one of them, his secretary, both wished to murder him, and did so.

Sir George, as chairman of the Anglo-Oceanic group of companies, was what is called " a well-known figure in the City." He belonged to the modern school of financiers who, instead of being fat, heavy-jowled, gold-ringed, and white-spatted, look more like overgrown public-school prefects. He was fifty-five, played energetic squash-rackets, wore neat lounge-suits, and as often as not lunched in a pub off a glass of sherry and a ham-sandwich.

Scarsdale, his private secretary, was not unlike him in physique, but nearly a quarter of a century younger. With a First in Greats at Oxford and a B.Sc.Econ. of London, he was well equipped to deal with the numerous complications of Sir George's affairs, and for five years he had given every satisfaction. Well, almost. Just one little rift had once appeared—in 1928, when Scarsdale had rashly bought Amal. Zincs in greater quantities than he had cash to pay for. He had not exactly pledged Sir George's credit in the transaction, but he had made use of Sir George's stockbroker, and when the account finished with Amal. Zincs well down, it was to Sir George that he had perforce to confess the little mishap. A hundred pounds more than covered everything, and Sir George wrote a cheque instantly. He did not lecture, or even rebuke; he merely specified arrangements by which the sum could be repaid out of Scarsdale's monthly salary.

This amounted to three hundred a year, and within two years the debt had been fully repaid, plus interest at 5 per cent. No other unfortunate incident had occurred, and the relations between the two men seemed as good as ever. Then, in 1930, Scarsdale received a tentative offer of a better post. It was an important one, and his prospective employer, purely as a matter of routine, wished to effect a fidelity insurance for which a testimonial from Sir George would be necessary.

When Scarsdale approached Sir George about this, the financier talked to him with all the suavity he usually reserved for shareholders' meetings. " My dear Scarsdale," he replied, in his curiously high-pitched voice, " I have no objection whatever to your leaving me, but I have, I admit, a certain reluctance to putting my name to any statement that is not absolutely



The Perfect Plan

A Cautionary Tale for Meticulous Murderers

By James Hilton

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

correct. Take this question, for instance: 'Have you always found him to be strictly honest and reliable whilst in your service?' Now, my truthful reply to that would be: 'With one exception, yes.' Do you think that would help you?"

Obviously it would have been worse than no reply at all, and in default of the required testimonial the offer of the job fell through, and Scarsdale remained Sir George's secretary. Sir George, no doubt, congratulated himself on having secured a permanently good bargain. He was that kind of a man.

But, had he known it, he was really much less to be congratulated. For, just as Sir George was *that* kind of a man, so Scarsdale was another kind, equally rare perhaps.

IT was not until a year had passed that Scarsdale decided that the time had come to murder Sir George. During the interval he had come to regard the matter with something of the detachment of the chess-player; indeed, the problem had rather comforted than worried him amidst the botherations of a secretary's life. He had always, since his schooldays, been interested in the science of crime, and never for a moment did he doubt his own capacity to do the job; it was merely a question of waiting until the perfect moment offered itself. That moment seemed to him to be arriving in February, 1931—his choice being determined by two fortuitous circumstances—(1) that at 8 p.m. on Saturday the 22nd, Sir George was to deliver a broadcast talk on "Post-War Monetary Policy," and (2) that immediately after the talk, which was to be given from the London studio, he intended to travel to Banbury to spend the week-end with his brother Richard.

On the morning of the 22nd Scarsdale awoke at his usual time at Bramstock Towers, Berkshire. It was a pleasant establishment, surrounded by a large and well-wooded estate, and Scarsdale, glancing through the window as he dressed, was glad to see that there had been no rain during the night and that the weather was fine and cold.

Sir George always breakfasted in his bedroom, and did not meet his secretary until ten o'clock, in the library. By this time Scarsdale had, as usual, been at work for an hour or so opening letters and typing replies for Sir George's signature. After an exchange of good-mornings, Sir George made a very customary announcement. "I'll just look through these letters, Scarsdale; then we'll take a turn round the garden while I tell you about my wireless talk to-night. I want you to prepare a few notes for me. . . ."

"Certainly, Sir George," replied Scarsdale. A great piece of luck, for the after-breakfast tour of the estate, though almost an institution in fine weather, might just, for one reason or another, have been foregone.

The men were soon dressed for outdoors and strolling briskly across the terrace towards the woods—the usual gambit, Scarsdale observed, with continuing satisfaction. Sir George meanwhile divided his attention between the garden and his impending radio talk. "You see, Scarsdale, I want those figures about the American Federal Reserve note issue. . . . Ah, that *cupressus macrocarpa* seems to be doing nicely. . . . And a month-to-month table of Wall Street brokers' loans. . . ." And so on, till they were deep in the woods, over half a mile from the house. The thickets, even in mid-winter, were very dark. "I want your notes by three at the latest, so that I can catch the 3.50 from Lincott and work up my talk in the train. . . . Ah, just look at that—Fanning really ought to notice these things. Confound the fellow!"

Fanning was the head-gardener, and "that" was nothing more dreadful than an old kettle under a bush. But to Sir George it was serious enough, for if there were one thing that annoyed him more than another it was the suggestion of trespassers on his land. "Why the devil don't Fanning and his men keep their eyes open?" he exclaimed crossly; but in that he did Fanning an injustice, since the kettle had not been there for more than a few hours; Scarsdale, in fact, had placed it there himself the evening before.

Suddenly Scarsdale cried: "Why, look there, sir—the door of the hut's open! A tramp, I suppose. Wonder if he's still inside, by any chance."

At this point Sir George began to behave precisely as Scarsdale had guessed and hoped he would. He left the path and strode vehemently amidst the trees and undergrowth towards the small square erection just visible in the near distance. "By Jove, Scarsdale," he shouted, "if I do catch the fellow, I'll teach him a lesson."

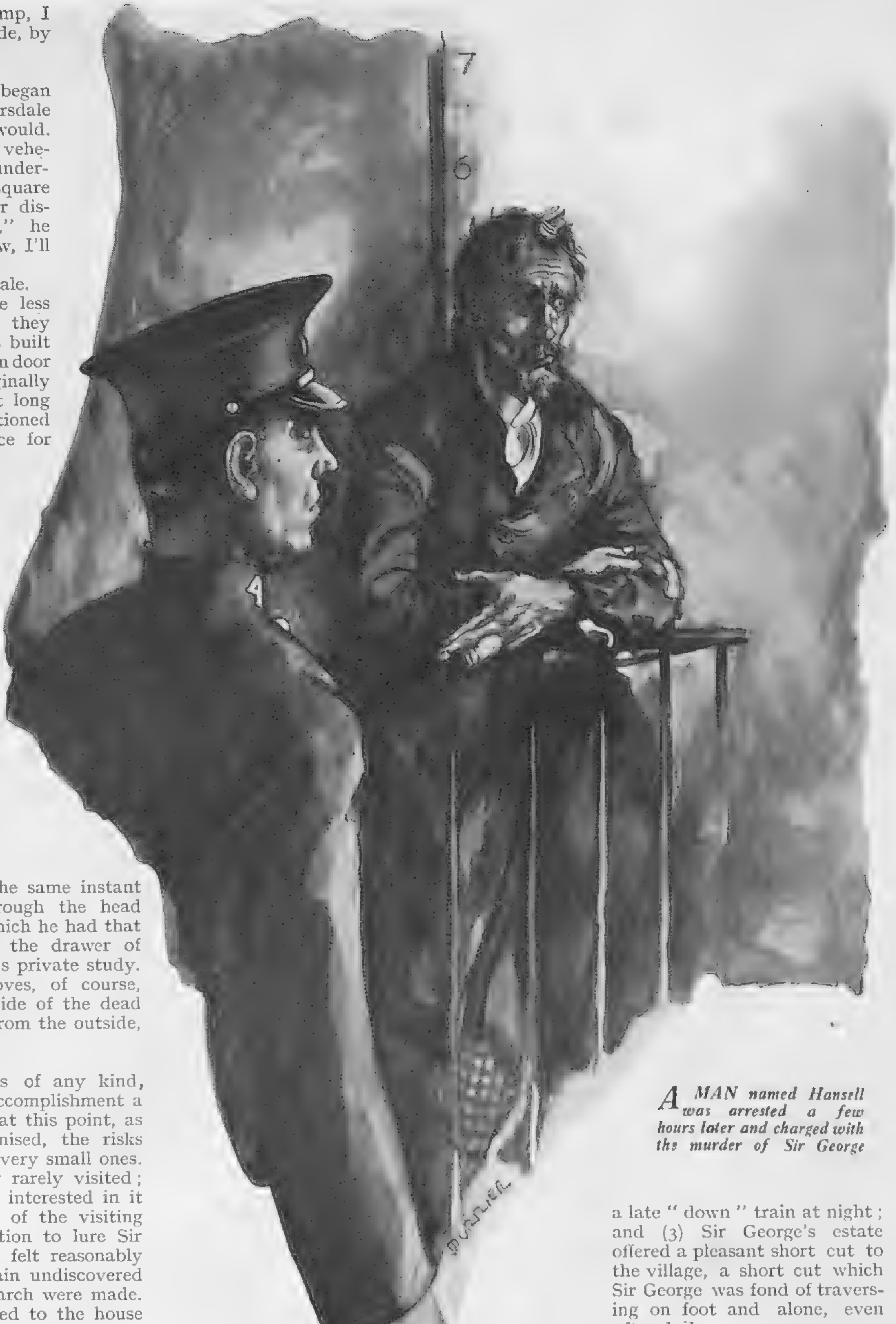
"Yes, rather," agreed Scarsdale.

Striding together through the less and less penetrable thickets, they reached the hut at last. It was built of grey stone, with a stout wooden door—the whole edifice intended originally as a sort of summer-house, but long disused. For years it had functioned at rare intervals as a storeplace for sawn-up logs; but now, as Scarsdale entered it, it proved empty even of them. Nor was there a tramp in it, either. "He must have gone, sir," said Scarsdale, pulling wide open the half-gaping door. "Though it does look as if he's left a few relics. . . . I say, sir, what do you make of this?" He waited for Sir George to enter. "Damnation, that's my last match gone! Have you a match, Sir George?"

As Sir George began to fumble in his pocket in the almost complete darkness Scarsdale added: "I say, sir, you've dropped something—your handkerchief, I think."

Sir George stooped, and at the same instant Scarsdale shot him neatly through the head with a small automatic pistol which he had that very morning abstracted from the drawer of the Boule cabinet in Sir George's private study.

Afterwards, still wearing gloves, of course, he placed the weapon by the side of the dead man, closed the door carefully from the outside, and walked away.



A MAN named Hansell was arrested a few hours later and charged with the murder of Sir George

All murders—all enterprises of any kind, in fact—carry with their accomplishment a certain minimum of risk; and at this point, as Scarsdale had all along recognised, the risks began. Fortunately, they were very small ones. The hut was isolated and only rarely visited; Fanning and his men were not interested in it at all, and the whole incident of the visiting tramp had been a mere invention to lure Sir George to the spot. Scarsdale felt reasonably sure that the body would remain undiscovered unless and until a deliberate search were made.

Leaving the woods, he returned to the house by way of the garages. There he took out his two-seater car, drove it round to the front of the house, and had a friendly chat with Wilkes, the butler. "Oh, Wilkes, would you mind bringing down Sir George's suitcase? He's decided to go right on to town immediately, so he won't be in to lunch. He's walking over to Lincott through the fields. . . . Oh, and you might label the bag for Banbury—I've got to get it sent off at the station."

"Will you be returning to lunch yourself, sir?"

"Oh yes."

"Very good, sir."

Lincott, which Scarsdale reached through winding lanes within a quarter of an hour, was a middle-sized village with a large and important railway junction. There were three facts about Lincott that were, from Scarsdale's point of view, fortunate—(1) its railway station was large, frequented, and badly lit; (2) there were convenient expresses to London, as well as a late "down" train at night; and (3) Sir George's estate offered a pleasant short cut to the village, a short cut which Sir George was fond of traversing on foot and alone, even after dark.

Scarsdale drove direct to the junction and left the suitcase for despatch to Banbury, whence it would be forwarded immediately to the house of Sir George's brother. Then he proceeded to a neighbouring garage, arranged to leave his car until called-for, and asked to use the telephone. Ringing up the Towers, he had a second amiable talk with Wilkes. "Oh, hullo, Wilkes—this is Scarsdale speaking—from Lincott. Sir George has slightly changed his plans again—or rather *my* plans. He wants me to go along to town with him right away. Yes . . . . Yes . . . . I'm leaving my car here. . . . Yes, that's what I want to tell you—I've decided that as I'm going to town I may as well spend the week-end there at my club. . . . I'll be back on Tuesday, you know. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye. . ."

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"Farewell" sobbed the organ, vox humana tremulous in the arching twilight; "farewell" it pealed in the trumpets of challenge; "farewell" it blared in full diapason. "Farewell" shrilled the sopranos; "farewell" boomed the basses; "farewell" intoned the priest.

The very clouds of incense, rising in swirls of mystic blue to God exhaled their sacrifice not in aromatic *Ave* but in fragrant farewell. . . .

Inaudibly the steps shadowed down the aisle . . . and Pergolesi stood, upright and alone, beating the time of that Recessional with a fortitude which, in other days, would have gained him the Martyr's crown. What terrors could the beasts of the Colosseum, the flames of the Inquisition have held for him, devoured as he was by the tiger of his own sorrow, consumed by the fire of his loss?

Maria—Maria no longer but Sister Victoria (say, rather, Sister *Victa*!)—sobbed her life away in her cloistered cell with none to hear her; but Giambattista Pergolesi wept for the world to hear. In the imperishable beauty of the *Stabat Mater* is enshrined for ever the tragedy of his life. What wonder it has been hailed as a masterpiece? It has been made not from human dross but from pure gold refined and rarefied in the quenchless fires of pain.

Time, the Great Healer, for once could not work his miracle: Death, the Deliverer, alone could cure her ill. Within a year Sister Victoria had left behind her upon earth a shell of alabaster—and a message. That message was brought by the Spinelli to Pergolesi at Rome, whither he had gone from gay Naples, now but the graveyard of his dreams.

The message was read: "Let Pergolesi conduct the last Mass for my soul that, on the wings of love, I may enter into Eternity."

Giambattista was stifling his grief with work. He was staging his opera, "The Olympiade." But he left everything in turmoil and posted to Naples. To his horror, he found that the Mass to be sung was not his own but that composed by Leo.

In furious and frantic haste, he composed and scored a Requiem into whose quavers he poured the quiverings of his own heart; each black note of treble clef or bass, a tear from the depths of his divine despair. And in the same church he beheld, as he gazed sorrowfully about him, Spinellis bearing the solemn faces of mourning which to his tortured vision made prescient by sorrow were at once faces of mockery and faces of murderers.

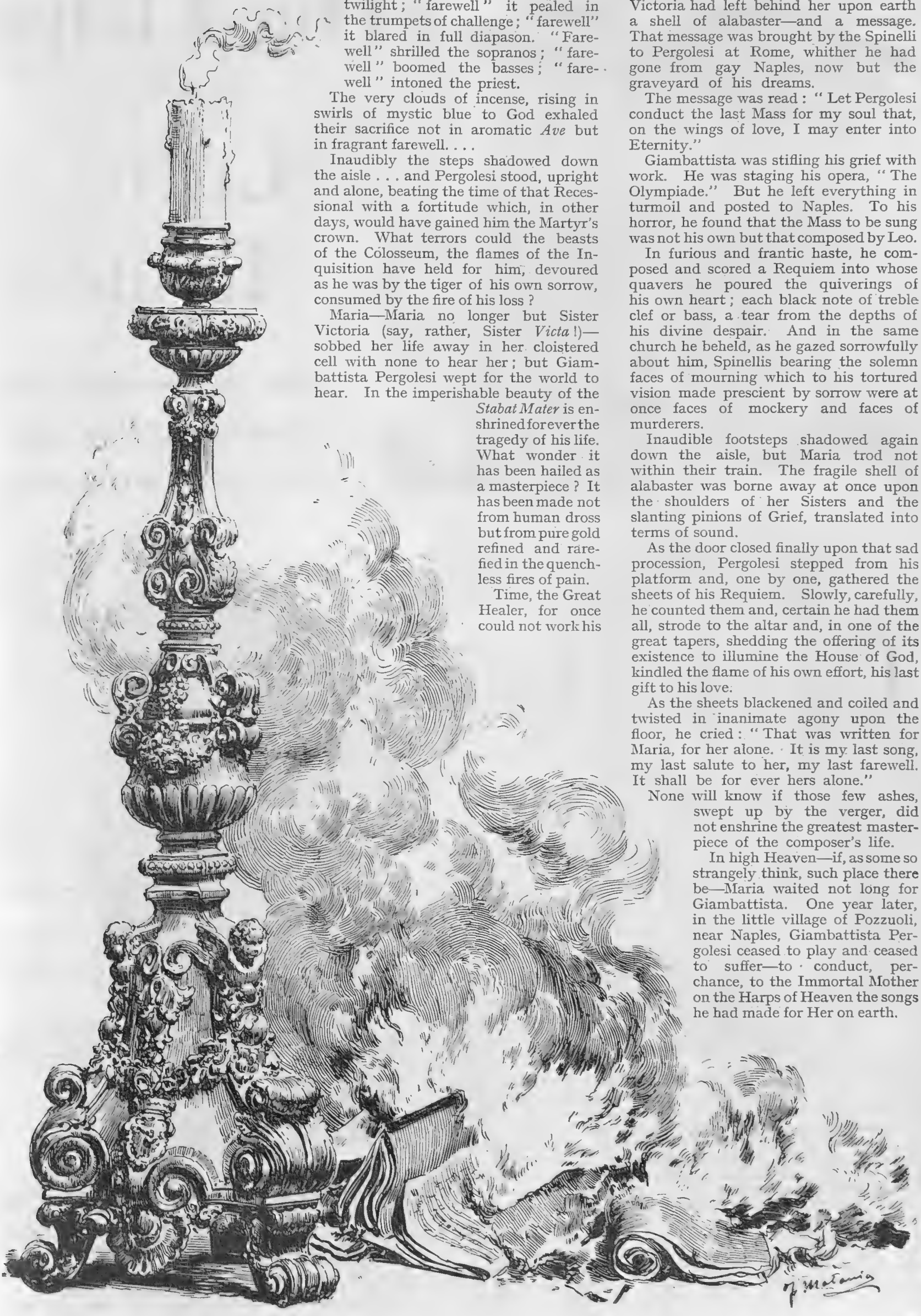
Inaudible footsteps shadowed again down the aisle, but Maria trod not within their train. The fragile shell of alabaster was borne away at once upon the shoulders of her Sisters and the slanting pinions of Grief, translated into terms of sound.

As the door closed finally upon that sad procession, Pergolesi stepped from his platform and, one by one, gathered the sheets of his Requiem. Slowly, carefully, he counted them and, certain he had them all, strode to the altar and, in one of the great tapers, shedding the offering of its existence to illumine the House of God, kindled the flame of his own effort, his last gift to his love.

As the sheets blackened and coiled and twisted in inanimate agony upon the floor, he cried: "That was written for Maria, for her alone. It is my last song, my last salute to her, my last farewell. It shall be for ever hers alone."

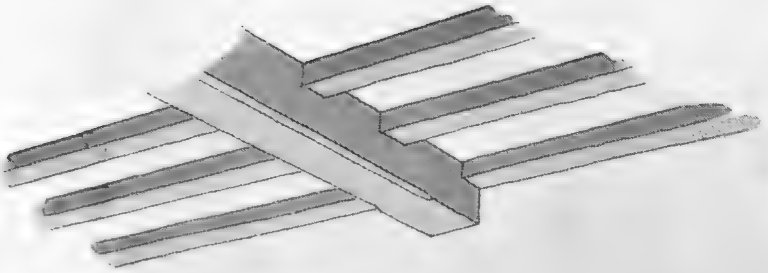
None will know if those few ashes, swept up by the verger, did not enshrine the greatest masterpiece of the composer's life.

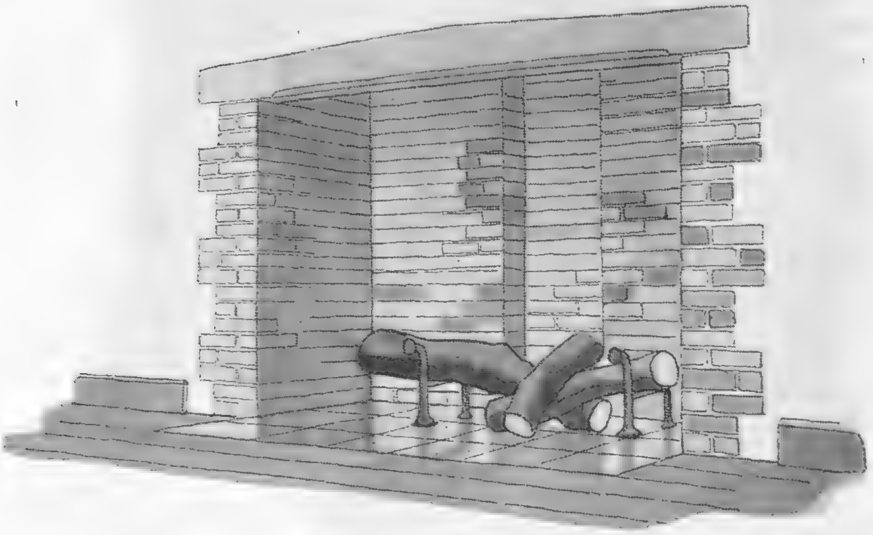
In high Heaven—if, as some so strangely think, such place there be—Maria waited not long for Giambattista. One year later, in the little village of Pozzuoli, near Naples, Giambattista Pergolesi ceased to play and ceased to suffer—to conduct, perchance, to the Immortal Mother on the Harps of Heaven the songs he had made for Her on earth.



Big Helps *with* Little Troubles

On the principle that
than cure, these sug-
for your assistance





THE old-fashioned open fire for logs or peat is the type that most often gives trouble by smoking. This difficulty can frequently be counteracted by rebuilding the brick back of the fireplace so as to leave a groove about 14 in. wide by 4½ in. deep, running from the level of the hearth well up into the flue. This forms a channel which gets the hot air more quickly up the chimney and prevents the smoke belching out into the room

THE aim of this article is to describe a few of the more common complaints and errors of dwelling construction which are the cause of so much discomfort and expense during the telling months of winter. These facts should appeal to the present houseowner as a means of determining actual or potential troubles and of applying remedial measures in those early stages when the cost of repair is lowest. Prospective houseowners may also find the information of interest as a check on actual structure, or on plans and specifications.

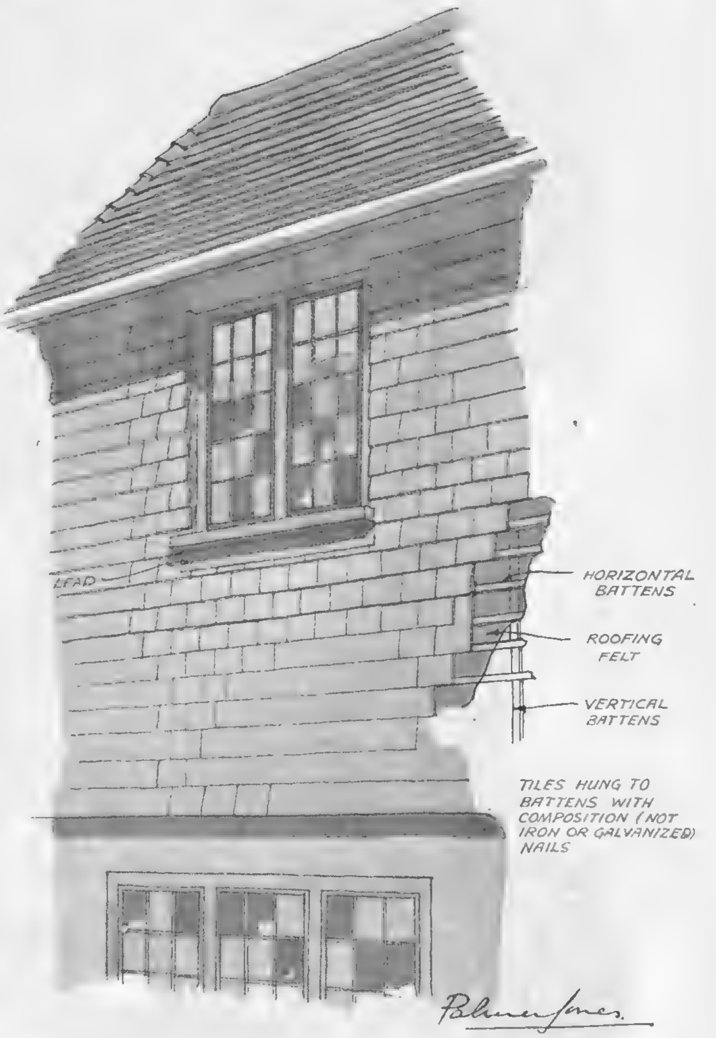
Let it be said, in the first place, that neglect of a structural defect, however small, is the most costly form of negligence. Neglected ills develop at an incredible rate and, by infecting the surrounding structure, lead to major repairs at a commensurate cost.

It is established beyond dispute that the regular painting and repairing of the exterior of a house is the soundest form of economy, and the same may be said of periodical inspection of premises for faulty gutters, displaced tiles and other small repairs. The ultimate economy of these periodical overhauls can only be fully appreciated by one who has incurred the expense resulting from neglect.

The sketches on these pages suggest some means of dealing with a few of the more common causes of discomfort and expense during the winter. There is the open fireplace, for instance, which, while very much favoured for its decorative appearance, is often found to present a difficult problem on account of its tendency to "smoke." One method of dealing with this difficulty has been illustrated, but there are others of which one is raising the hearth a few inches—an expedient often found effective.

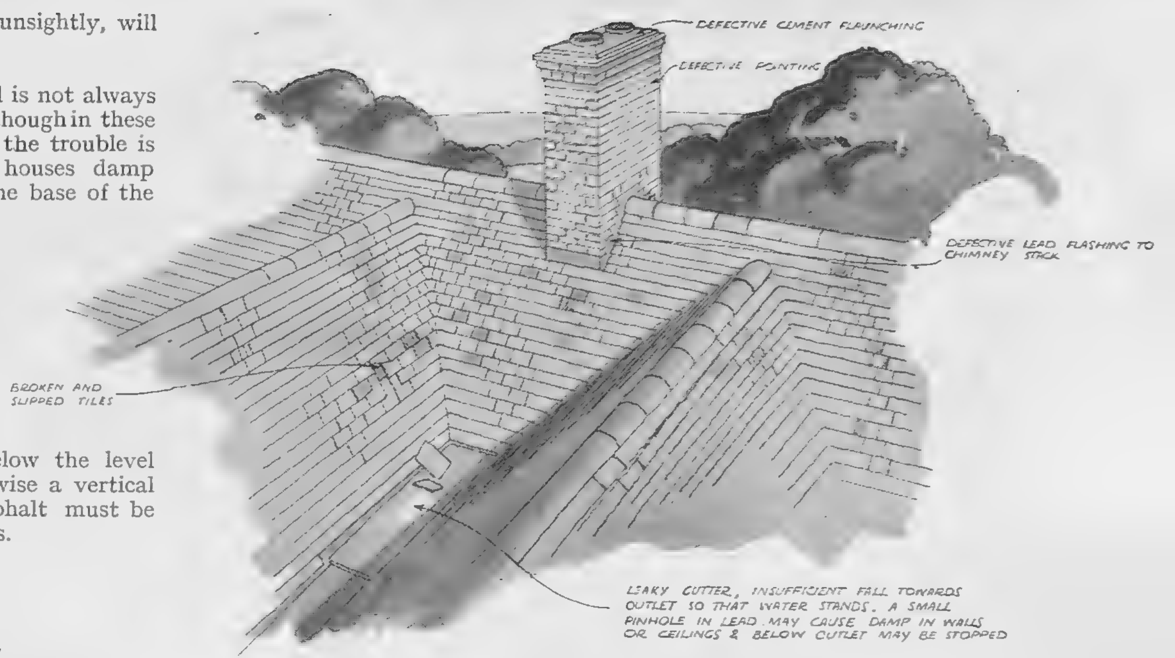
In cases where logs have been burnt on the hearth itself some relief has been found in installing a basket or a hob grate and, again, if the beam or lintel across the fire opening is high enough to render the expedient a safe one, a frill arranged to hang a few inches below the beam may keep the smoke out of the room. This measure is invariably adopted in country cottages, which says something for its effectiveness. The frill must be frequently replaced, of course, as it is quickly soiled by the smoke.

A fireback of iron or firebrick should have a slight forward slope. This, when heated, serves as a good conductor to smoke whilst also helping to throw the heat out into the room. The "baffle" above this should be perfectly free from soot, which may otherwise blow out into the room when the fire is not burning. When a down draught is caused by neighbouring roofs or trees, raising the top of the chimney is sure to be effective and, lastly, there is the


LEAD
HORIZONTAL BATTENS
ROOFING FELT
VERTICAL BATTENS
TILES HUNG TO BATTENS WITH COMPOSITION (NOT IRON OR GALVANIZED) NAILS
Palmer Jones

HANGING vertical tiles is often found to be a successful antidote where weather gets through a wall through thinness or porosity. The felt shown in the sketch is not always necessary, but is advisable where new tiles are used. Other causes of damp walls are roofs abutting against walls not having proper lead flashing and soakers at the joint between tiles and wall. Modern cavity walls are, of course, the best insurance against damp penetration, but even then, if drippings of mortar are allowed to lodge in the cavity at the time of building, damp inner walls will ensue familiar cowl which, though unsightly, will often put things right.

THE cause of a damp wall is not always an easy thing to detect, though in these days of modern cavity walls the trouble is more infrequent. In older houses damp courses were not put in at the base of the walls and wet frequently soaked up from the ground into the walls of these places. Local by-laws now insist, however, upon damp courses, which consist of a thin sheet of lead, or two courses of slate, laid in the walls beneath the wood plates carrying the ground floor joists. Flower-beds and lawns must be below the level of this damp course. Otherwise a vertical damp course of slate or asphalt must be put on the exterior of the walls.


DEFECTIVE CEMENT FLAUNCHING
DEFECTIVE POINTING
DEFECTIVE LEAD FLASHING TO CHIMNEY STACK
BROKEN AND SLIPPED TILES
LEAKY GUTTER, INSUFFICIENT FALL TOWARDS OUTLET SO THAT WATER STANDS. A SMALL PINHOLE IN LEAD MAY CAUSE DAMP IN WALLS OR CEILINGS & BELOW OUTLET MAY BE STOPPED

IN older houses, tile laths sometimes rot and give way, and thus tiles slip and a leaking roof is the result. The pins holding the tiles may be of oak or iron which have rotted and caused displacement; therefore, special composition pins are a preventative measure. A leaking gutter is sometimes traceable to grit under the lead on the boards, or a stoppage of the outlets of gutters and pipes by leaves. Iron rainwater gutters should be painted inside and out every three years and often cleaned out. Joints should be inspected at intervals and made watertight

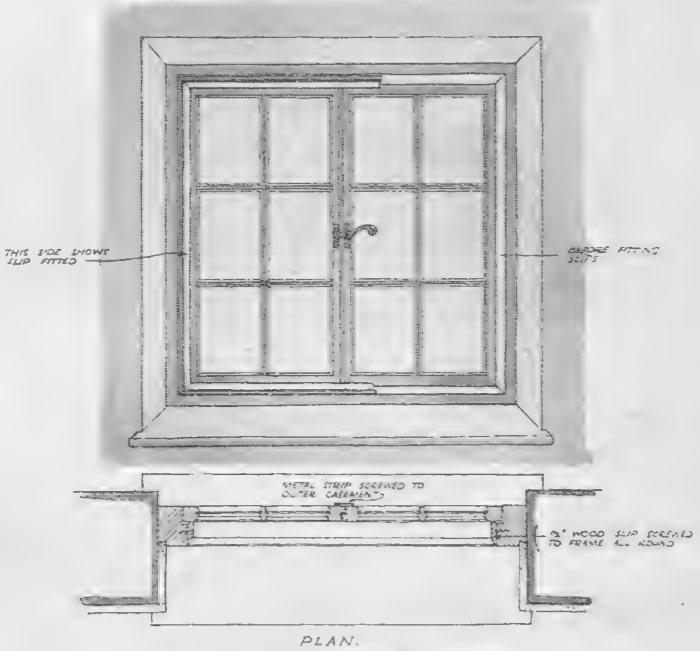
prevention is better gestions are made this coming winter

Leaking gutters and roofs are most often traceable to displaced tiles or slates due to the rotting of the pins which hold them in place. Lead gutters may develop leaks owing to the lead itself being too thin, and all gutters should have a proper slope or "fall" to the outlets, otherwise obstruction may result. Chimneys should have a lead damp course just above the level of the roof to prevent wet soaking down them, and flat roofs should be covered with lead, copper or asphalt to prevent leakage. Zinc as a covering is not advisable in big towns, as it develops pinholes after some years' wear.

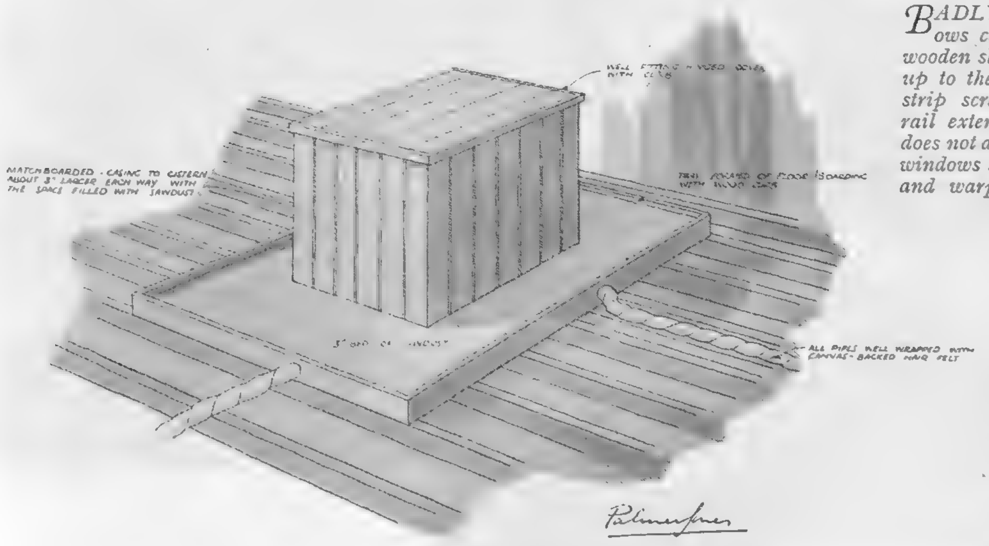
Very often the slope of a roof changes to a lesser "pitch" at the eaves for the sake of appearance. If, with a tiled roof, this slope is less than forty-five degrees, water may soak through into the walls at this point, particularly if there is no felt under the tiles.

Frosty weather is the source of much trouble and expense to the householder in the way of burst pipes and cisterns, but few disasters of this kind need occur if proper provision is made beforehand for the protection of exposed parts.

Very little expense or trouble is involved to wrap such pipes as are exposed to cold, in canvas and felt. Cisterns should be boarded off or, better still, the air in the immediate vicinity should be slightly warmed. A gas jet, burning an infinitesimal amount of gas, is sufficient for this, or there are excellent small oil lamps obtainable for the purposes which can be used with safety and assurance.


THIS SIDE SHOWS SLIP FITTED
BEFORE FITTING SLIPS
METAL STRIP SCREWED TO OUTER CASEMENT
WOOD SLIP SCREWED TO FRAME ALL ROUND
PLAN.

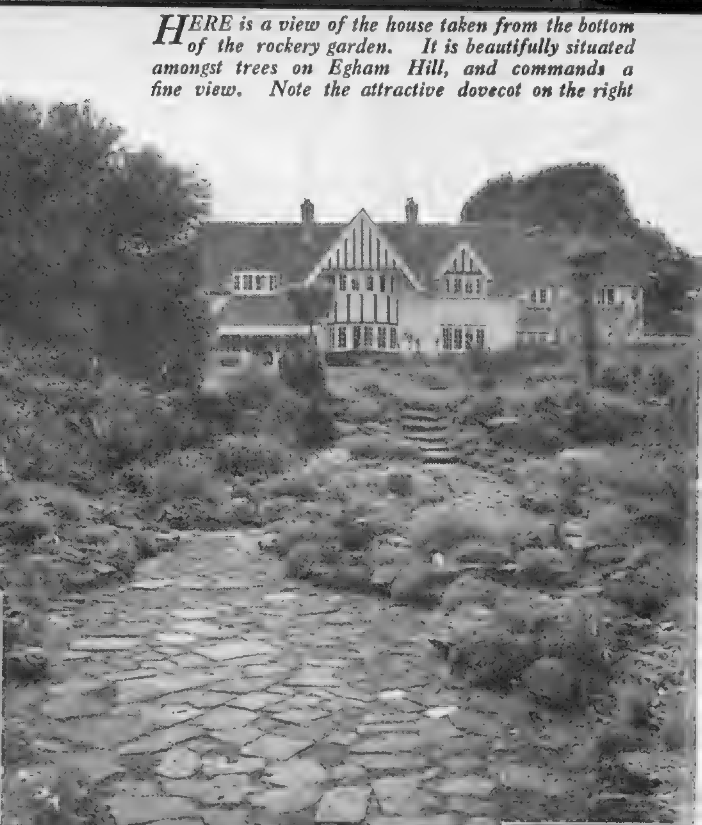
BADLY fitting and draughty casement windows can be treated by means of an internal wooden slip screwed to the frame and fitted tight up to the back of the casement. Also a metal strip screwed over the joint in the meeting rail externally is effective, although the latter does not apply where there is a mullion. Wooden windows should be painted often to prevent rot and warping, also metal to prevent rusting


MATCHBOARDED CASING TO CISTERN ABOUT 3" LARGER EACH WAY WITH THE SPACE FILLED WITH SAWDUST
WELL FITTING HINGED COVER WITH CLEATS
3" BED OF SAWDUST
ALL PIPES WELL WRAPPED WITH CANVAS-BACKED HAIR FELT
Palmer Jones

CISTERNS and their attendant pipes are frequent causes of disaster in a cold spell, generally due to their situation in cold and draughty roofs where tiles are laid on battens, not on a boarded roof. The roof in which the cistern is can sometimes be boarded off or a partition made of "Celotex" or similar insulating material. In a boarded roof a single gas jet burning is often sufficient to prevent freezing, or, better still, a small electric point with heater attached

LEADING from the drawing-room is the library which has brown leather chairs and oak furniture. The walls are biscuit coloured, and the paintwork and ceiling cream

HERE is a view of the house taken from the bottom of the rockery garden. It is beautifully situated amongst trees on Egham Hill, and commands a fine view. Note the attractive dovecot on the right



Left:

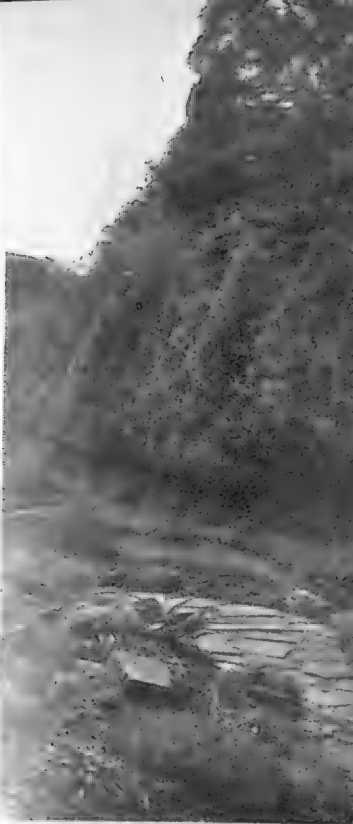
THE spare room is carried out in a colour-scheme of grey and purple. Grey linen curtains patterned in coloured tulips make the curtains and chair covers, and the furniture is painted a pale grey

Right:

AN attractive little log cabin situated a few hundred yards away from the house is arranged as a cocktail bar, and has gay blue and white check curtains and high stools painted scarlet

Left:

BLUE is the keynote of the light and airy drawing-room, which has blue taffeta curtains at the bay window and a sofa and chair covers of cretonne patterned in blue, mauve and yellow



PALE green walls and dark oak furniture form the basic scheme of the dining-room, which has old French prints hanging on the walls, and a fine old dresser on which stands a colourful china dessert service

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton and their small son are the happy inhabitants, together with a canine friend, of this charming cottage in Surrey

A Cottage in Surrey

"Daneshurst," the home *of* Captain *and* Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton, *is* beautifully situated *on* Egham Hill

Left:

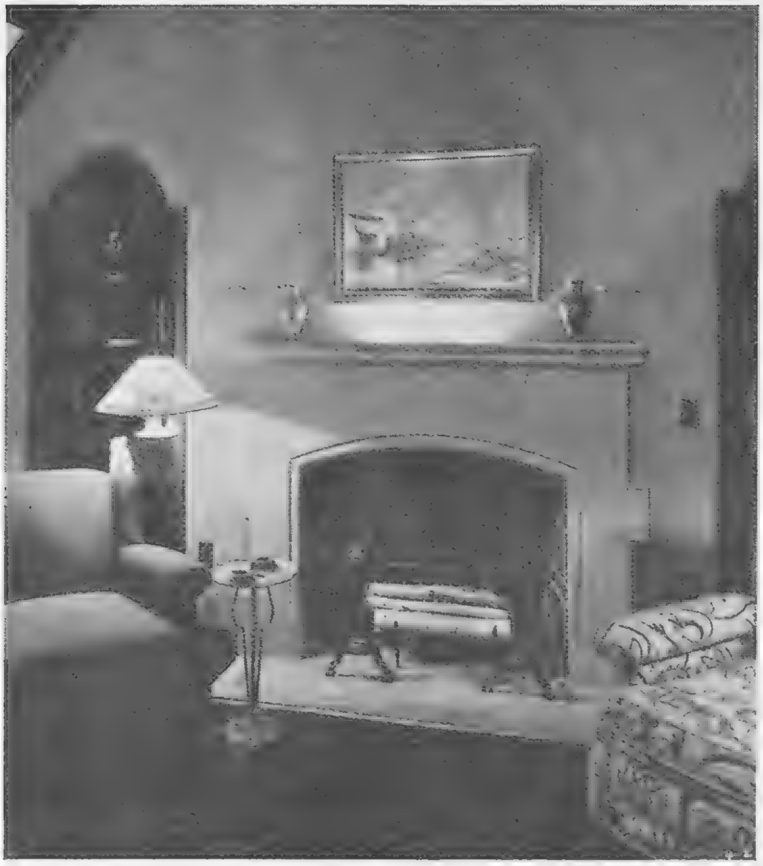
THE large and restful nursery has powder-blue walls, gaily patterned chintz curtains and dark blue linoleum on the floor. The furniture is made to correspond with the size of the small son, aged two

Right:

A COLOUR scheme of pink and green and limed oak furniture combine to make this restful bedroom, which has pale green walls, a carpet of a deeper shade, and frilled pink taffeta curtains

Furnishing

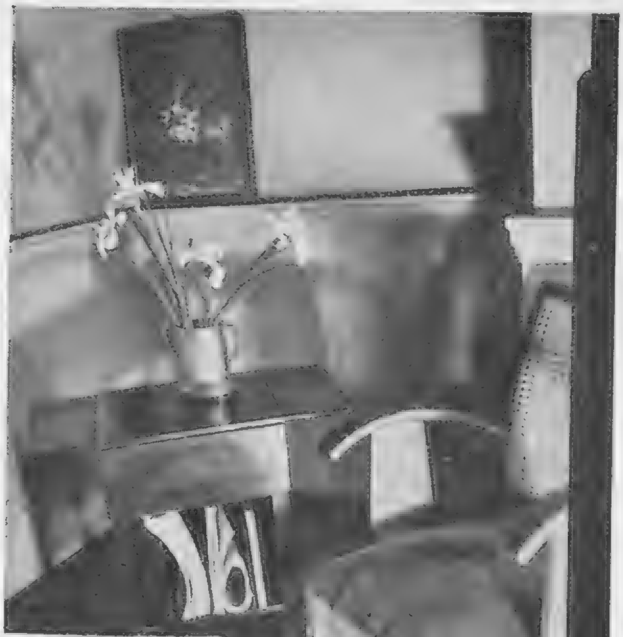
Showing what are Obtainable of Modern



THE glow of comfort and the general invitation of this fireside scene is achieved by lighting, before the electric log fire is actually brought into play. A panel of frosted glass let into the mantelshelf conceals a lamp which sheds light upon the warm tints of the picture above, and a low standard lamp provides illumination at the right height for reading or sewing

Below:

ANOTHER fireside chair, this time with a cane back and upholstered velvet seat, it is accompanied by a low table which will hold books and magazines underneath, with a top which extends to hold tea for two persons. Drages Ltd.



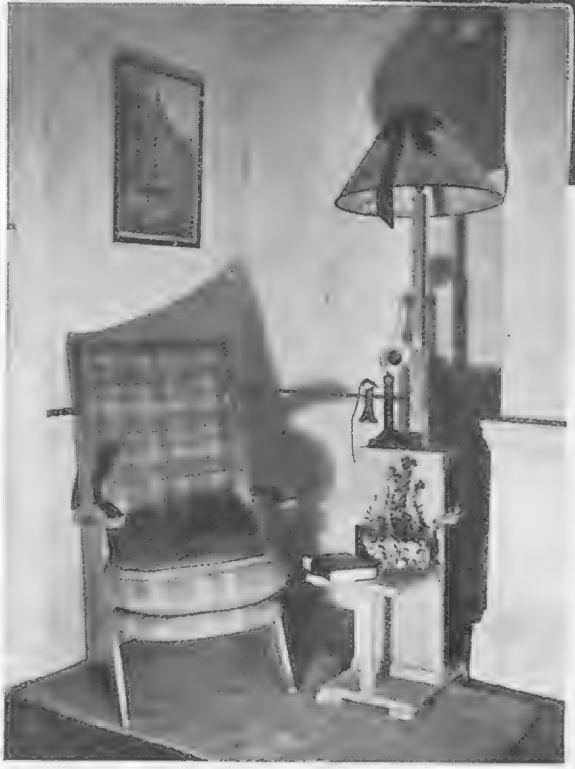
THE technique of the fireside is something we are only now beginning properly to understand. In the past, furnishing schemes were planned in relation to the room as a whole. To-day, the fireside has its entity distinct from the main scheme and, in winter, interest is very properly concentrated upon that vital quarter to which we look for the expression of comfort and hospitality.

Furniture designers have lately turned their attention to the creation of furniture which fulfils all the requirements of comfort and practical service at the fireside whilst enhancing the general decorative scheme of the room. All these pieces, however different in character, conform to the established rule that fireside furniture should be large enough for comfort and small enough to exclude the possibility of crowding.

The table, which is so essentially a part of comfort when taking one's ease before the fire, should be chosen carefully, if not designed specially. Small tables are apt to overturn, yet the table that is not large enough, or the one that is just too large, is a menace to comfort and is better done without.

Combination furniture is proving particularly adaptable to fireside use. The table that is designed to hold tea and, at the same time, to accommodate books whilst still having sufficient room for a bottle and glass cupboard, has its obvious advantages in fulfilling several functions without encroaching too much upon the space required to stretch one's legs in comfort.

Illusion is of as much importance as fact in creating fireside comfort and lighting, carefully situated, as much as furniture judiciously arranged is vitally important. One photograph on this page shows a resourceful use of lighting as an enhancement of warmth already provided by the fire. It is also shown to be a practical and decorative feature of the scheme. Here, the fireside is independent, as it were, and when other lights are extinguished, the occupants can withdraw from the rest of



A MODERN chair specially designed for sewing or reading at the fireside has a tweed covering. The lamp is designed to fulfil more than the purpose of lighting in providing useful shelves immediately at hand. Drages Ltd.

the Fireside

Effects of Charm and Comfort from an Intelligent Application Ideas in Fireside Furnishing

By Winifred Lewis

NO fireside meal is comfortable without a wagon which can be "loaded" in the kitchen and wheeled to the fire. The trolley photographed has a useful feature in the drawer at one side in which traycloths, napkins, and even cutlery can be stored. Drages Ltd.

THE fireside tea is of sufficient importance to warrant service of the daintiest description. A charming tray of silk embroidery under glass, and a delicate flowered tea-set from Marshall and Snelgrove suggest themselves for the purpose

IN the bachelor sitting-room where coal fires are found to be impracticable fireside comfort is by no means unattainable. Electric radiators have abolished the need for a fixed fireplace, as this circular radiator and its comfortable appurtenances show. It can be placed in the middle of the room and serves as a useful occasional table as well

Left:

THE attractions of the fireside in an electrically heated room are often disputed, though this arrangement would seem to put an end to argument against the comfort and effectiveness of the very modern fireside. A Ferranti fire with simple marble surround is flanked on each side with cupboards which hold all the paraphernalia of fireside service, while the corner lighting fixtures shed light and importance upon the scene

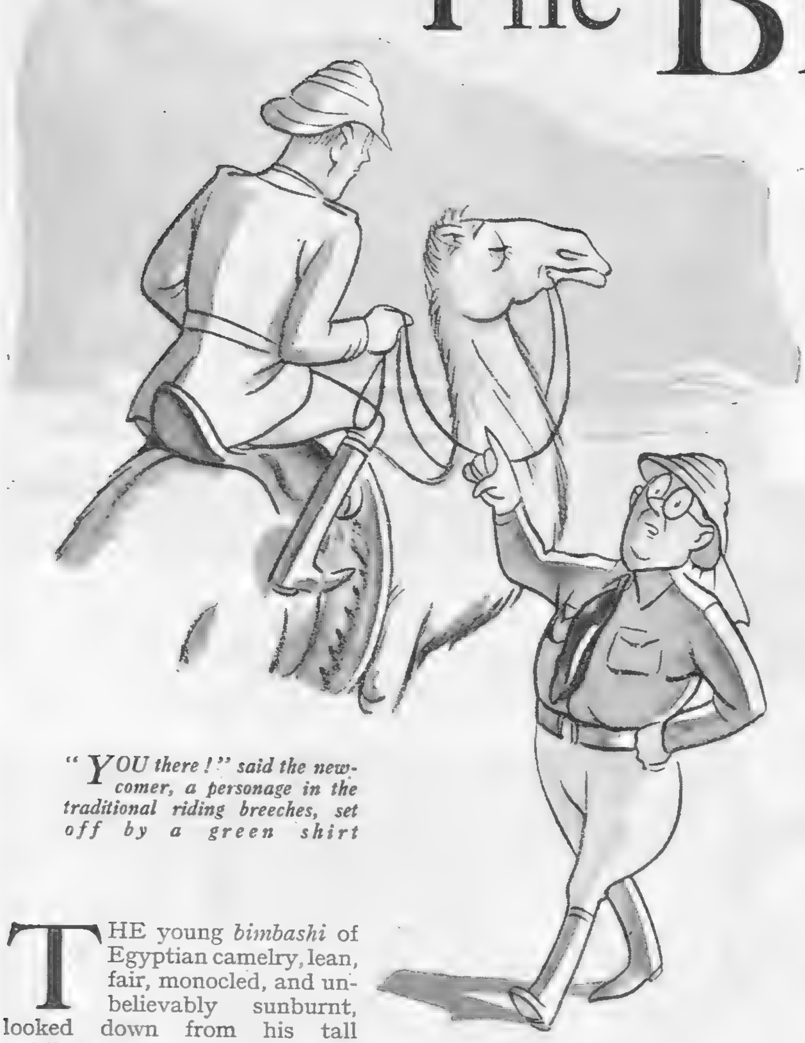
the room into its comfortable seclusion.

A standard lamp specially suitable for the fireside is illustrated, too. An attractive modern design permits its use as a resting place for cup, book or glass; moreover, its substantial base is an added advantage in rendering it completely safe from overturning.

Chairs of the utmost comfort which embody all the latest developments of "fireside technique" are a special feature of Messrs. Hampton's showrooms in Pall Mall. Some are designed for sewing or knitting before the fire, and others are just, frankly, "take your ease" designs. Tables and trolley wagons specially designed for the fireside meal are another feature of this unusually interesting collection and worthy of inspection by all who are genuinely interested in comfort at moderate cost.

The BIMBASHI'S

A *Little* Dust-up in Sheikh, *a* Bunch *of*



"YOU there!" said the newcomer, a personage in the traditional riding breeches, set off by a green shirt

THE young *bimbashi* of Egyptian camelry, lean, fair, monocled, and unbelievably sunburnt, looked down from his tall saddle with a twinkle of humorous dismay.

"Gad!" he observed to the universe at large. "Is this all?"

He might well have commented, for what lay before him was Acme Studio's full company, and on the final stage of its much-ballyhooed trip to location. And Acme, as its president, Jake Blaustein, had so frequently said for publication, never did things by halves. "Desert Passion" was going to live up to both fractions of its name—the stars would supply the passion right enough, and the veritable desert the setting. There was to be no Mohave local colour about this one; it was to be shot, regardless of expense, out on the sun-blistered Sahara.

Hence a dozen light trucks stretched back in impressive convoy, containing tents, cameras, extras, bottled beer, ice-machines, and general paraphernalia. Ahead of them, parked at present in a gleaming row, were five desert-going limousines—one for each of the co-stars, one for the director, and a couple for incidentals such as valets, maids, wardrobe-masters, costume sharks and make-up artists. A little group of three stood apart, talking a trifle agitatedly, and as Tommy Biggs watched them with a grimace, one of them came hurrying importantly over to him.

"You there!" said the newcomer, a personage in the traditional riding breeches, set off by a green shirt and a degage tie of flowing black silk. "Escort!"

"Yes?" enquired Major Biggs.

"Move over a bit with that camel of yours, will you? Out there, I mean." The director pointed a beringed hand in the general direction of Equatoria. "The star—er, can't stand the smell of the brutes."

Tommy's monocled gaze fell directly between the ear-tips of his silver grey Bisharin beauty.

"Oh!" was all he said. Then, after a moment, "Very well. Sorry."

He called over his shoulder, and an ebony trooper trotted his own beast forward. Biggs slid deftly over the Bisharin's fore-quarter to the ground, and handed the rein to the orderly.

"That do?" he asked, with a faint tinge of irony.

But he was alone. Melvin Potts, the one and only, had left him, and was returning magnificently to the society of his fellow artists. Tommy Biggs glanced at his retreating back, said something of no consequence under his breath, and then strolled after him, flicking his whip.

"Good morning!" he said as he approached the group. "My name's Biggs. I believe I'm supposed to be looking after you people."

Three figures swung round upon him, and the *bimbashi* had his first close-up of what Hollywood can do when it really gives its mind to it. Two stars of the first magnitude, and a director whose reputation—at home—rivalled the blaze of the California sun at noon, might well be calculated to blind so simple a young soldier as Tommy Biggs. However, he endured their scrutiny, grinned again amiably, and waited.

HE had not very long to wait. Ralph Dennistoune, whose clear-cut aquiline profile adorned the vestibules of half the theatres in the civilised globe, and whose square shoulders cried "cave-man" to a myriad pop-eyed women, suddenly broke into a positive wail.

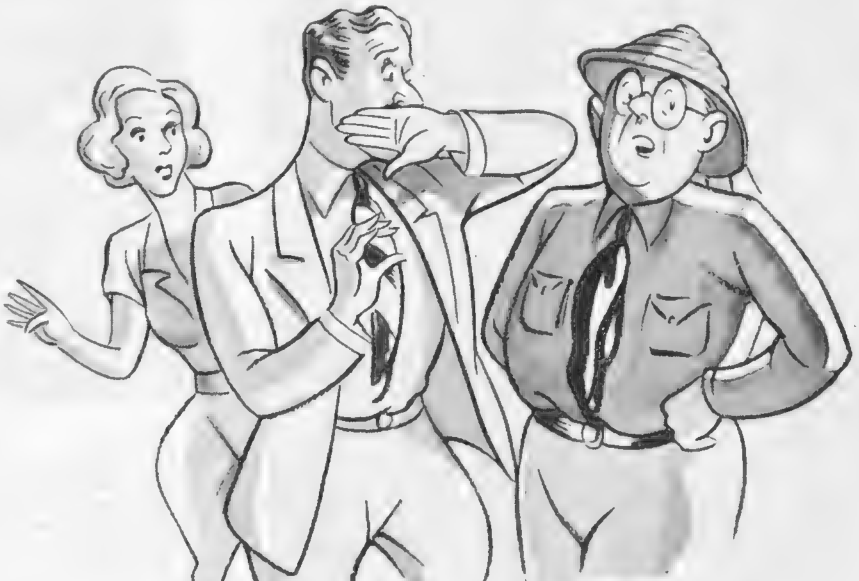
"Ow!" he cried. "Take him away! Take him away, Potts! I can't stand it—I can't, I tell you! That odour . . ."

He flicked a bright handkerchief from his belt and held it to his nose, while his lovely face was overspread with an expression of supreme agony. Potts darted forward, waving protesting hands.

"Didn't I tell you!" he ejaculated. "Didn't I tell you that the star couldn't endure the smell of your camels? Go away, please—quite away! And stay there!"

Tommy Biggs stopped flipping his whip. "Oh," he said again in a flat voice, and his grin vanished. "But I'm not a camel, sir."

"He smells of them—I can smell it from here!" came in muffled tones from behind the handkerchief. "Get him away,



"OW!" he cried. "Take him away, take him away, Potts! I can't stand it. That odour . . ."

BANDIT

Illustrations by
Patrick Bellew

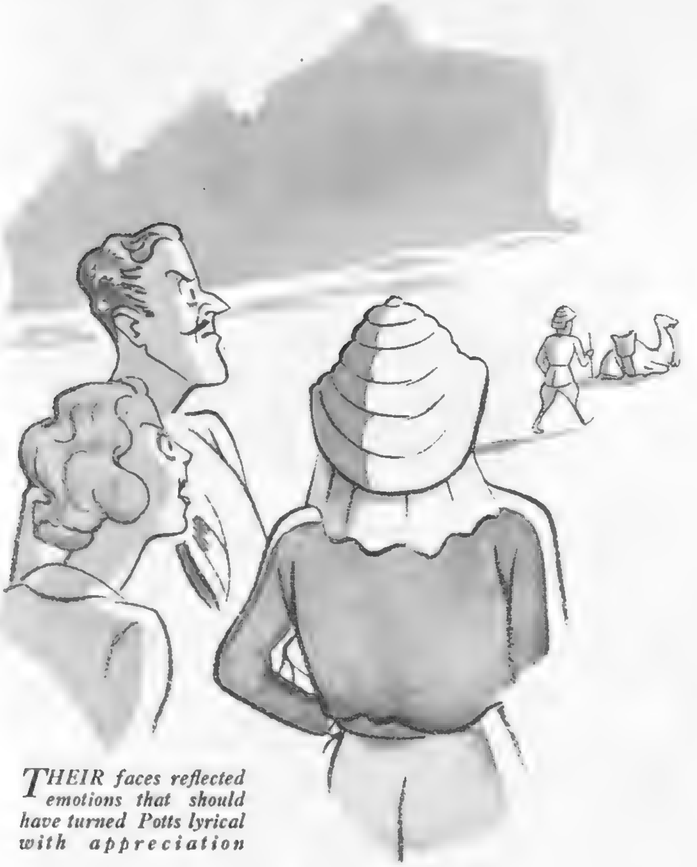
the Desert *involving* a Bold, B*ad* H*ollywood* Guys—*and* A. N. Other

Potts, do you hear? I won't tolerate these conditions—it's insufferable! Pf! The stench!"

Mr. Potts broke into hysterical command, for he was notoriously as temperamental as his charge.

"Away—go away!" he fulminated in a high head voice. "Can't you see you're irritating Mr. Dennistoune? Keep your distance, sir, if we must put up with you . . ."

The *bimbashi's* bright blue eyes had been roving from one to another of the two exotic gentlemen before him.



THEIR faces reflected emotions that should have turned Potts lyrical with appreciation

By R. V. Gery

"Ah?" he said, half to himself. "Like that, is it? Well, suppose the two of you listen to me for about half a minute—"

"No, no, no!" The star waved him away again.

"It's 'yes, yes, yes,' sir, until I'm finished with you." There was a highly unfamiliar snap in Tommy's voice. "I've just a couple of statements to make to you, and then I'll retire just as far as you like—within the bounds of my job, the farther the better, from what I can see at present."

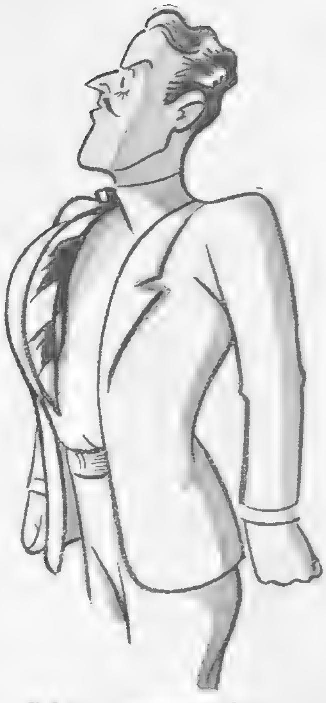
"Ow!" Mr. Dennistoune wailed again as if a pin had penetrated some tender portion of his anatomy. "Potts! Potts! He—he insulted me!"

But Mr. Melvin Potts, seasoned in appreciating moods, had just perceived the blue glare in the *bimbashi's* eye. He noted the compressed lip, the still hands, the quiet tensity of the trim figure in service khaki. And Mr. Melvin Potts called into play his well-known, if seldom exercised, tact.

"One moment, Mr. Dennistoune—one moment!" he said. "We must hear what this—this gentleman has to say, I believe." The star emitted a stifled groan from among the folds of the handkerchief. "Proceed, sir!"

There was a low chuckle, also famous wherever talking pictures have penetrated, the chuckle that had taken Claire O'Connell up to the dizzy heights, and was at present earning her a presidential salary quarterly.

"Yes—go on!" she interrupted. "Shut up, Ralph—I want to hear."



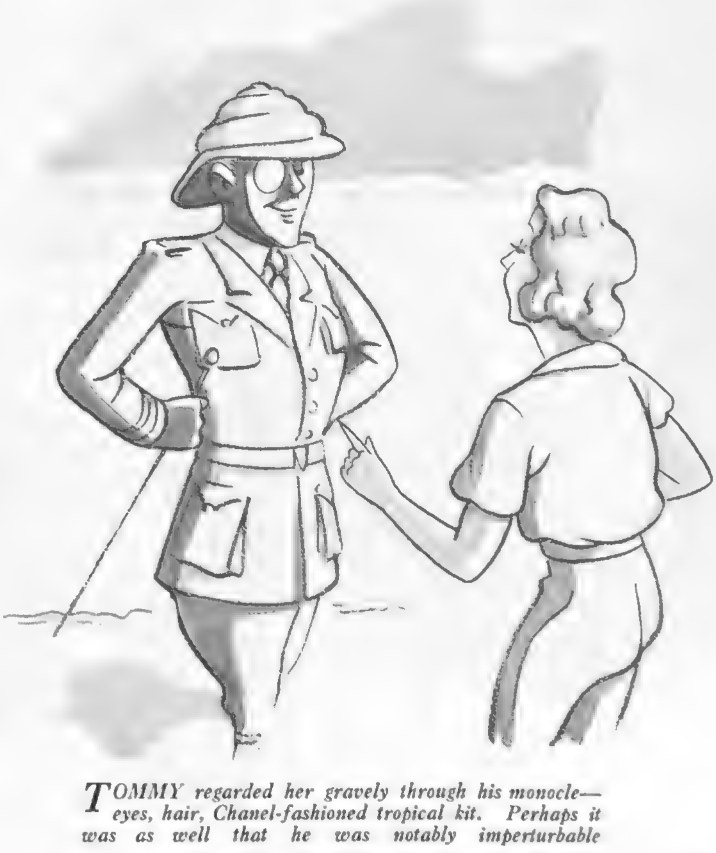
MR. Dennistoune threw a chest. "Upon my word, sir, upon my word——"

TOMMY BIGGS shot her the sixteenth of a glance. "Just this," he said levelly. "I happen to be an officer in the Egyptian Army, and in uniform. It doesn't matter what you say to me, personally, any of you; but I don't propose to have the Egyptian Government spoken to in anything like that tone. Nor, I don't mind telling you, does the Egyptian Government. You come out here . . ."

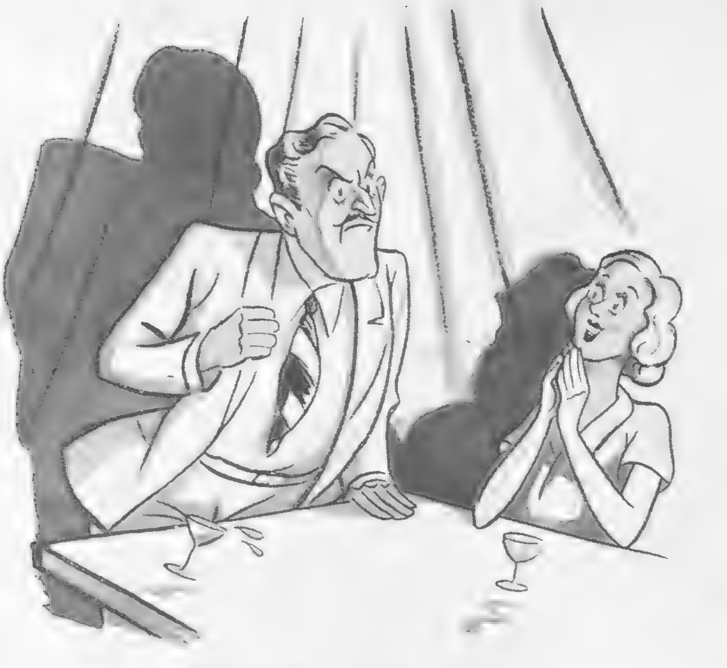
"With the Government's permission," interposed Potts.

"With the Government's permission, no doubt—but that doesn't include making a doormat of its representatives, does it? Well, to go on—you've come out here to do a piece of work that's, frankly, a trifle dangerous . . ."

"Dangerous!" Mr. Dennistoune removed his handkerchief and registered concern. Miss O'Connell also pronounced the word, but it was with a different intonation. Mr. Potts looked merely incredulous.



TOMMY regarded her gravely through his monocle—eyes, hair, Chanel-fashioned tropical kit. Perhaps it was as well that he was notably imperturbable



HE himself would be liable to uncork a brand of he-man profanity that might surprise Mr. Potts

"A little," proceeded Tommy. "There's a bird about this district, who'd love to scupper this outfit of yours. Like nothing better. Hence the escort—and hence myself."

He paused an instant, and Potts cut in. "You mean to say that there are bandits hereabouts ?"

"Bandits ?" Tommy Biggs's normal good humour was returning to him. "Well——yes, I suppose you might call old Giafar that without hurting his feelings too much——"

"Giafar ?"

"Giafar ibn Mulk, yes. They didn't tell you about him down the line, then."

"No. Never heard of him. Who's he ?"

Biggs laughed. "Oh, he's just our local bad man," he said. "He's all right normally, but an affair like this of yours is going to be a mighty temptation for him, I assure you. That's why I'm here."

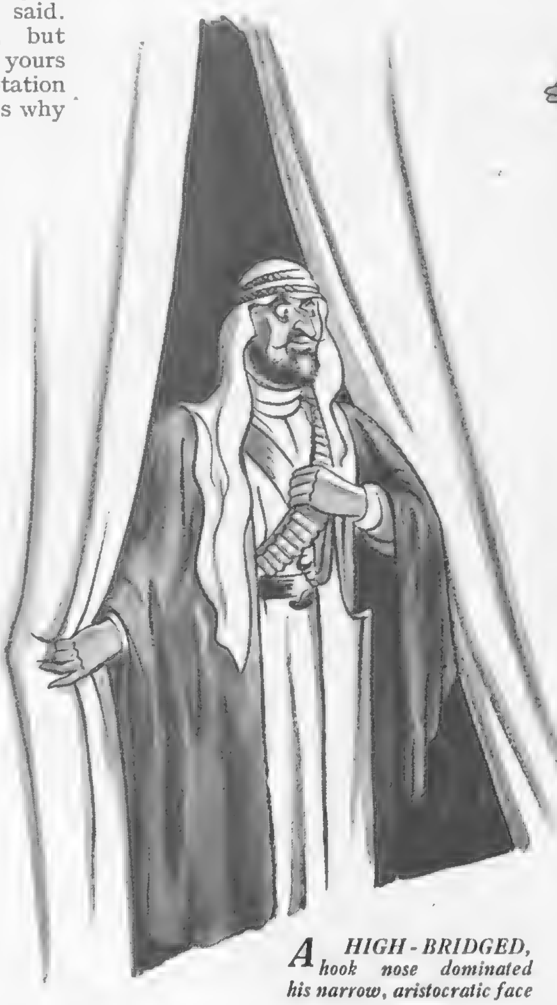
Miss O'Connell produced the little squeal that was her chuckle's companion triumph.

"Oh !" she exclaimed. "You mean—you mean me !"

"You ?" The young *bimbashi* looked at her as if uncomprehendingly a moment. Then his grin reappeared. "Oh, I see ! Yes, there'd be that, of course, too—but if I know anything about Giafar the cars are what he'd go for first. They'd make a very neat little fleet for a raider."

MR. DENNISTOUNE spoke normally for the first time. "But see here," he demanded, "d'you mean to tell me we're liable to get—to get held up ?"

"Not if you do what you're told," said Tommy coolly. "And I'm afraid you'll have to endure my camels as part of the dose. You understand, this is serious. You're all right as long as you stay with the convoy, and don't go wandering all over the desert. If you do, I won't be answerable for the consequences."



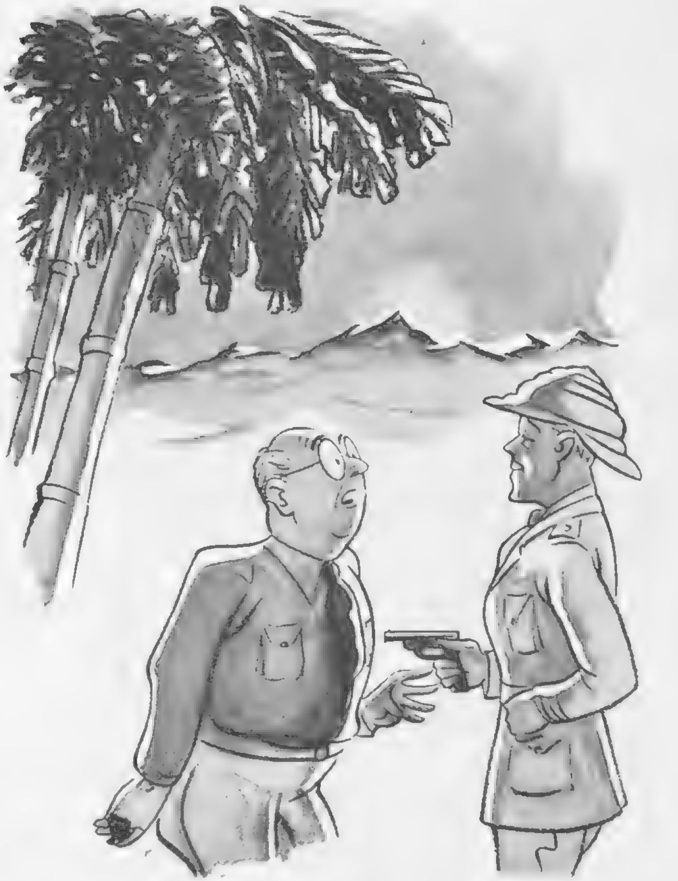
A HIGH-BRIDGED, hook nose dominated his narrow, aristocratic face

It had been many moons since Mr. Dennistoune had been addressed thus, and he bridled in a manner that was the finished product of hours before the glass—the strong-man-restraining-himself gesture. Biggs went on easily.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist on that part about obeying—er, orders," he said. "My own instructions are much too clear to be mistaken. I'd like an understanding with whoever's in charge here——"

"I am," said Mr. Potts.

"Really, Potts !" Mr. Dennistoune raised his heart-breaking eyebrows. "I think you forget yourself——"



HE turned—and found himself face to face with the Bimbashi. Biggs was as cool as ever, but he held a pistol in his hand

And Miss Claire O'Connell said "Blah !" in tones of the most delicate scorn.

"Well, settle it among yourselves." The *bimbashi's* lips twitched under his bleached-yellow moustache. "Only just remember—out there," he waved his whip at the blue-shadowed desert, "what I say goes. Otherwise——"

"Otherwise ?" Mr. Potts queried testily, while Mr. Dennistoune threw a chest. "Upon my word, sir, upon my word——"

"Otherwise," Tommy Biggs stated blandly, "you can just turn round and drive back the way you came, as soon as you like."

"What !"

"As soon as you like. I've my orders here, in writing. Like to see 'em ?" Biggs's hand went to the breast pocket of his tunic. "No ? Very well, then—now we understand one another, I hope." He snapped up to a salute and moved away. "Pull out when you like !" he said over his shoulder.

The three movie people watched him striding over the sand to his kneeling camel, and their faces reflected emotions that should have turned Potts lyrical with appreciation. As it was, however, his own features were giving him quite as much trouble as he had any use for just then.

"Well, I'll be——" he spluttered.

"Insufferable pig!" Mr. Dennistoune contributed.

But Miss Claire O'Connell recovered herself first, and clicked into a piece of action that was effective from its very spontaneity. She said something venomous to her two companions in a swift and adhesive undertone; then she ran, twinkle-footed and tempestuous, after the *bimbashi.*

"Mister soldier!" she called. "Hey, Mister soldier!"

Biggs turned, smiling. "Yes?" he enquired politely.

"Don't mind them," said Miss O'Connell. "They're only a couple of goops—soda-jerkers, that's all. Come back and talk to me some more about this—what's his name?"

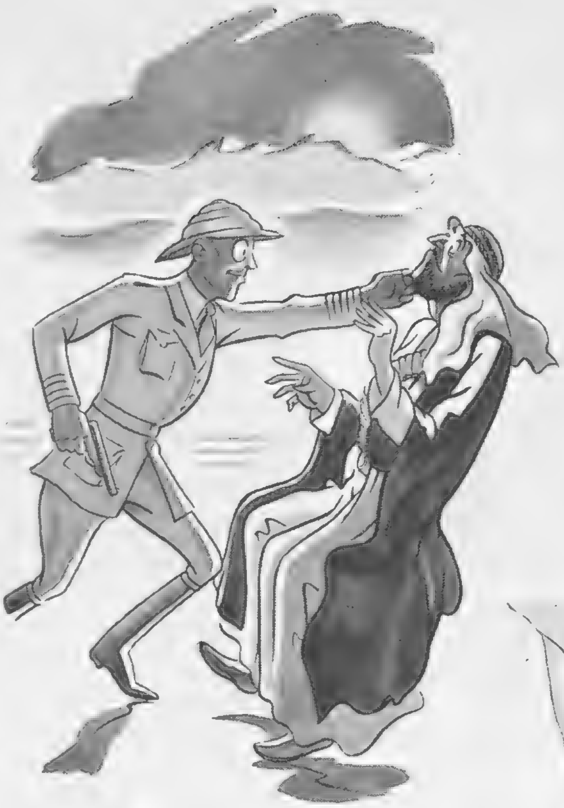
"Giafar?"

"That's it! Well, I want to hear all about him. He thrills me. Look, I've a bottle of champagne in the car there. Come on, Mr. Biggs!"

Tommy regarded her gravely through his monocle—eyes, hair, Chanel-fashioned tropical kit. Perhaps it was as well that he was notably imperturbable. He laughed again.

"Run along!" he said. "I'm on duty now—can't accept invitations, you know. You might tell the boss over yonder he won't make the Jeb-el-Mardin by dark unless he gets a move on, though."

He saluted again, and left one of the world's half-dozen sweethearts standing where she was, rooted to the spot and filled with sensations that for once defied expression, either verbally or through any other medium of her art.

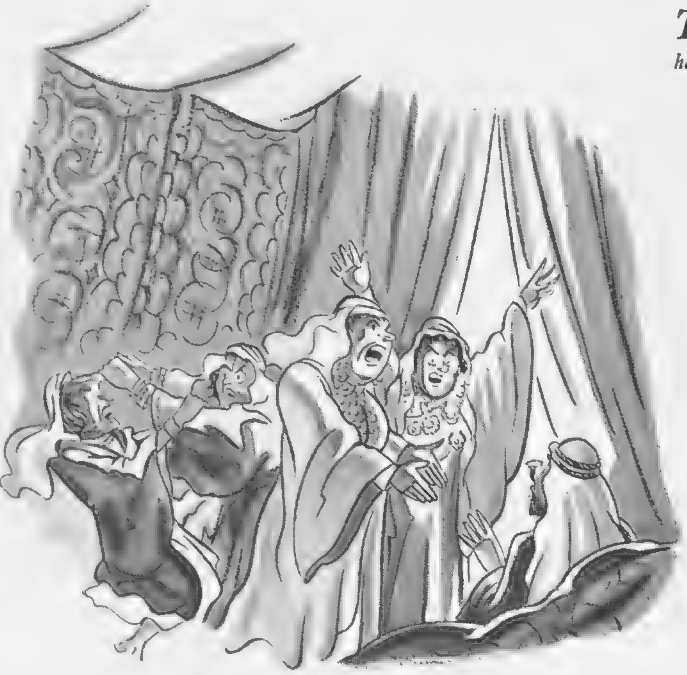


TOMMY lashed out with his left at the bearded chin and sent Ibrahim peacefully asleep

THE Jeb-el-Mardin is a lump of mountainous territory ninety miles out from civilisation, and why Acme should have hit upon it for the shooting of "Desert Passion" is known to Allah, who made Acme.

Undeniably, however, it had atmosphere—all kinds of atmosphere, Mr. Melvin Potts reflected, as he stood at the edge of camp that evening and watched the silver moon pursue the tints of sunset down behind its jagged peaks. As a background for the lyric continuity of the picture it was probably unbeatable anywhere, and Potts was already looking forward in pleased anticipation to what Mr. Jake Blaustein would say when the desert scenes unrolled before his delighted eyes back in far Hollywood. This, mused Mr. Potts, was the goods; not a shadow of a doubt of it.

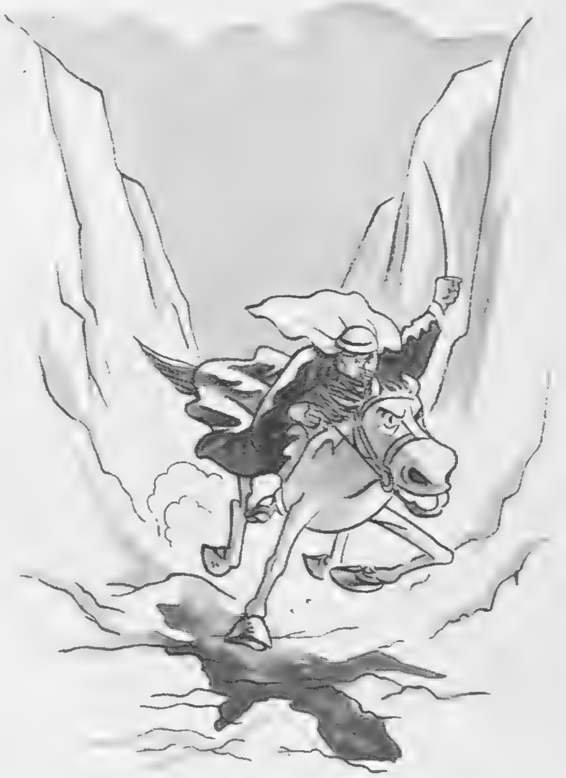
Behind him, in the swift dusk, the trucks had been unloaded, tents pitched, electric light installed from a sputtering little engine. Here, a couple of miles from the first rise in ground, was a group of palms, a well or so of highly flavoured water, and a swampy, reed-covered lake. "Oasis!" Mr. Potts had suggested learnedly to his colleagues and they had nodded in complete comprehension. It was, in fact, an oasis, and so marked upon the map which Potts, as conductor-manager of the expedition, carried.



"*I HAVE four of them in my tents, Bimbashi, and, by Allah, they be the terminators of delights indeed . . .*"

There was the hum and bustle about the camp that preludes the evening meal. Fires glowed, and from a neat marquee of silk came a rosy reflection. In it, Potts was aware, a simple refection was being set forth for Miss O'Connell, Dennistoune, and himself. In a while he would go in to it, there probably to resume a discussion that had been going on most of the day—the discussion of *Bimbashi* Tommy Biggs, his faults and shortcomings.

Enthusiastically, and with the absorbed care that is the hall-mark of the true artist, they had taken that young soldier to pieces, and disapproved of him fragment by fragment. He was, it was suggested, impossible, outrageous, and beyond the bounds of decent discussion. Mr. Dennistoune, in fact, had hinted that were it not for the delicate ears of Miss O'Connell, he himself would be liable to uncork a brand of he-man profanity that might surprise Mr. Potts, conscious as the latter was of the virility and general tough-eggism of his star. To which the blushing Miss O'Connell had urged him, unsuccessfully, to proceed. Mr. Ralph Dennistoune was a gentleman, whatever else he might be—an artist, too, of course. Mr. Dennistoune hinted, not obscurely, that the two terms were not always synonymous.



THE horse swept round the corner, its rider crouched low, face half-hidden in the flying mane

POTTS, meditating these things, strolled out to where the rough grass of the oasis broke down into the sand and stones of the desert. It was dark now, save for the glimmer of the dying moon over those romantic peaks.

Sudden and sharp out of the gloom came the rattle of accoutrements and a hoarse challenge.

" Hah—lt ! Hugga's thar ? "

Mr. Potts duly halted. There was something in that throaty query that paralysed his motor muscles. He could see the sentry, out on the desert's edge, and the glint of his bayonet. The challenge cut the air again.

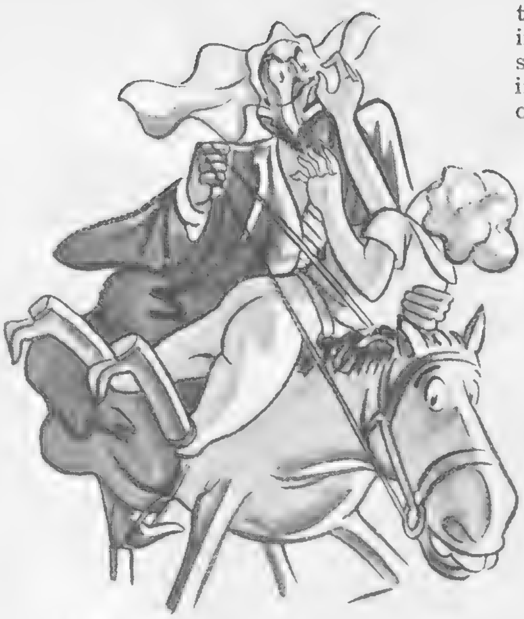
" Hah—lt—t ! Hugga's thar ! "

Mr. Potts answered, a shade waveringly, in English, and the man came towards him. For an instant the director considered flight. He turned—and found himself face to face with the *Bimbashi*. Biggs was as cool as ever, but he held a pistol in his hand.

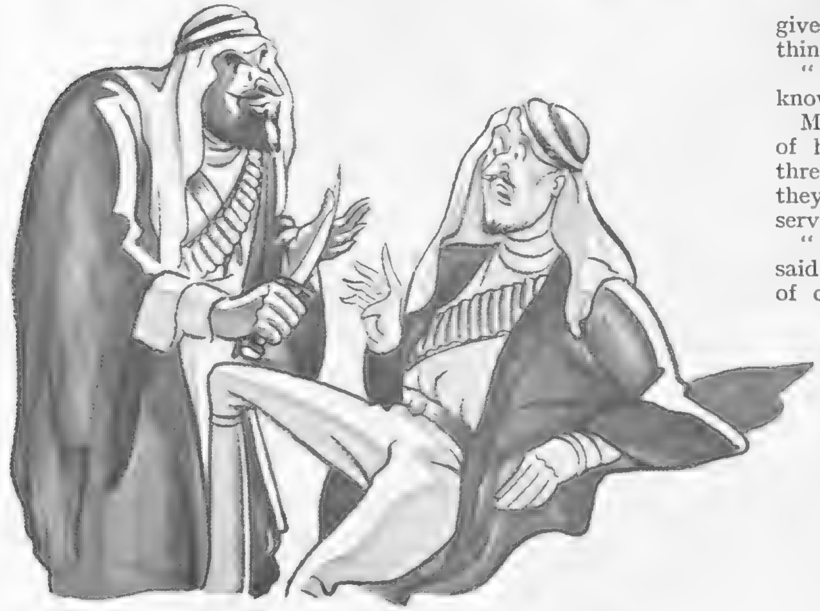
" Oh ! It's you, is it ? " he enquired. " Taking a little stroll, eh ? "

Mr. Potts assented, stiffly. A feeling of security surged over him all at once, and with it all his assured manner. He began to move back in the direction of the marquee.

" Just a minute," Biggs stopped him.



MISS Claire O'Connell, after the first wild shock of surprise, reverted to type. She fought, bit and scratched like a tigress



HE produced a large and wicked-looking knife, looking lovingly the while at Dennistoune's white throat

" I don't think I'd hang about out here after dark, if I were you. It isn't over-safe, somehow."

Mr. Potts restrained an impulse to direct the *Bimbashi* somewhither hotter than Death Valley, and merely said " Yes ? " in his most irritating drawl. The touch of sarcasm was, however, entirely lost upon Biggs.

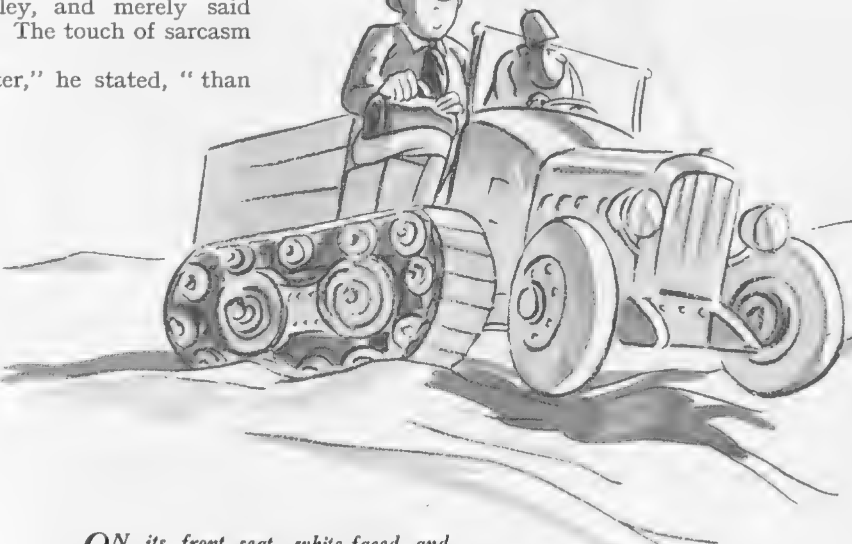
" Old Giafar would like nothing better," he stated, " than to snap up one of you people. He's pretty fly, Giafar is—and he knows all about ransom and its little possibilities. It'd be a great scoop for him—and there'd be international complications as well."

" Is that so ? " Potts moved off again, and this time the *Bimbashi* accompanied him.

" I'm afraid," he said quietly, " I must seem a little off-hand with you people now and again. You're a bit of a responsibility, you know."

" Really ? " Potts's voice would have chilled the Sahara itself. " Well, if you don't mind, I'll go in now. My friends will be waiting for me. Good-night."

Tommy Biggs watched him enter the glowing little marquee, and there was a very peculiar expression indeed upon his sunburnt features. He said nothing, however—only grinned in his pensive fashion. Then he went off to his own bivouac, pitched on the inner fringe of his outposts.



ON its front seat, white-faced and carrying a leather bag, sat Mr. Potts

RALPH DENNISTOUNE was toying with a dry Martini as Potts entered the marquee.

" Well ? " he enquired. " Everything satisfactory, Potts, I trust."

The director poured himself a drink. " Everything's fine," he assented, " except for that little squirt of a soldier."

" He been showing off again ? "

" Yes," said Potts bitterly. " I'd like to kick his spine through his neck, I don't mind confessing. The pity is, he's got us where he wants us. If we have any trouble with him, back we go. I know these Governments. And I certainly don't want to lose this setting. It's a wow ! "

Dennistoune rolled his Martini round inside his glass. " Pity," he agreed. " I'd like to give him a trimming myself, only that one doesn't do these things on location. Conceited pup ! "

" Worst of these soldiers," Potts agreed sagely. " Never know where to head in. Hullo, here's Claire ! Howsa girl ? "

Miss O'Connell, more striking than ever after the attentions of her maid, replied in kind—it was characteristic of the three artists that dignity and aloofness were set aside when they were in privacy—and the simple, nourishing meal was served by a couple of attendants.

" Resuming our discussion of a moment ago, Potts," said Dennistoune, dealing strenuously with a second serving of caviare, " I don't think we ought to let our little friend get away with it altogether, eh ? After all, we shan't be more than a couple of days shooting here ; and then when we get back to civilisation again—— "

" Who're you boys talking about ? " said Miss O'Connell brightly. " Pink-eyed Percy, I suppose ? "

The *Bimbashi's* eyes were remarkably blue, but Melvin Potts had accorded a shout of approval to Miss O'Connell's characterisation of him. He was a diplomatist when it paid him, was Potts.

" Pink-eyed Percy's right," he agreed. " I was just telling—— "

Miss O'Connell interrupted without ceremony. " Shut up, Mel ! " she observed. " I don't want to hear any more about him until I've eaten. He gives me a pain." She plunged into her meal with the enthusiastic appetite of three-and-twenty, untrammelled by any overload of serious thought.

"We'll be able to start shooting right away in the morning," Potts said with satisfaction. "Stills first—I want to get the early light—then the big scene before it gets too hot. And look here, Claire," he threw some of his director's vigour into the tone, "when Ralph here grabs you, scream, d'you see! Scream—don't squeak! Understand?"

Miss O'Connell nodded with her mouth full, and Mr. Dennistoune turned to Potts with an air of sudden perturbation.

"The horses!" he gasped. "I haven't seen them! Where are they?"

The director made suitably soothing gestures. "Cool off, big boy—cool off!" he enjoined. "I suppose you think I'm going to let you play the Hawk of the Desert driving a truck, huh? I've got your horses for you all right—real native stuff at that. They'll be here to-night."

"Where'd you get them from?" Dennistoune peeled a peach.

"Long story." The director chuckled. "Started away back in Cairo. There's a horse merchant there, or whatever they call him, that works in and out of this district. Name's Ibrahim. He's bringing your mounts up to us."

"Think he's to be trusted?" Dennistoune asked. "I mean, I'm not so fussy about hanging round here a week or so, waiting for your friends."

"He's all right," Potts said. "Swore on everything he believed that he'd be here to time——"

"You saw him, then?"

"Yeah—back at Toski. Tried to rope him in as an extra, as a matter of fact. He'd be worth it—good character stuff."

"Good-looking?" from Miss O'Connell.

"Oh, boy!" said her director simply. "Ralph here isn't one-two-three to him for the part, I don't mind telling you."

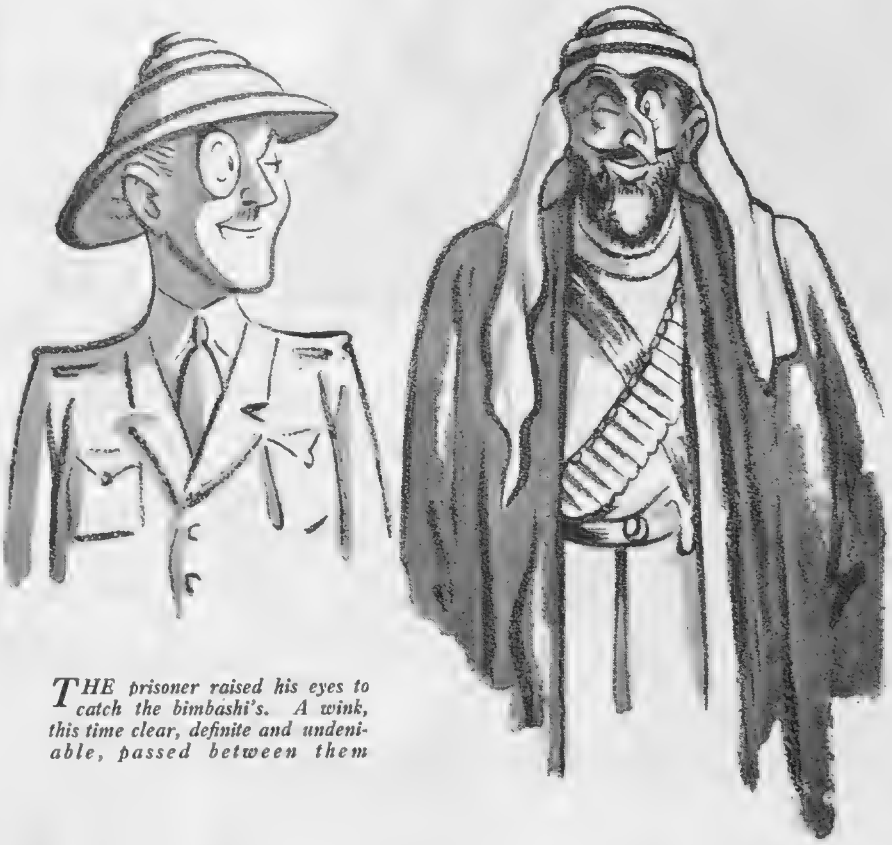
"Oh, he isn't, isn't he?" Mr. Dennistoune bridled. "Well, lemme tell you this . . ."

"Now, now!" Potts shook a waggish finger. "None of that up here! Don't you worry — he won't interfere with any of your fine work."

"He wouldn't come as an extra?"

"I'll say he wouldn't. Thought he was going to knife me for a moment. He's a big black-bearded bozo, too. I laid off him."

Miss O'Connell gurgled. "I'll bet you did," she commented. Mr. Potts was about to reply in suitably caustic vein, when there was a hubbub and commotion in the camp outside, and an attendant came to the door.



THE prisoner raised his eyes to catch the bimbashi's. A wink, this time clear, definite and undeniable, passed between them

"It's your horses, Mr. Potts," he said. "There's a guy here with them."

"Let's see him," said Potts. "And oh, Richmond, you might tell Mr. Bates to let me have sixty pounds Turkish, will you? We'll settle with this chap now."

Mr. Potts was doing his own property man, as well as director and casting director up here, and seemed to enjoy it. Probably he got more thrill out of it than Mr. Blaustein in Los Angeles would do, when he came to foot the expense sheets. He rose and went to the tent door, as Ibrahim the horse-coper came to it. The light fell on the man's face for a moment, and Claire O'Connell behind him gasped.

THE dealer was a tall Arab, in the prime of life. A high-bridged, hook nose dominated his narrow, aristocratic face, lit by a pair of lambent dark eyes, and with the cheeks and chin covered with a crisp black beard. He stood in the doorway, his bold regard sweeping round the luxurious little tent; then, as if satisfied with what he saw, he withdrew into the darkness outside, with the director after him.

"Boy!" Claire O'Connell echoed Potts's comment upon him. "Boy, what a man!"

Dennistoune lit a cigarette with an air of great weariness. "All right, go ahead if that's your weakness," he advised. "He's probably a murderer."

"Well, if he is, what of it?" Miss O'Connell demanded shrewishly. "I'd sooner have a murderer than a clothes horse, anyway."

"Is that so?" Dennistoune's drawl was a shade overdone. "Well, I'm not stopping you, am I? See if I care."

Potts returned, to find a state of war between his stars that it took him the rest of the evening to compromise. He sighed as he retired to bed. The life of a director, he decided for the hundredth time, was not all it was cracked up to be. Far from it, in point of fact. Far from it . . . . far . . . he fell asleep, with the desert darkness all about him and the prospect of another lively, happy day on the morrow.

TOMMY BIGGS, *bimbashi* of Egyptian cavalry, was a very wideawake young officer indeed. Whereby it fell that the Sheikh Ibrahim, most respectable of horse traders, slipping out of camp with sixty pounds in his belt and guile in his heart, ran into him when he should, by all the Sheikh's information, have been at his frugal supper in that bivouac at the edge of the desert.

"Stand, O man!" said Tommy, sticking his pistol neatly under Ibrahim's fifth rib. "There is a need of speech with thee——"

Ibrahim, however, thought not, and twisted, eel-like, aside from the pistol muzzle. Whereupon Tommy, disdaining to follow him about with it, lashed out with his left at the bearded chin and sent Ibrahim peacefully asleep, just as a sentry came running up at the scuffle.

Tommy knelt at the prostrate figure's side and scratched a match. As its light fell on the old-ivory features and great hawk nose, he jumped as if he had been stung, and even the stolid sentry let loose a "*Ma'shallah!*" of surprise.

"Good God!" said Tommy as the match flickered out in his fingers. Then in Arabic, "Sawest thou, Ali?"

"*Aiwa, ya bimbashi*," said Ali. "Giafar ibn Mulk, beyond doubt."

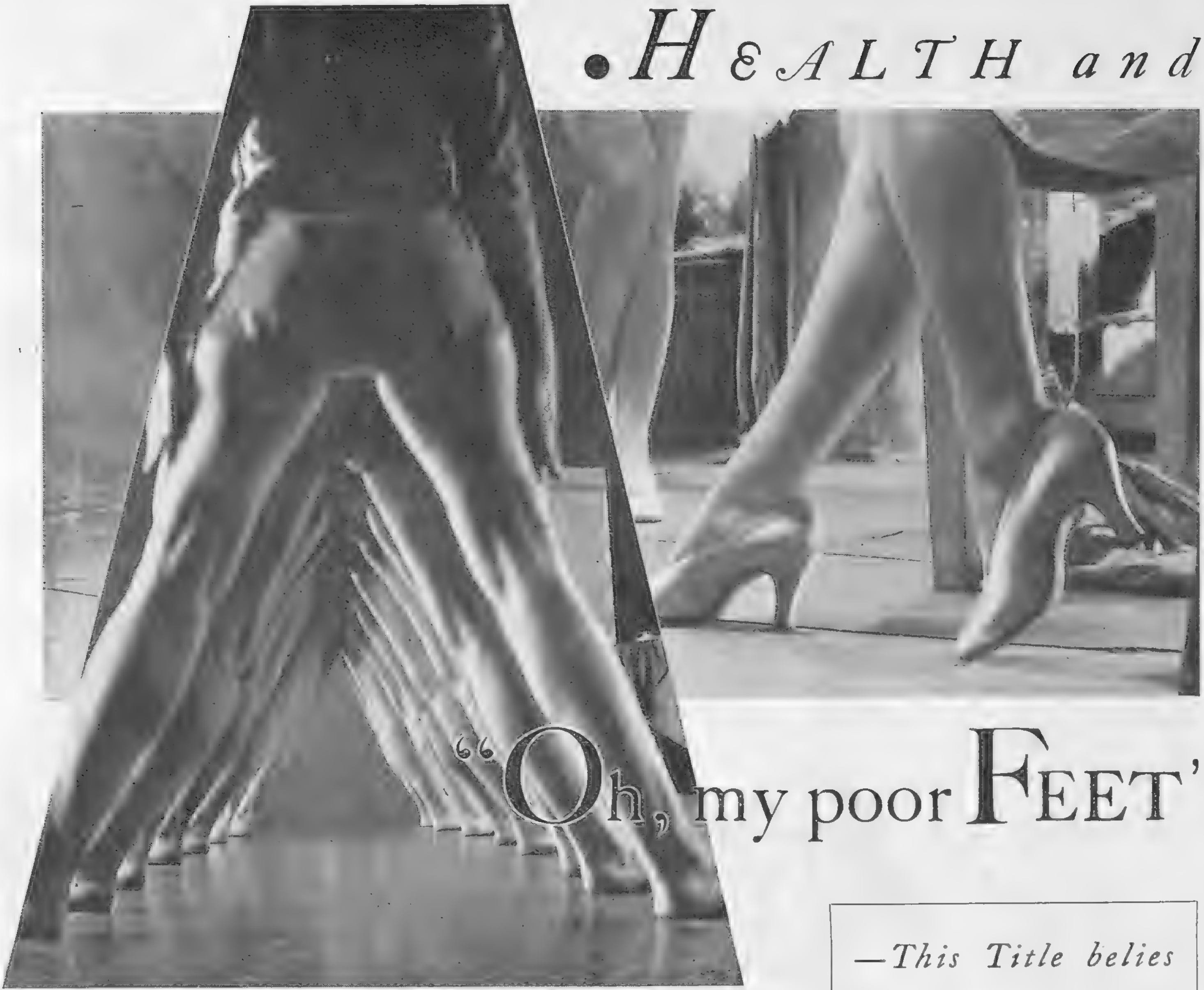
Tommy lit another match and took a further glance at the prostrate man. "Beyond doubt, Ali," he agreed. "It is he!" Then to himself and in English, "And I'd very much like to know what his little game may be."

"He sold horses to the *effendim*." The trooper answered the half-comprehended speculation.

"H'm!" said Tommy, fingering his chin. "Yes, I know. But there's more to it than that, Ali, my buck. Let's see, now . . ." He paused for a moment, while Ali stood watchfully over Giafar. "O man," he went on, "take thou his feet and I his head. So! Now to my tent, and in silence."

The pair of them bore Giafar ibn Mulk to the scrap of canvas whence burned Tommy's candle lantern.

"Lay him down," said the *bimbashi*, (*Continued on page* 110)



HEALTH and

“Oh, my poor FEET”

—This Title belies the seriousness of our Subject, for the Comfort and Health of Legs and Feet are of the utmost importance to general well-being

THERE are no reliable statistics about the suffering and inefficiency caused directly and indirectly by faulty conditions of legs and feet. Corns, hammer-toes, fallen arches, weak ankles, varicose veins which affect, directly and indirectly, health, happiness, nerves, spinal and intestinal conditions, are not romantic subjects, and, curiously enough, even the people who love to exchange anecdotes about their ailments and operations, hesitate to be confidential about their pedal infirmities. The nineteenth-century attitude towards consumption and its victims persists: it is, in the lay mind, a romantic disease which affects poets, lovers and fragile Dickensian maidens: there is a universal dread and horror of the scourge of cancer; but the painful affliction of “ flat feet ” is more likely to provoke mirth than sympathy or to provide a gag for a music-hall comedian. But the truth is, that pain in the feet and legs occasions real and acute suffering.

HERE, as in many other cases, prevention is better than cure, and it is important that children’s feet should be cared for while the bones are developing, that the young should be shod in sensible, well-fitting shoes, and any tendency to fallen arches, weak ankles or hammer-toes should be corrected by exercises, brine baths and, if necessary, massage. In most private schools the examination of feet, foot drill and treatment, are part of the routine, and even in secondary schools it is not neglected, but unfortunately the “ prescriptions ” cannot always be carried out. One mother told me that the children’s feet were examined at the board school her son attended, but when I asked her what was done for those who had any foot trouble, she said, with some asperity, “ They tell the mothers to get them special shoes—which they can’t afford.”

BOOTS and shoes, however well-built, cannot, alone, adequately correct foot troubles. Certain exercises and dancing are helpful, but when the important bones which form the arches are weak, scientific support is advisable. When, through weakness, inherent or accidental, weight and pressure are maladjusted, all sorts of painful symptoms result: enlarged joints, corns and callouses, swelling and aches, often attributed to rheumatism and gout. All these can be relieved if proper balance is restored, and Dr. Scholl’s supports for insteps and metatarsal arches, which are light, thin and springy, and have the approval of doctors and orthopædic specialists are, I think, the most effective means of affording immediate relief. Dr. Scholl has made a life-long study of the feet, and his appliances are based on anatomical knowledge and practical experience. There is hardly any trouble connected with the feet and ankles for which he does not provide a remedy, and a study of his interesting little book on *Treatment and Care of the Feet* would well repay the trouble of perusal to anyone who suffers at all in this connection.

A GREAT deal can be done to strengthen the bones and muscles of feet and ankles by electrical treatments. One of the specialists who have made a feature of treatments for feet and legs has found that manual massage, followed by electrical massage with a galvanic battery and a Faradic footbath succeeded by the application of iodide-potassium lotion, is extremely effective in strengthening and remoulding legs and ankles and, by stimulating circulation, is beneficial in cases where there is a threatening of varicose veins (as long as there is no actual phlebitic condition). Incidentally, since puffiness and lymphatic conditions are dispersed and hardened, overdeveloped muscles reduced and made supple by this treatment, the shape of legs and feet is greatly enhanced and thick ankles and calves (often pathological conditions) are reduced to normal.

Cases of varicose veins should always be treated under medical advice. In the past the only *cure* was surgery, but great advances have been made in the practice of treatment by intervenous injection, which has proved extraordinarily successful, but it is advisable to have the treatment only from experienced surgeons who have specialised in this particular branch of therapy.

BEAUTY

"Give me your Hand"

By "Chrysis"

An argument arose. Should a woman take especial care of her best or worst features? Someone said that a woman's natural vanity directed her attention to attractions—lovely hair or perfect complexion—and it was merely disheartening to attempt to improve some imperfect trait. On the other side it was argued that natural beauties could be left to look after themselves, while it was a woman's duty to improve her less satisfactory attributes.

The truth is, of course, that no one can afford to neglect the care and enhancement of any part of her physical make up and where the argument of the two schools of thought foundered was when beauty culture of hands and arms was mentioned; because, in this respect, so much can be done to alter and improve. Obviously, small eyes, a too-large mouth, a "funny" nose, cannot be made into lovely features without drastic operative treatment, but the shapeliness of arms and hands, their grace and suppleness, can be assured by modern treatments, the texture and colour of the skin can be refined and beautified, the shapeliness and beauty of nails achieved by scientific manicure.

The attraction of lovely hands and arms cannot be denied, while the converse is equally indisputable. The proper care of hands and arms is equally important to young and old. Young girls often have a tendency to red, over-muscled arms, hands spoiled and roughened by exposure and school games, and nails made unlovely by the youthful bad habit of nail-biting; while it must be remembered that hands are infallible "tell-tales" in connection with age, unless they are well cared for.

One of the famous and long-established English beauty specialists has, for many years, encouraged her clients to avail themselves of her special hand treatment during their visits to her salons. It consists of massage to keep the fingers and joints supple and pliant and improve circulation, while the cream and milky lotion employed nourish, soften and whiten the skin. The same process can be continued at home.

Massage for reshaping and refining the arms, reducing over-developed muscle and improving circulation and the texture and colouring of the skin of the arms is given at another famous establishment with instruction in special beautifying exercises, while electrical treatments, adapted to the special needs of clients, have also been proved efficacious in improving the shape of the arms.

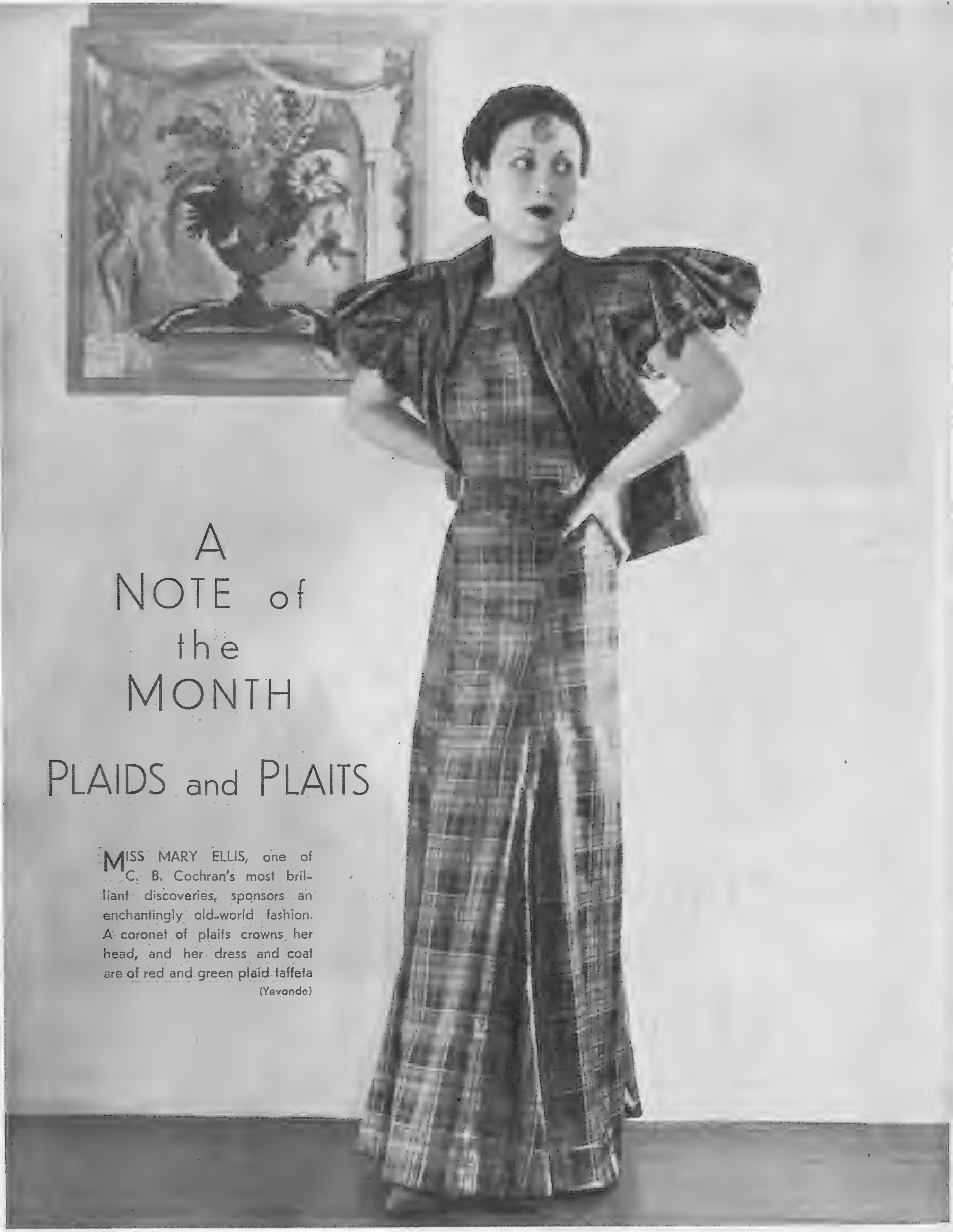
In regard to the hands and fingers, it is not generally recognised that manicure is, or should be, a highly specialised and scientific process. Nails are often injured and deformed by faulty, amateur treatment. One of the heads of a famous firm which manufactures and distributes manicure accessories, himself a serious student of the subject, told me, during an extremely interesting conversation, that the greatest difficulty for both professional and amateur manicurists is to combat *brittle* nails. But there are ways, means and helpful preparations.

Nails should never be cut, but shaped with a fine file or emery board (the latter in cases of splitting nails), and finally "bevelled" with the smooth side of the emery board. To pass this round the nails every day often averts the catastrophe of a jagged edge and subsequent break. The nails should not be "cornered" beyond where the free white of the nail naturally joins the pink. After the fingers have been soaked in warm water, to which a softening fluid can be added, the cuticle should be *very gently* pushed back with a real orange-wood stick dipped in cuticle remover. This will obviate the use of any sharp instrument. Never, *in any circumstances*, must the cuticle be cut. There are cuticle fluids which gradually reduce and refine the encroaching skin, and loosen the cuticle so that the nail can grow unencumbered and split cuticles are entirely obviated. The white bruises on nails also disappear with this treatment. When the nails are brittle and the cuticle dry a good cream or cuticle oil should be applied every night.

During a manicure grease should not be applied until *after* the liquid varnish as it may interfere with its adhesion.

Cleansing and whitening of the free part of the nail greatly enhances the effect of a manicure. This should be done with an orange stick with a tiny wrapping of cotton wool dipped in cuticle remover and cleansing fluid. The fingers should then be rinsed in warm water and a special white pencil passed under the tip of the nail. This new accessory to the manicure is a great improvement on the old whitening creams.

The choice of liquid polishes is a matter of individual taste, but only those with beautiful nails should dare to draw attention to them with conspicuous blood-red varnish. There is a tendency to return to coral and even natural shades. The best liquid polish is one that is thin, easy to apply and quick drying. A valuable adjunct is a cuticle oil to apply *after* the manicure and at night. It keeps the cuticle soft and, as no pressure subsequently is necessary to free the cuticle from the nail, prevents the appearance of white marks, improves the condition of the nail itself and cures brittleness and splitting.



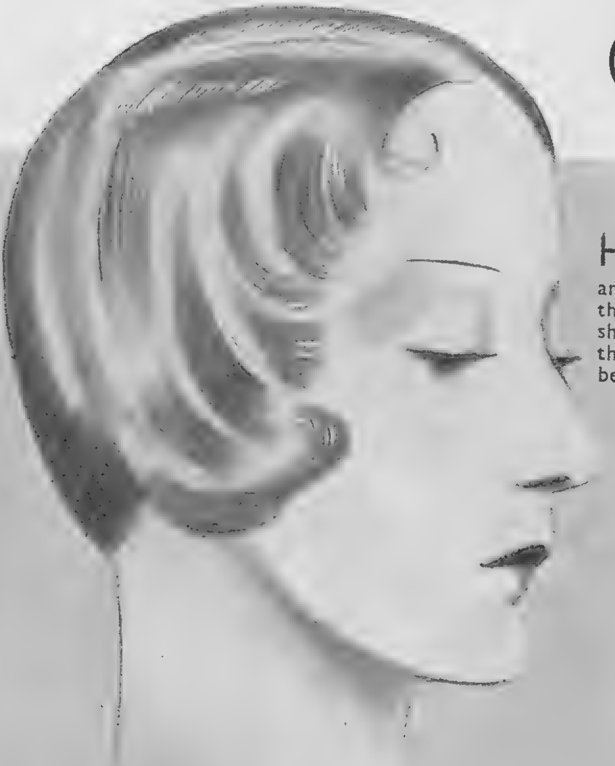
A NOTE of the MONTH

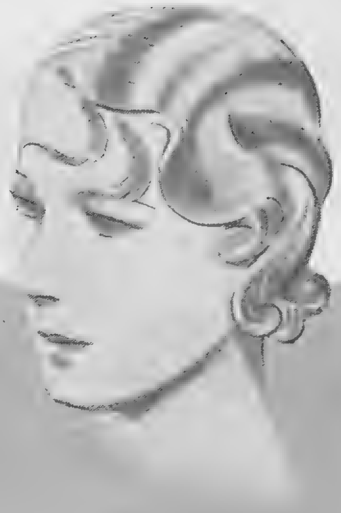
PLAIDS and PLAITS

MISS MARY ELLIS, one of C. B. Cochran's most brilliant discoveries, sponsors an enchantingly old-world fashion. A coronet of plaits crowns her head, and her dress and coat are of red and green plaid taffeta

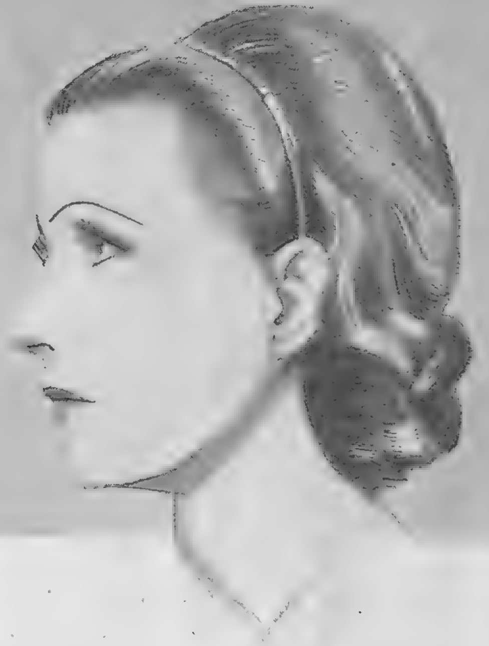
(Yevonde)

Some CONTEMPORARY COIFFURES





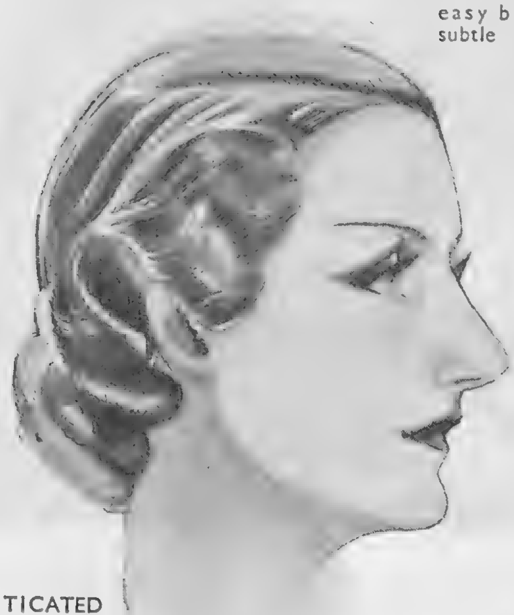
HAIR allowed to grow to a moderate length and then permanently waved and made into little curls around the nape of the neck, with several short tendrils curled forward on the cheeks and forehead, is a very becoming way of dressing the head



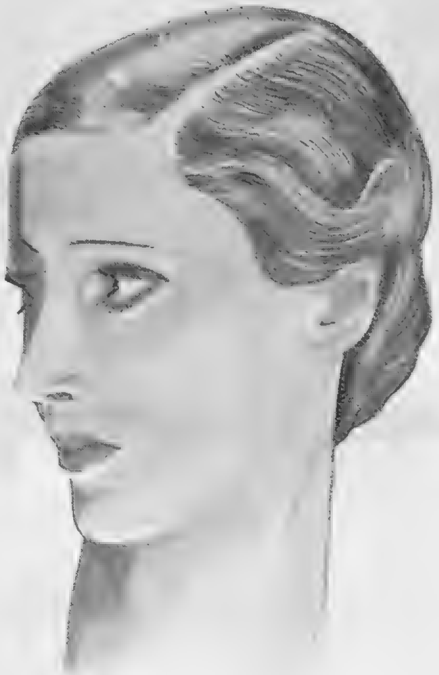
THIS type of very simple coiffure, with curls trained to lie flat on the cheeks, is suitable for a rather full face and is a style in which Vasco excels. His plastic method is perfect for keeping such an apparently easy but really very subtle coiffure in place

(Above, right)

THE Alice in Wonderland style of hairdressing can only be recommended to the very young, and then only to those who are innocent-looking! But it is very charming when worn by the right person

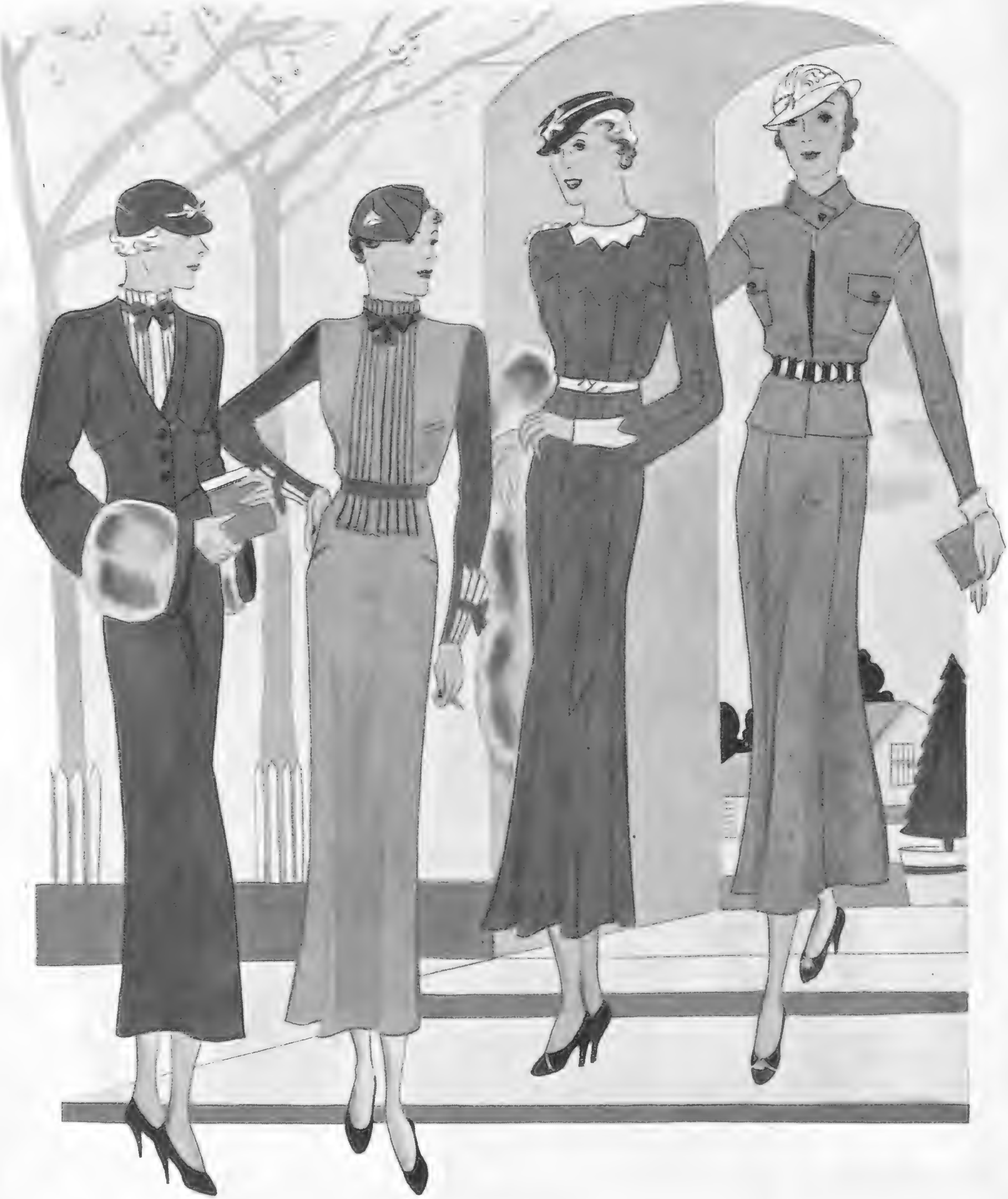


A SOPHISTICATED coiffure for the older woman includes soft waves on either side of the temples and the ends either turned up into curls or made into a neat roll across the nape of the neck



A NUMBER of the débutantes of this year have worn their hair long, usually waved slightly at the sides and held into a knot rather low on the neck—a classical method of hairdressing which is always extremely becoming

SOME ORIGINAL FASHIONS which



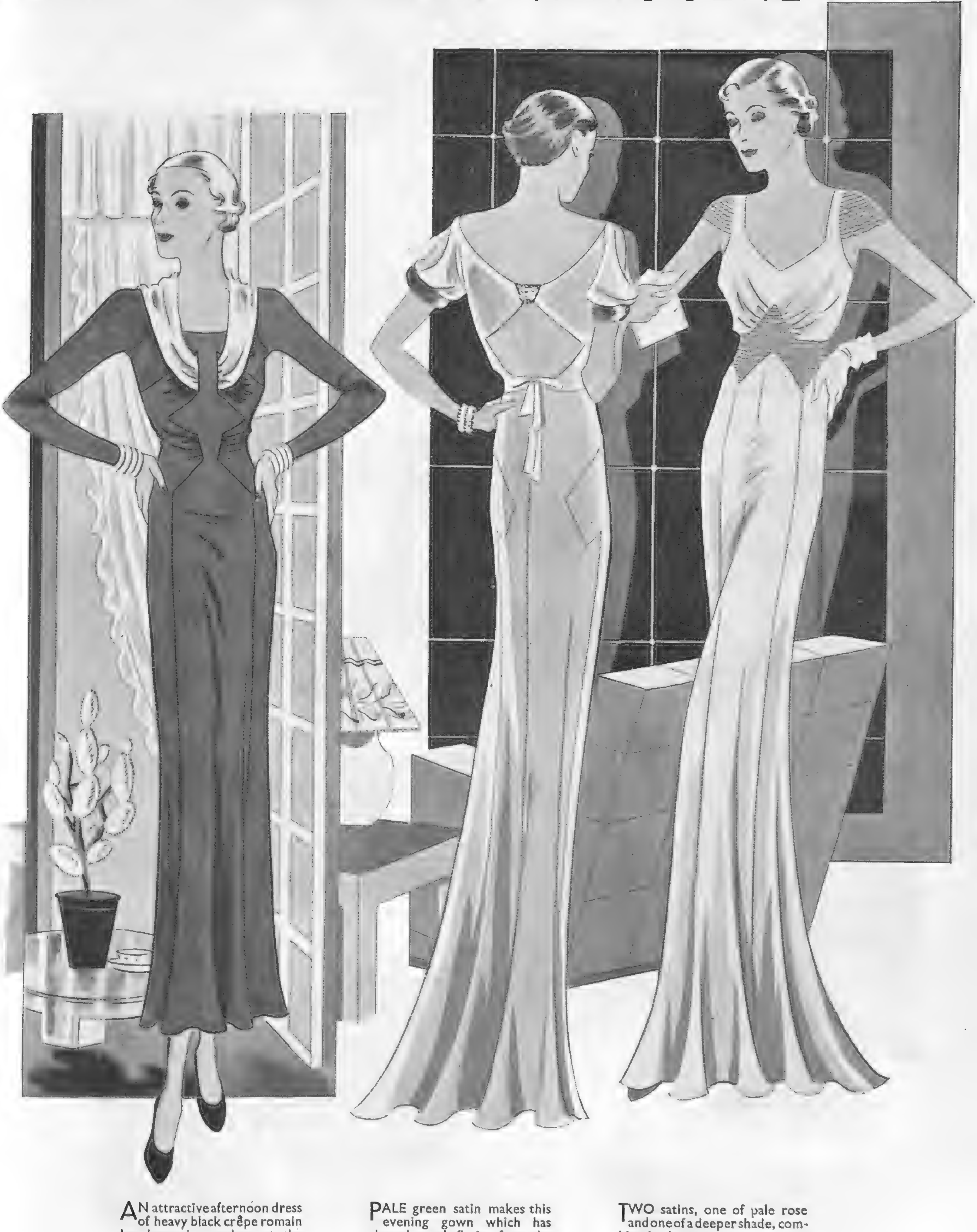
A BLACK cloth coat with a fitted waist yoke buttoned in front has interesting raglan sleeves and wide cuffs of grey fox fur

THE accompanying dress is carried out in grey cloth with black sleeves and a pleated yoke of grey georgette tied with a black bow

A DRESS of a thin woollen material, either brown or navy, has a zig-zag edge to its wide yoke and sleeves and a white chemisette beneath

BROWN and green flecked tweed makes this smart coat and skirt which has a brown and white cartridge belt and stiffened epaulettes

forecast the AUTUMN SILHOUETTE

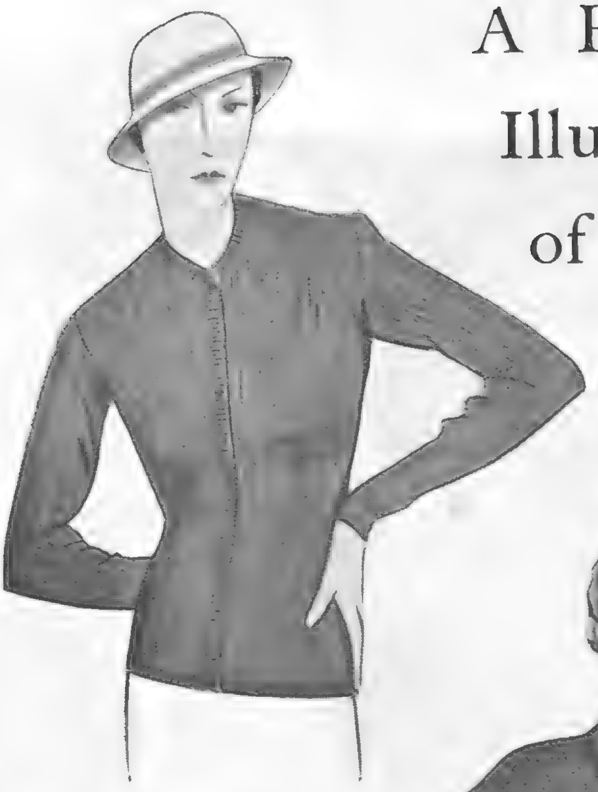


AN attractive afternoon dress of heavy black crêpe romain has becoming gathers at the waist and bust line and a draped collar of white georgette

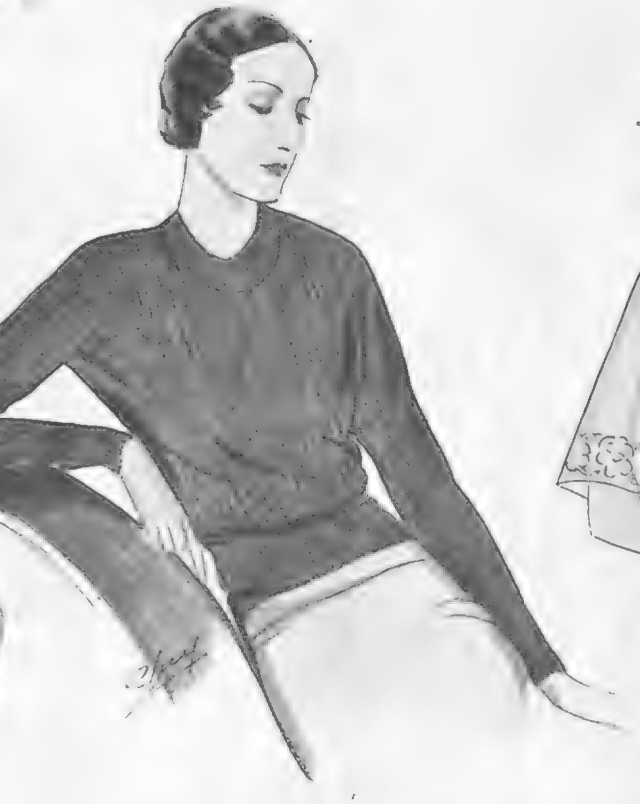
PALE green satin makes this evening gown which has shaped panels flaring from the hips and short puffed sleeves edged with bands of brown fur

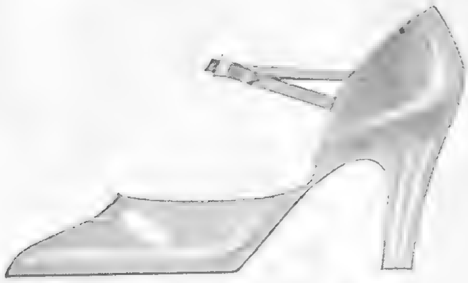
TWO satins, one of pale rose and one of a deeper shade, combine in this evening gown which has no trimming other than the tucking of the darker colour

A Few Sketches *which* Illustrate *some* varied *aspects* of *the Early Autumn* Fashions



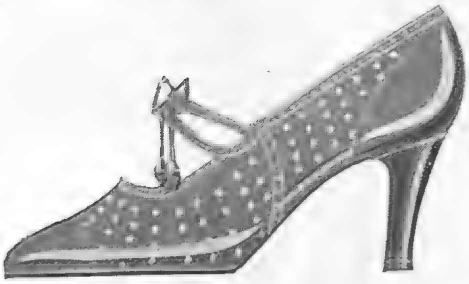
THE very finest and softest cashmere wool is used for this smart Hawico cardigan coat which buttons high up to the neck and is cut on the neatest and trimmest lines



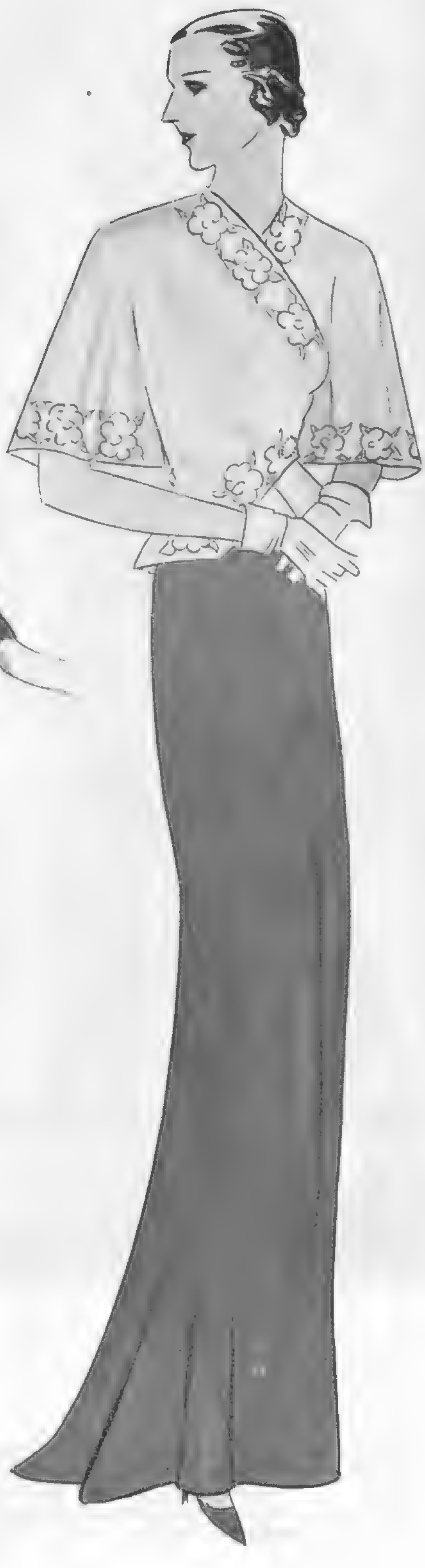


THIS attractive evening shoe is in black or white satin or white crêpe which can be dyed to any colour required. It has a diamanté buckle fastener and costs 25/-. Dolcis

THE jumper which is made to accompany the Hawico jacket sketched above may be either of the same or of a contrasting colour. It has the new smart high neckline with a small turn-over collar

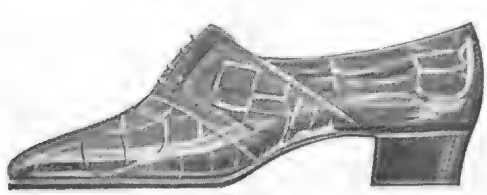


A SMART glacé shoe with an instep tie has punched holes and a moderately high heel. It can be obtained in black, beige and brown and costs 22/6. Dolcis



Right:

COROT are already showing an exceptionally large and varied autumn collection which may be obtained on their usual easy terms of deferred payment. The attractive evening ensemble shown on the right consists of a beautifully cut black gown and a white taffeta jacket quilted in a flower design

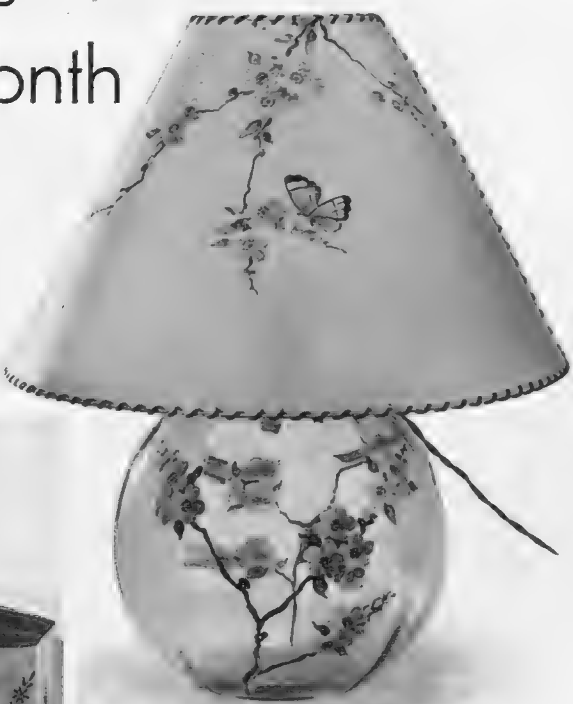


Left:

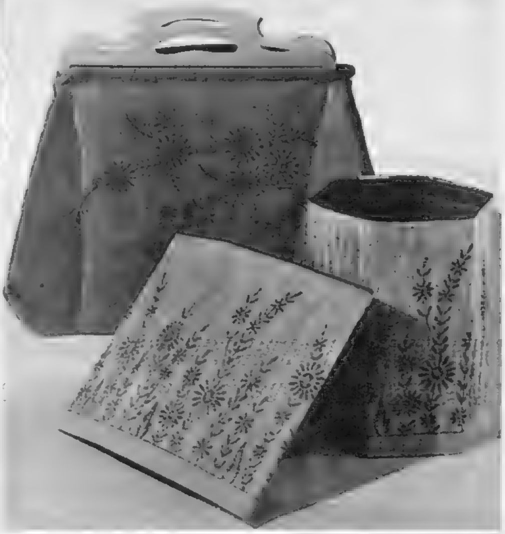
DARK tan crocodile makes this well-cut walking shoe which costs 16/9. It is one of the many styles illustrated in colour in the very attractive new Dolcis book which will be sent post free to all interested readers

What I have Bought this Month

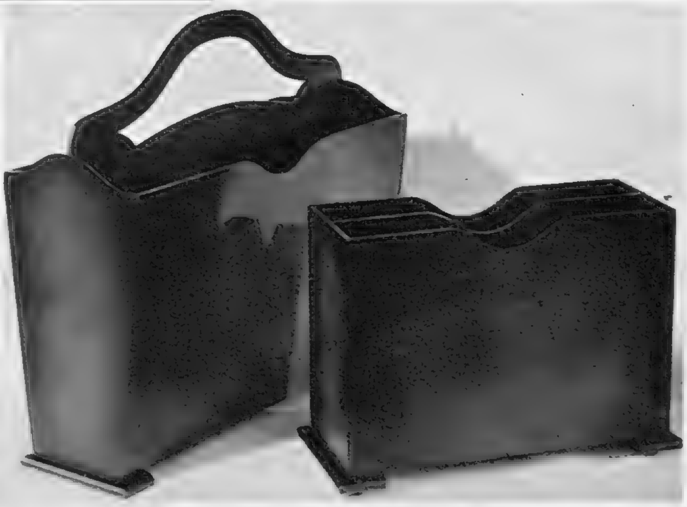
"SACHETS DE FRAICHEUR" is the appropriate name given to Dr. Dys's delightful toilet sachets. Their action is to cleanse the pores, soften and refine the skin and disperse unwelcome wrinkles. "Crême de Beauté" is another of Dr. Dys's invaluable preparations



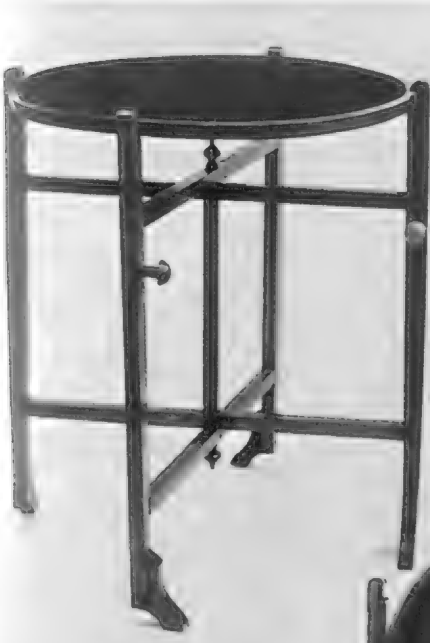
HERE is a really charming lamp. Both the glass bowl and the parchment shade are hand painted, and if the bowl is half-filled with water, an even more unusual and decorative result is obtained. Price 39/6

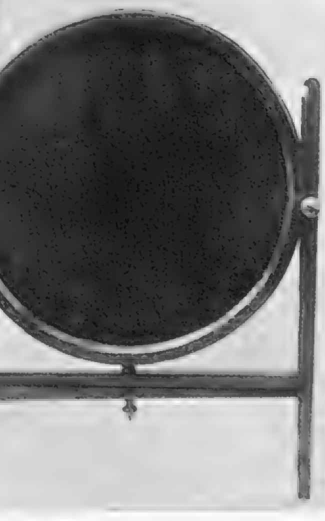


THE long evenings ahead of us may be pleasantly and profitably spent preparing Christmas presents at little cost. The collapsible waste-paper basket, 2/11, shown open and collapsed, and the work-bag, 1/11½, are both of linen crash, stamped ready for working in brightly coloured wools



ABOVE are two very useful "tidys" for the house-proud wife. Both paper-rack and telephone-directory holder are made in cellulose finished wood, and cost 10/9 and 6/9 respectively





THIS revertible table serves many purposes. Here it is shown as a bridge-table and a fire-screen. Reverse the top and it is a tea-table; remove the top and it is a tray! In oak, 25/-; in mahogany, 37/6

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, *Britannia and Eve*, 346, Strand, W.C.2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply

Studies

No. 9 The

By Hannen

I FELT a bit of a fool. I wanted to buy a planchette.

It was not quite the sort of thing I liked to be seen asking for.

" You can buy one in a toy shop," I had been told, " or if you go to one of the big stores . . . "

Now, I am not the sort of man who feels comfortable in a toy shop. Nor do big stores do anything more than confuse me. But, anyway, I went into the biggest store I knew, feeling that, the bigger it was, the less I should be noticed.

Women, of course, are used to finding their way about these great establishments. When, in the lift, they hear, " Gloves, linen, glass," they get out without the slightest tremor.

But you cannot very well expect a man of my serious mien to face one of the super-chauffeur girls who run the lifts, especially if the lift is crowded, with the request, " Planchettes, please." Nor did I care to ask the gigantic porter at the door.

Inside, in spite of the confusion, people seemed to know their way. Only a few men wandered about looking stupid.

The girl at the scent counter seemed the most likely one to ask. She was standing alone, and I thought no one else would hear.

" Pardon me," I said, quietly. " But which is the Planchette Department ? "

" Try Enquiry," she said.

I thought she winked, except that I knew they do not do things like that in these hives of industry, where, the busier the bees are, the more conventional they become.

I found " Enquiries." I lined in a short queue. Then, when my turn came, as softly as I could, I said, " Where can I buy a planchette ? "

" Toys, Fourth," said the woman.

Now, what on earth was I doing with a toy ? Yet I had been told it was a game, that you could ask it questions, and it answered, that they used it sometimes at children's parties. Indeed, one woman had told me you sometimes got the most surprising answers.

" Why, we once got a Derby winner ! " she said.

I cannot explain my curiosity except that, in the end, anything interests me, if I have the time. And, for some days, a strange sort of urge had made me more and more curious.

Well, the toy woman seemed to know all about it.

" Super or ordinary," she said.

When I hesitated, she explained that the cheaper sort were half-a-crown, but, if you wanted rubber wheels, it was three and sixpence.

I risked the extra shilling.

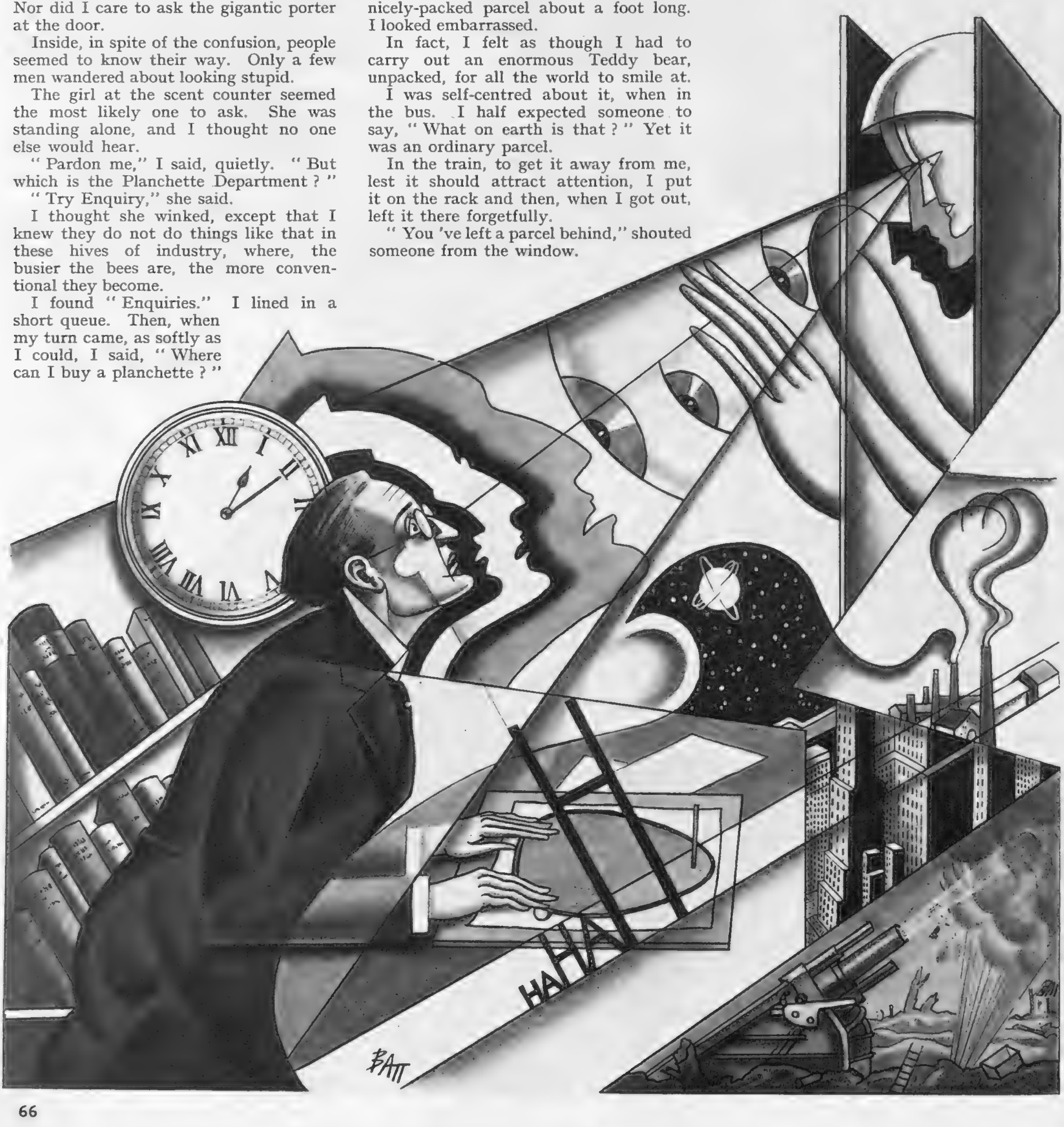
She went away and laid down a nicely-packed parcel about a foot long. I looked embarrassed.

In fact, I felt as though I had to carry out an enormous Teddy bear, unpacked, for all the world to smile at.

I was self-centred about it, when in the bus. I half expected someone to say, " What on earth is that ? " Yet it was an ordinary parcel.

In the train, to get it away from me, lest it should attract attention, I put it on the rack and then, when I got out, left it there forgetfully.

" You 've left a parcel behind," shouted someone from the window.

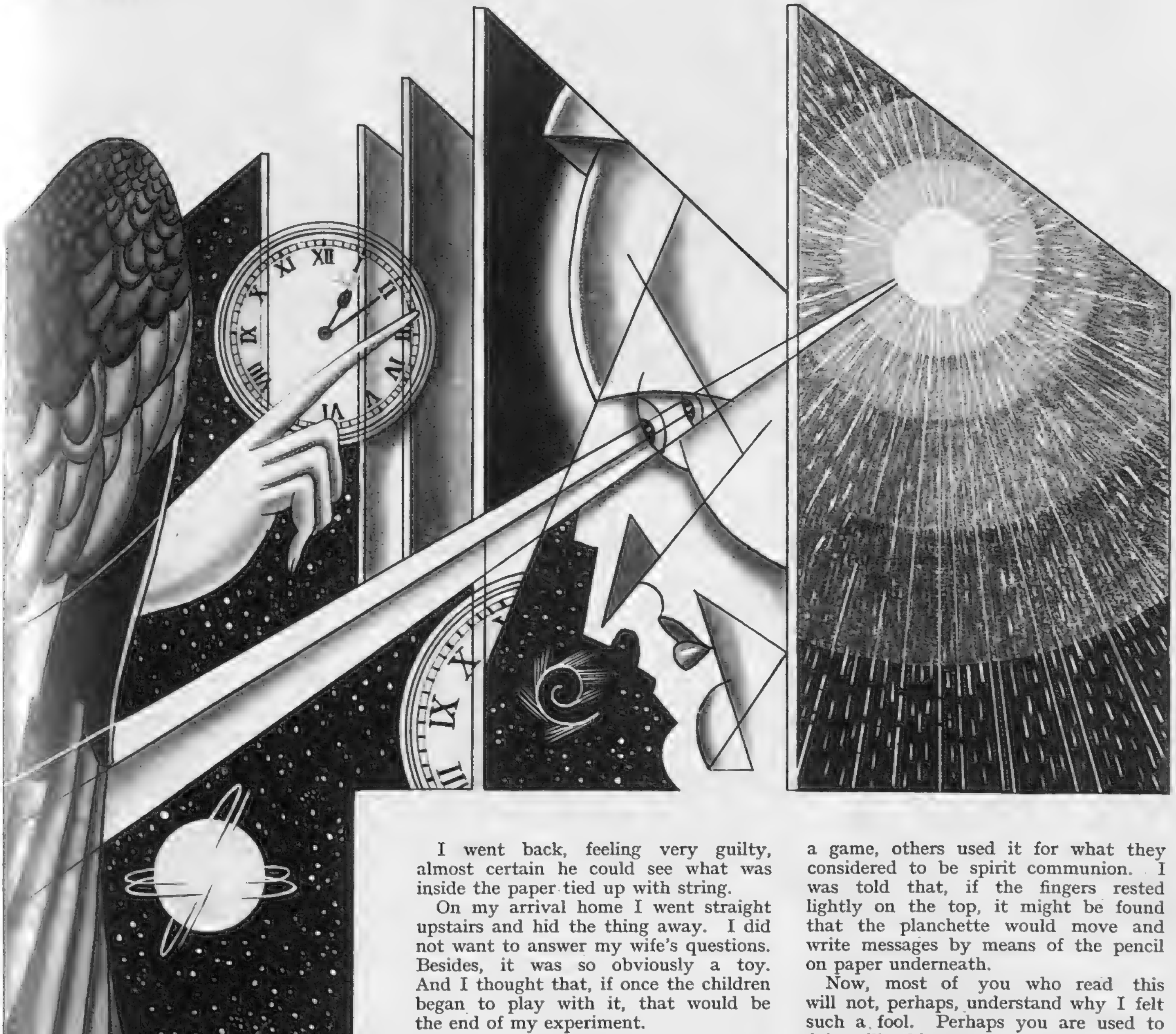


in Psychology:

Decorations
by BATT

Planchette Laughs . . .

Swaffer



I went back, feeling very guilty, almost certain he could see what was inside the paper tied up with string.

On my arrival home I went straight upstairs and hid the thing away. I did not want to answer my wife's questions. Besides, it was so obviously a toy. And I thought that, if once the children began to play with it, that would be the end of my experiment.

Well, it was weeks before I had an opportunity of playing the game. My wife was away, nursing a friend.

So, when the children had gone to bed, and the house was quiet, I took the parcel from its hiding-place, unpacked it and looked at the strange thing.

It was just a polished piece of plain wood, egg-shaped, with two wheels under one end of it and a pencil stuck through the other, so that it formed a a sort of moving table.

Inside the cover of the box, I read directions which told me that, while some people regarded the planchette as a game, others used it for what they considered to be spirit communion. I was told that, if the fingers rested lightly on the top, it might be found that the planchette would move and write messages by means of the pencil on paper underneath.

Now, most of you who read this will not, perhaps, understand why I felt such a fool. Perhaps you are used to doing silly things.

But I, a Bachelor of Science, and a most regular-minded sort of man, have often, during my long life, stood at a fair and longed to go on the roundabouts, and try the thrills of a giant coaster. I have yearned to throw rings and tickle somebody with a feather.

I have, for years, wanted to be just one of the crowd, for once, and have a lark. But every time I have tried, I have been self-conscious. You cannot live, I suppose, in a world where everything is done by rule, and then, even for a moment, break out into fun.

(*Continued on p.* 100.)

BOOKS: *Reviewed by*

"GEORGE PREEDY"

Short Stories

"Nightmares": A Collection of Uneasy Tales. (Phillip Allan, 2s. 6d.)

"The Knot Garden": *by George R. Preedy.* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

THE first of these volumes consists of twelve stories designed to make the reader shudder. They are all by different authors, and they are all unpublished hitherto. To give an authentic thrill to a twentieth-century reader, an author has to possess a lively imagination and a great deal of skill. The twelve writers here harnessed together may be rich in imagination, but most of them are paupers in cunning. Only one of them, Tod Robbins, shows signs of having served his apprenticeship, and after the amateurish work of the other eleven, his story comes as a relief. No doubt it is easy to overrate it in its present setting, but it seems good enough to justify the collection.

On the other hand, Mr. Preedy, who begins by delighting us with the precision of his touch, leaves us wondering at the end if he has not learned too well the artificiality of his favourite century, the eighteenth. He writes charmingly, but his attempts to point his conclusions, in deference to the period, are not often successful, and tend to make us do less than justice to the pleasant pages which have gone before. The long opening story, for instance, is a beautiful piece of work, but it is four lines too long. In a short story, where every word tells, the end is relatively far more important than in a novel. A flat ending is bad, but a false ending is far worse. In this story, as in several of the others, Mr. Preedy has ignored character in his wish to end with a flourish.

Mr. Ben Travers, whose new story, "Hyde Side Up," will yield up its full measure of entertainment to those who carry in their heads the sound of the voices of Mr. Tom Walls, Mr. Lynn and Miss Winifred Shotter

Mr. Philip Lindsay. His historical romance, "Here Comes the King," has a richness and a solidity which will demand and obtain the reader's respect. It is a story of that much married Henry VIII. and his fifth Queen

SHOULD one make allowances for the difficulties of the task which an artist chooses to essay? The answer is, I think, that we must be strict with our standards and generous with our esteem. The problem arises frequently; in the case of historical novels, invariably. I have before me two of these attempts to revive and dramatise the past. In *Here Comes the King* (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7s. 6d.), a story of Henry VIII. and his fifth queen, Mr. Philip Lindsay reveals certain faults. He is over-romantic; he is a little lacking in scope; his uneven prose contains many sentences which will jar on any ordinarily fastidious ear. But his novel, though it cannot be placed in the highest class, is a good one. The author's knowledge of his period is exceptional, and he has not been afraid to make full use of it in digressions, which are the best things in the book. His work has a richness and a solidity which demand and obtain the reader's respect, and when one closes the volume one has the satisfied feeling which comes of having been through, and brought lasting memories away from, a genuine experience.

There are various ways of tackling history. A year or more ago, a book which was called, I believe, *Good-bye to 1066*, or something like that, achieved a measure of popularity by means of taking old themes and jazzing them up. The method is not a new one, but some people never get tired of it. So here is *Tristan and Isolde* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) written with the idea of showing the world just what Matt Arnold and the other has-beens might have made of the yarn if they had had Mr. John Erskine's advantages. The chief of these advantages, it seems, is the additional market provided by what are known as the pitchers. Mr. Erskine's Isolde is a part ready-made for "Hollywood's lady," Miss Norma Shearer. (I think her manicure's ever so nice, doan chew?) As King Mark, Mr. Lionel Barrymore would be no less well suited. Tristan (Mr. Gable would be too marvellous, or Mr. Cooper —he'd be too marvellous, too) gets the big laugh of the whole pitcher. This comes, appropriately, at the moment when he declares his passion for Isolde. "I never felt this way before," he tells her, "and I dare say I shan't again. Of course, if I were at a distance from home for a long time, I might glance at some woman, for a moment or two, but it wouldn't be serious." Oh, boy, can old man Wagner stage a come-back after that? I should worry. In fact, as the publisher points out, and as you can see for yourself, Mr. Erskine "preserves the mediaeval flavour of the dialogue without the use of archaisms."

Adventures of a

I OPENED this book with the gloomiest forebodings. Here (I said to myself) is another volume written by a fellow who thinks he knows all about Russia because, with a horde of other politicians, he went to Moscow for a week. As he has persuaded Sir Austen Chamberlain to contribute a Foreword, he is evidently a Conservative and an anti-Communist. He might have been a Communist and got Mr. Maxton to write the preface. It would have made no difference. And then, still grumbling, I saw that the publisher claimed that the book was the standard work on Russia. Well, we all know what standard works are like. It is a wonder I ever opened the book at all.

IT isn't at all what I expected it to be, and it certainly isn't what the publisher believes it is. I can't perhaps say that it is the book the world has been waiting for, but it is one of the books that I, with dwindling hope, have been waiting for. Here at last is an account, reasonably fair and extremely lucid, of the antecedents, purposes and progress of Bolshevism. Other writers

Arnold Palmer: *The Substance of Fiction —the Shadow of Hollywood*

Miss Antonia White, whose novel, "Frosts in May," will shock, and shock profoundly nearly everyone who reads it. A deeply disquieting book, it deals with the educational and moral influences of a Convent School

Mr. Barnaby Brook, who has written "Gay Go Up," a clever, uncommon novel, very modern in matter, rather old-fashioned in manner. The characters seem to be drawn from life

ALTHOUGH the contracts linking authors and publishers have always contained optimistic references to fortunes latent in dramatic rights, these rights have, for the most part, a hypothetical existence only, for the very good reason that novels are rarely dramatised. For that reason, also, the theatre has had no effect upon the technique of the novel save, perhaps, in a few isolated cases. The fiction of playwrights, even of Mr. Maugham, naturally shows traces of it. Mr. Ben Travers's new story, *Hyde Side Up* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), will yield up its full measure of entertainment only to those who carry in their heads the sound of the voices of Mr. Walls, Mr. Lynn, and Miss Shotter. But, as a rule, it is simply not worth a novelist's while to hamper himself by writing with one eye on the stage. The cinema is another matter. Huge and hungry, it has absorbed stories, and even authors, wholesale. The most cynical writers have flirted with it, the most unlikely have smiled at it, the most hopeless have practised again for it their unalluring wiles. The contractual clauses relating to cinema rights have, now and then, a meaning, provide ground for pretty squabbles between authors, agents and publishers; and so, being something more than a pious wish incapable of fulfilment, they have an effect, conscious or unconscious, on certain novelists.

MR. ERSKINE'S is not the only book which, this month, has set me thinking of its film possibilities. *The Marriage Racket*, by Vina Delmar (Philip Allan, 7s. 6d.), would, and well may, make an admirable, or at least a Hollywood, film. It is shrewd and swift and feminine and it moves about between Paris and a provincial American city; it is amusing, and it is strawng on mother-love, which it shoots from a noo angle. Finally, like all the best (*Continued on page* 94)

Travels in Asia

"Peaks and Plains of Central Asia": *by Colonel Reginald C. F. Schomberg*

(Martin Hopkinson, 15s.)

"Beside Galilee": *By Hector Bolitho*

(Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.)

COLONEL SCHOMBERG'S volume is a record of two journeys through Sinkiang, or Chinese Central Asia; a district of, roughly, a thousand miles in length, running from the Himalayas in a N.E. direction to the Zungaria Desert and the frontiers of Outer Mongolia. To the east lies the Gobi Desert; Asiatic Russia is on the west. Throughout this vast tract, there are no railways, roads, banks, cinemas or factories, and practically no motor-cars. (On the other hand, there is plenty of London fog.) It is evident that, to make such an excursion, a good traveller is needed. Colonel Schomberg is a first-rate traveller, courageous, sympathetic and observant; he is no less satisfying as a writer, for he has a straightforward style, an eye for the picturesque, and a beautifully objective attitude towards men and events. His book may be recommended with the greatest confidence. It is as good a travel book as anyone can want.

Even the title of Colonel Schomberg's book is impersonal. That of Mr. Bolitho's is, by implication, subjective. He made the journey to Palestine to see if he could: (*a*) cure or (*b*) justify his life-long dislike of Jews. That being his purpose, it is perhaps unfair to complain of his egoism. Nevertheless, one cannot read very far without forming the opinion that, not only in this book, not only in the Holy Land, but everywhere and always, Mr. Bolitho thinks of Creation as merely a background to himself. After all, the Jews had already kept going for some time, and not altogether without distinction, before Mr. Bolitho's arrival.

HECTOR BOLITHO

Revolution: "Hammer and Sickle": *by Mark Patrick, M.P.*

(Mathews & Marrot, 7s. 6d.)

MR. MARK PATRICK, M.P.

have tried to give us a straightforward explanation of the Russian experiment, but not all of them have been as fair, and none, as far as I know, has been anything like as clear as Mr. Patrick. He is, of course, a critic of the system he describes, but his criticism is logical and restrained; moreover, you can ignore it, if it pains you, for it is his gift of exposition rather than his opinions that make the author such a useful guide. How much, in fact, does Mr. Patrick really know? What opportunities has he had of studying at first-hand the various aspects of the Stalin administration?

LACKING any answer to these inevitable questions, we may still follow him as an historian, while not too slavishly accepting him as a commentator.

So Strange and So Wild

A SCENE from the film "S.O.S. Iceberg," which has taken Universal a year to make. Its story is that of an expedition lost in the icy wastes of Greenland and the desperate attempts of search parties and aviators to rescue them

IF we analyse the appeal of pictures which have achieved really long runs and have proved universal booking successes, we are forced to the conclusion that "spectacle" still has an attraction for the public greater than the lure of any star. In spite of Herbert Marshall's courteous amativeness, Chevalier's seductive smiles and songs, Garbo's magnetism, Kay Francis's exotic elegance, and the rest, "King Kong" beat all the pictures in which these public idols appeared!

A THRILLING scene from Mr. de Mille's film version of "The Sign of the Cross." The highbrows were scathing about this film but the real film-fans loved it

The reason is not far to seek. There are things which can be achieved on the screen and in no other way. The film industry was founded on the wonder it provoked, the presentation of the impossible, and the pictures the public like best are those which make them gasp most often: "How ever is that done?" There will always be a public avid of sensationalism; that is why "King Kong" filled the Coliseum for months on end and will continue to fill cinema theatres as long as the negative survives. A "sophisticated" public may dub this reconstruction of prehistoric monsters and the gigantic ape imbued with human passions, fabulous, fantastic, even ridiculous, but the crowd revels in these incredible phenomena.

It has always been so. How many film-goers remember Marguerite Clarke "fifteen years ago was possibly the most famous girl on the screen," says a "Who's Who," or Theda Bara or poor Wallace Reid; and yet they remember the waters parting to let the Israelites pass safely in "The Moon of Israel," the flight of the magic carpet and Fairbanks riding his white horse through the clouds in "The Thief of Bagdad," and the chariot race in "Ben Hür."

The high-brows were scathing about de Mille's film version of "The Sign of the Cross," but the real film-fans loved it. They did not go to see Laughton's brilliant study of Nero or Claudette Colbert's threepenny-counter interpretation of Poppæa; they did not really care that Elissa Landi was giving the best performance of her life as a Christian-Jewish maiden of modern pulchritude; they went to see the Christians fed to the lions, the vast arena of Mr. de Mille's Coliseum, the gladiatorial combats; they entered into the very spirit of that Roman holiday.

ALL the travel and wild-animal films, if sufficiently spectacular, are assured of success. It was objected that "The Big Cage" and "Zoo in Buda-Pest" were sadistic, but they made the audience hold their breath, and "King of the Jungle," in which the hero was a lion-man living fraternally with the wild beasts, was definitely what is known as a "popular offering."

You can make a realistic, honest film about the plain man and his plainer wife, with every detail of their little parlour to the last d'oyley and the last leaf of a wilting aspidistra, and the public will yawn. They know all about that, and about the unwashed crockery in the kitchen and the gas meter and the broken spring in the old arm-chair. They want heroics—men taking their lives in their hands, wild beasts taking men in their mouths—the picturization of their dreams—and nightmares.

IN the cinema, unrealism triumphs handsomely over realism. In "Orders is Orders," that excellent and amusing picture which satirizes hilariously the methods of American producers, the Colonel whose barracks have been invaded by a film company, objects that all the details of the picture which is

FAY Wray, the heroine in "King Kong," falls into the clutches of the monster. This picture filled the Coliseum for months on end and will continue to crowd cinema theatres as long as the negative lasts

ELISSA Landi and Fredric March in a scene from "The Sign of the Cross." In this film Elissa Landi gave one of her best performances

The Appeal of Spectacular Phenomena on the Screen ... "How is it Done?" becomes the Eternal Question.

By

Sydney Tremayne

to "put the British Army on the movie-picture map" are wrong, and officers are *not* drummed out, and the Director replies, "*I* know that they aren't and you know that they aren't, but the people in Kansas City know that they are." And that is that, and summarises the situation. And so they continue to make and market the incredible—"epics" of the air in which an officer on leave sends a taxi-driver, in the middle of the night, to buy him a bottle of champagne to be quaffed in company with a "lovely" in a sort of Forest of Arden reputed to be Hyde Park. This was in "The Eagle and the Hawk," in which Fredric March gave verisimilitude to the character of a flying-ace with so sensitive a nature that he resents the decorations bestowed on him for bravery, and shoots himself rather than continue to bring down German planes and lose his observers. The film closes with a scene in which a brother officer takes his dead body up in a plane and proceeds to shoot it to pieces so that they shall both die together and the stigma of suicide shall not attach to the hero. Well, "You know, and I know, but the people of Kansas City . . ." etc.!

Even more incredible was the War, as depicted in "To-night We Live," one of Joan Crawford's starring vehicles. In that picture two unbelievable young men disguised as English "lootenants," apparently conducted the whole of the naval warfare with one small motor-boat and Boulogne as their base! And why be captious? there were plenty of thrills. We have had "Hell's Angels," "Hell's Divers," "Hell Below"—any sort of Hell except that of prosaic mundaneity is welcome to the man in the street.

THE spate of "epics" of the jungle is waning and we are promised a succession of Arctic thrills. Film units have been baked and enfevered in the Tropics; now they are to be frozen and frostbitten in the Northern Hemisphere for the delectation of cinema patrons. "S.O.S. Iceberg" concerns members of an expedition lost in the icy wastes of Greenland and the desperate attempts of search parties and aviators to reach them. It has taken a year to make, because "shooting," among the giant icebergs and on plateaux of ice and snow, was frequently held up by storms and blizzards.

That is the sort of thing the public wants and will have—pictures which show them what they have never seen and could never see otherwise. That is the office of the screen and, if the news from Hollywood studios is reliable, there are to be bigger and bigger doses of the incredible, the unprecedented and the thrilling to stimulate the imagination of people enervated by reality.

In Universal City they are making a film of H. G. Wells's grim story, "The Invisible Man." Karloff, the "master of make-up" and purveyor of horrors, is "slated" for the name part. One imagines that this picture will give the "how-is-it-done?" fans their money's worth.

Learn to grow Electrically Minded

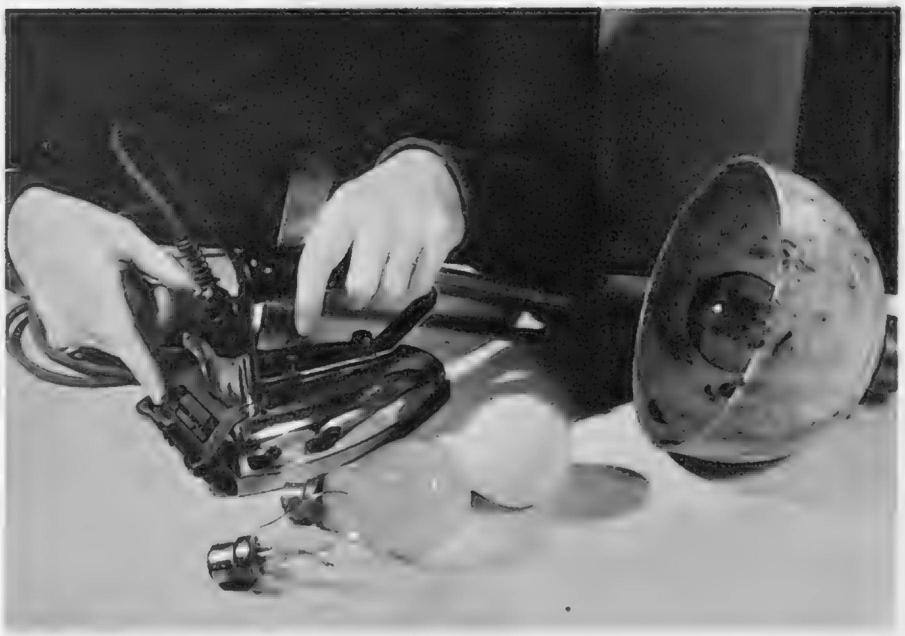
FUSES are not difficult to mend, and a card of fuse wire should be kept in the house. But first be sure to turn off the electricity at the main

HERE is the completely electrified sitting-room. The Ferranti fire has cleverly constructed reflectors, and the clock is also worked by electricity

By Shirley Darbyshire

THE case of the presumably intelligent woman who went to look for a gas leak with a lighted candle in her hand, has a number of parallels in these modern electrical days. Not long ago a friend of mine heard groans from the kitchen and found her maid stretched out on the floor. Fortunately, she was more frightened than hurt. She had been thrown there with the shock from an electric kettle, having taken it to a wet sink and put it down with the current still on.

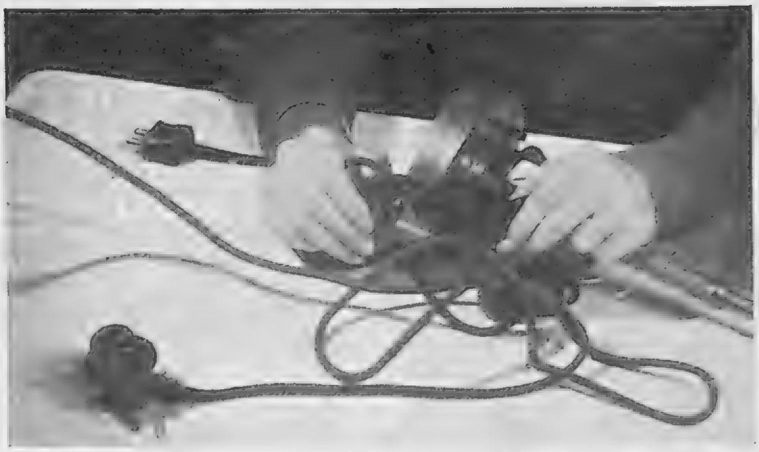
Every woman should become electrically minded. It is necessary that we ourselves should learn practical facts about electricity, and that we should teach these facts to our maids. Take, for example, the mystic words, voltage and wattage. We use them glibly enough, but what is the difference between them ? Voltage is the pressure at which electricity is supplied from the generating station, wattage is the amount of electricity consumed, a thousand watts an hour making one unit of electricity. Voltage does not affect wattage, and although it is cheaper to use power for your domestic apparatus, it is quite safe to connect to your lighting-circuit small appliances such as kettles, irons and fans, which do not consume more than eight-hundred watts.



BULBS and domestic apparatus of British manufacture are clearly marked with voltage and wattage, and can be relied upon for accuracy

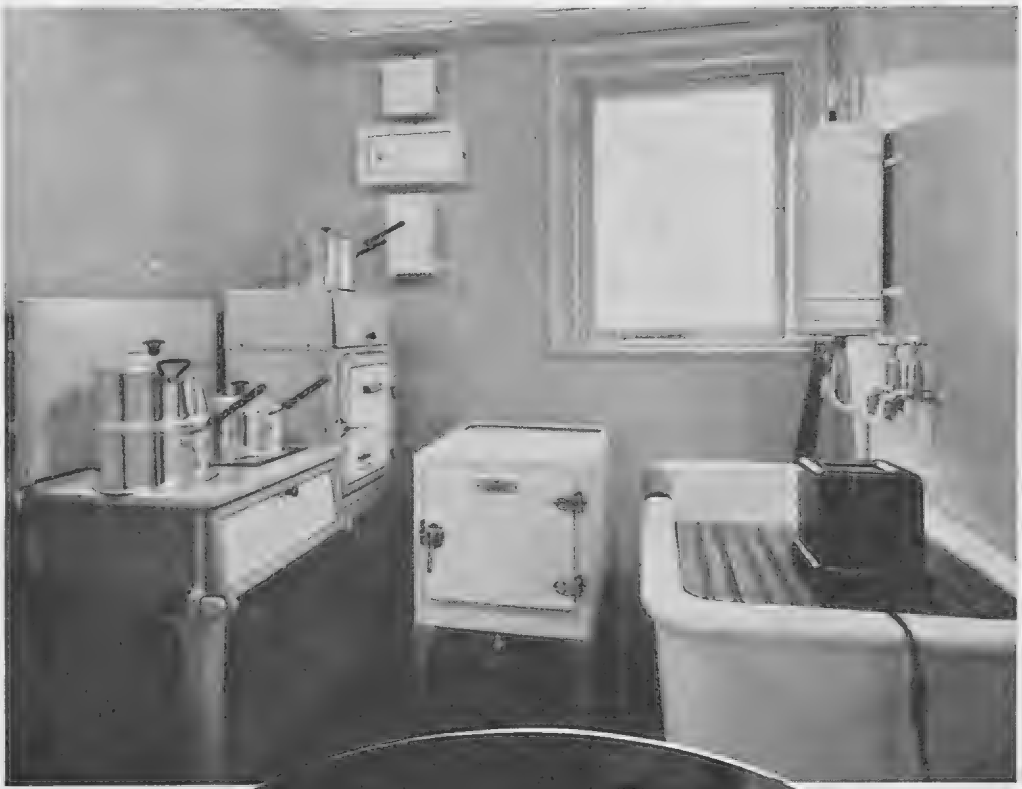
Right:

THE maintenance of your equipment is important. Untwist your flexes and do not leave them twisted until something happens—usually a fuse or the whole flex has to be renewed because it was frayed in one or two places



Below:

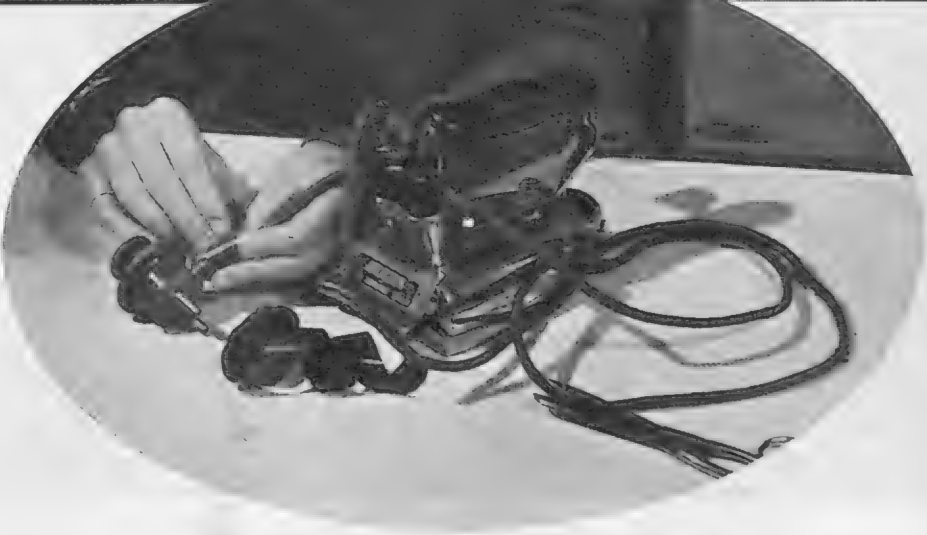
AN up-to-date electrified kitchen includes a burglar alarm, a bell indicator, an Electrolux and an electric stove. The box on the sink draining board contains a system of ventilation which takes away all smell of cooking



BULBS and domestic apparatus of British manufacture are clearly marked with voltage and wattage and can be relied upon for accuracy. Read the markings on your bulbs before attaching them to a lamp socket. Apart from anything else, you can make an economy this way, for obviously you do not need to burn a hundred-watt lamp in a hall or passage way; this is simply a waste of money. Neither is a hundred-watt lamp needed for a small room. An opalescent bulb cuts out a very small amount of light, but it is well worth that for the restful illumination it gives in comparison with a clear glass bulb. The voltage marked on your bulbs and electrical apparatus must be the same as the voltage supplied to your house, a matter of ten or twenty volts out will not matter considerably, but if you use a higher or lower voltage apparatus than the voltage of the current supplied, then you will either burn out the bulb or fuse your lights.

WATER should never be allowed near a live electrical appliance. In the bathroom there should be switches of porcelain or bakelite. These are non-conducting materials and ensure your safety if you happen to turn on the switch with a wet hand. Not that this is a thing that should be done. A rule should be made of always wiping the hands before touching an electric switch. A portable fire is not a wise choice for the bathroom. It is better to have it properly and permanently connected to the wall or ceiling. The latter is a favourite place in modern houses for bathroom fires.

Care should be exercised in washing a linoleum covered kitchen floor, to see that no water is allowed to splash over an electric point. Nor should electric switches be cleaned by washing. Even with the bakelite ones it is better simply to wipe them over. Do not stand on a wet surface when handling live electrical appliances and remember the following order for filling and switching on electric kettles. Fill kettle, connect it, switch on current. When the water boils, switch off the current, then pour. Get this rotation into the maid's head.



A PIECE of insulating tape should be bound round where the flex has become frayed near the plug

The maintenance of your electrical equipment is important. Flexes, for example, have a way of wearing through and nothing is known about it until a fuse occurs. Twisted flexes often go on being twisted until trouble happens. Insulation tape bound round will repair the former damage if found out in time; it will also prevent trouble happening because of frayed flex where the cord joins the plug. Renewing flex is not an expensive job, but it need not happen quite so often if the first sign of wear is covered with tape. Faulty contact in a switch causes that spark and hiss when you turn it on. If this is not remedied at once it will burn the switch right out—this means a new switch and the power ones cannot be bought from the sixpenny stores. Fuses are not difficult to mend, and a card of fuse wire should always be kept in the house. A different kind of wire is used for power circuits. *Turn off the electricity at the main* before attempting to mend a fuse, and always see that the current is off even when making the smallest adjustment.

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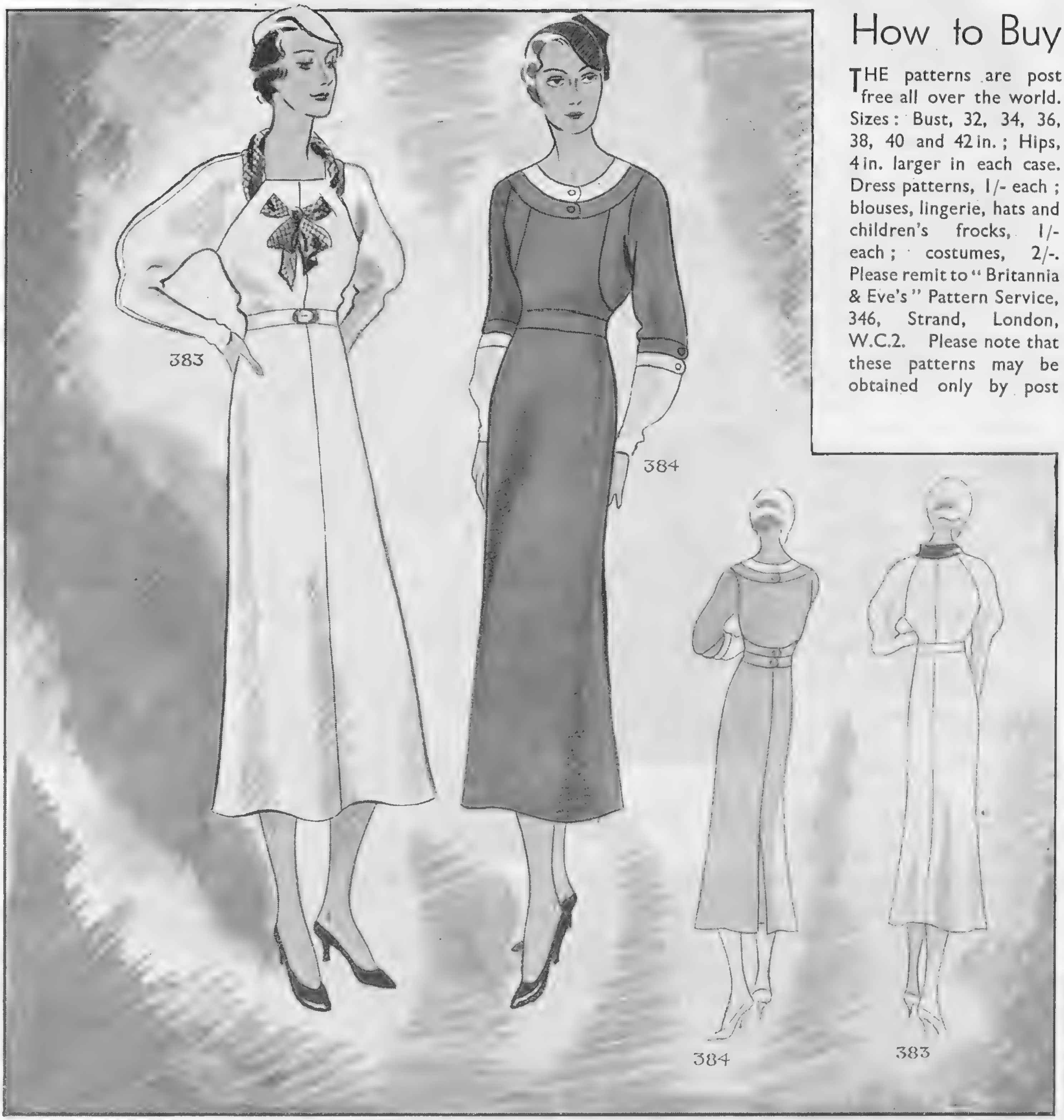


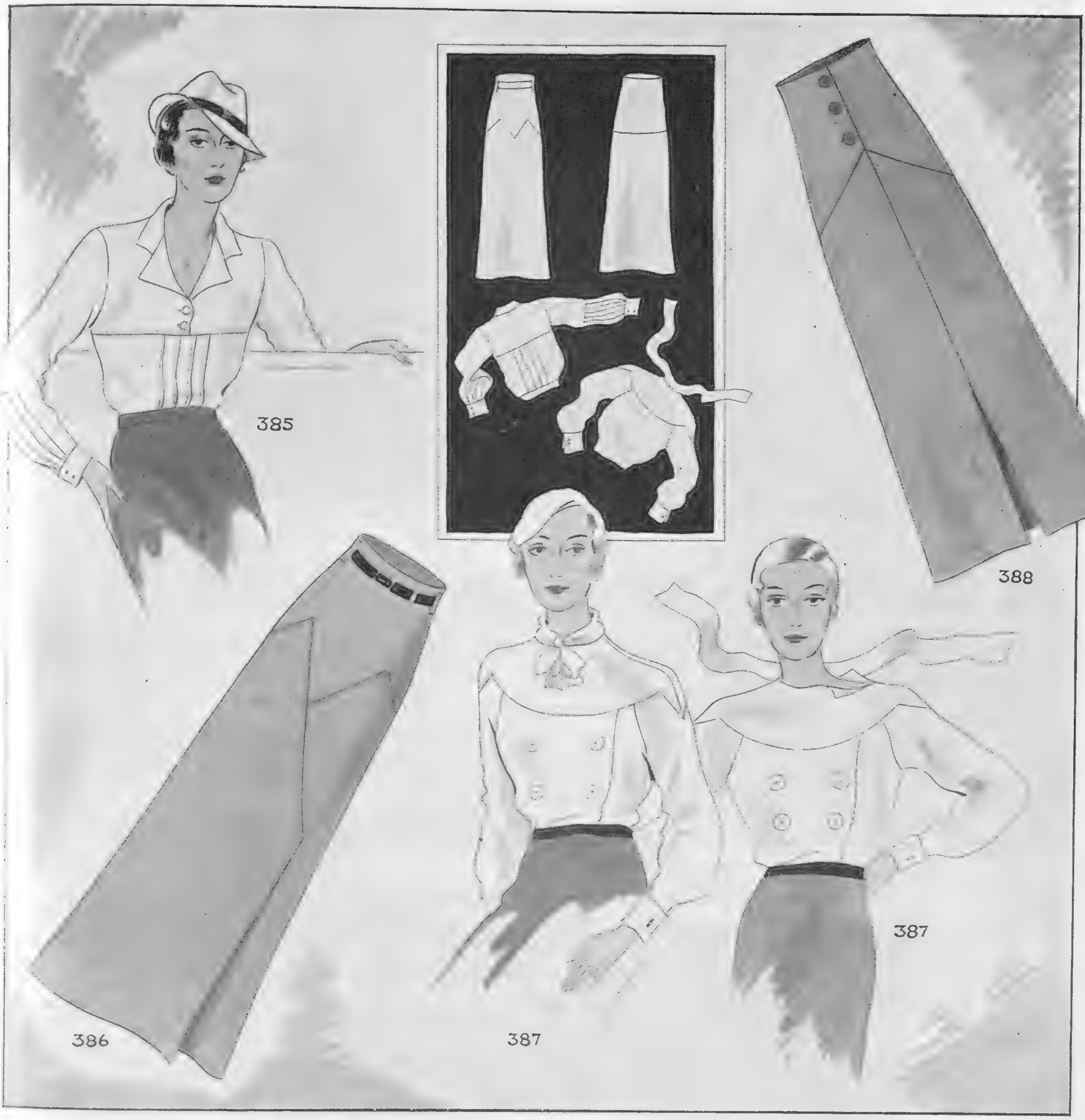
How to Buy

THE patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

No. 383. Wide sleeves with a seam running the length of the upper arm distinguish this smart woollen dress which is exceptionally easy to make. The skirt is made in two shaped sections and the raglan cut of the sleeves makes it easy to fit. A coloured silk scarf runs through two slots in the front yoke and is knotted in front. 2¾ yards of 56 in. material required. Price 1/-

No. 384. Navy blue and canary colour combine to make this attractive woollen dress which has a surplice bodice buttoned at the back. Double yokes of navy and yellow and sleeves half of one colour and half of the other add originality to this charming model. The shaped skirt has a box pleat at the centre back. 2½ yards of 56 in. material required. Price 1/-

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

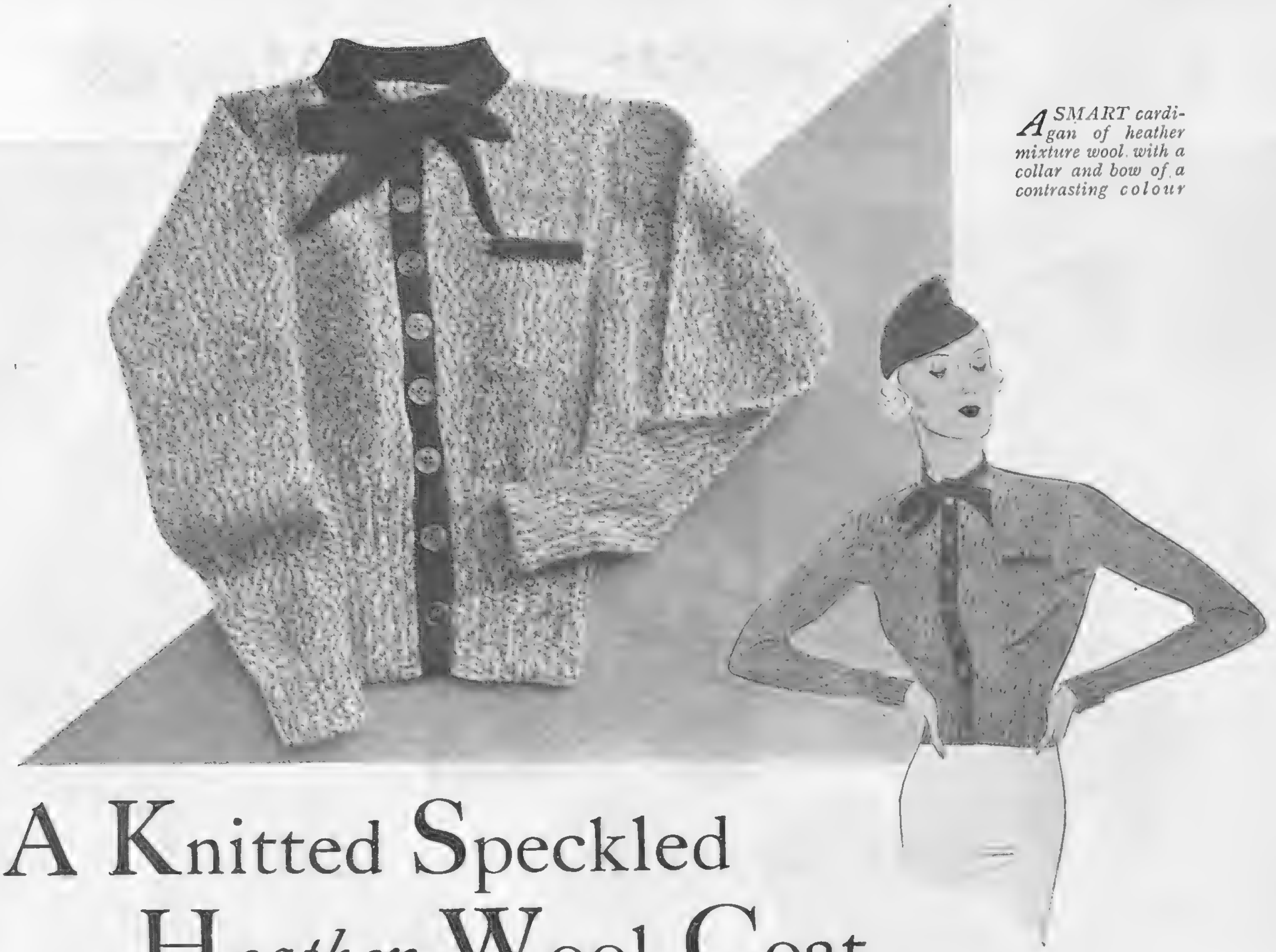


No. 385. A smart tailored blouse of white washing silk has a buttoned yoke and a turn-over collar and revers. Hand-stitched tucks trim the lower half of the bodice and the sleeves which are gathered into buttoned cuffs. 2¼ yards of 36 in. material required. Price 1/-

No. 386. This well-cut skirt would be a useful acquisition. It has a hip yoke and a skirt attached in deep points with a wrap-over panel at the left side. A leather belt is slipped through loops of the material at the waist-line. 2 yards of 56 in. material required. Price 1/-

No. 387. This unusual blouse would look well in heavy crêpe de Chine or satin. It is made with a deep yoke which ends in points on either shoulder. The scarf is attached at the back of the neck only and ties in a bow in front. 2¼ yards of 36 in. material required. Price 1/-

No. 388. An attractive skirt which buttons down the centre front and has a deep hip yoke is easy to make and would look well with any short fur coat or woollen cardigan. It has a deep box pleat in front and is shaped at the back. 2 yards of 56 in. material required. Price 1/-



A SMART cardigan of heather mixture wool with a collar and bow of a contrasting colour

A Knitted Speckled *Heather* Wool Coat

Materials. — 8 oz. White Heather Tweed Marl, 4-ply, Sh. P. 71. 1 oz. White Heather Scotch Fingering, 4-ply, dark green, to tone with speck in marl. 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 11 "Inox" knitting needles. (If you are a close knitter use No. 9 needles for body part.) 8 buttons to tone.

Tension.—7 stitches to 1 in.

Measurements. — Length, 18 in. from shoulder; bust, 34 in.; sleeve seam, 18 in.

Back.—With No. 11 needles cast on 108 sts. Work in rib of K. 2, P. 2 for 6 in., increasing 1 st. at each end of needle every 1½ in.—there will be 116 sts. Change to larger needles and work in stocking stitch for 6½ in., then shape armhole. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then K. 2 tog., at beginning of the next 16 rows (88 sts. remain). Continue until work measures 17 in. from the start. Shape shoulders by casting off 15 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off centre stitches.

Left Front. — The green border is knitted separately. With No. 11 needles cast on 52 sts., rib as for back and increase at intervals of 1½ in. 4 times (56 sts.). Change to larger needles and work in stocking st. Keep the centre edge straight—when work measures 12½ in. shape armhole and make pocket thus :—

Pocket.—With a spare needle cast on 20 sts. Knit a strip in stocking st. 4 in. deep, put aside and take up left front.

1st row.—At armhole cast off 6 sts., K. 18. On the next 20 sts. work in green wool to and fro, 6 rows of rib, K. 1, P. 1, to make a border for the top of pocket. Cast off.

Knit the remaining 12 sts. to centre.

2nd row.—Purl 12. Purl the pocket into the coat in place of the sts. cast off. P. 18.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., arm end, every other row 8 times. Continue until work measures 16½ in. down centre edge—then at neck edge cast off 4 sts. every other row twice—then K. 2 tog., every row at neck end until 28 sts. remain.

Continue until work measures 18 in., then shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at arm end every other row until all are cast off.

Right Front.—Make to correspond, but without a pocket.

Right Border. — With green wool and No. 11 needles cast on 10 sts., starting at the top work in rib of K. 1, P. 1. Work 2 rows, then make a buttonhole thus :—

3rd row.—K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, cast off 4 sts., P. 1, K. 1, P. 1.

4th row.—K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, cast on 4 sts., P. 1, K. 1, P. 1.

Continue in rib, making a buttonhole every 2 in. (8 in all). When the strip exactly fits the front edge, cast off and sew to coat.

Left Border.—The same without buttonholes.

Sleeves.—With No. 11 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in rib K. 2, P. 2 for 4 in. Change to larger needles and stocking stitch, increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row, until there are 78 sts. Continue until work measures 18 in., then shape top by knitting 2 tog., at the beginning of every row until 60 remain, then K. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 28 remain. Cast off.

Collar and Tie.—With No. 11 needles and green wool cast on 2 sts. Increase *one side only* every other row until there are 14 sts. Work in K. 1, P. 1 for 34 in., then on the opposite side from the increasings, decrease every other row by knitting 2 tog. When 2 remain cast off.

With damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

When sewing collar let the left end be about 1½ in. longer than the right, and slightly stretch the edge of collar which you sew to the coat.

Sew on buttons to correspond with button holes.

When pressing do not stretch the side seams, and do not press the collar until the coat is completely made up.

HOLIDAY Reminiscences

Photographs by Lisa

HEY-HO for a glassful of milk! A cheerful eleven o'clock episode during a sunny morning spent in the garden

EXERCISE is essential, and stepping over the net provides a good high-stepping act

A-SHRIMPING we will go, but this time a crab was caught, much to the delight of the small but very attractive sportswoman

A SMART roadster complete with petrol tank is an excellent method of evading nursery edicts

HERE maternal duties interfere with pleasure, and dolly is laid down for her morning sleep

Breakfast Dishes

EGGS cooked in little individual dishes are a pleasant change from the usual fried variety

AN attractive breakfast table is a good start to a tiring day

Some *welcome* variations *to* what is *perhaps* the best *meal* of *the* day

By A. H. Adair

FOR those households in which a full "English" breakfast is a necessity one ventures to make a few suggestions which should serve to provide an occasional change in the menu. No one, of course, can criticise this, the best breakfast in the world, and the best meal of the day in England, but even the most efficient of us will always welcome something new.

One thing, perhaps, does not appear quite so often as it might on the average breakfast table, and that is fruit. Whether cooked or raw it provides a very refreshing and healthy start to the day's activities, and there is something to be said for the "apple a day" theory, only it need not always be an apple. Grape-fruit, oranges, cherries, and various stewed fruits can all be served at the beginning of the meal and are specially to be recommended while the weather is still warm.

Œufs sur le Plat

This French way of serving eggs is a pleasant alternative to fried eggs. They can be served quite plain or with bacon, and one of the points of this dish is that each person has two eggs cooked in an individual dish of either metal or fire-proof pottery or china.

Place the little dishes on the stove to warm, put in a little piece of butter, melt it and then drop in two eggs. Cook them very slowly and when the eggs begin to set sprinkle with salt and pepper and finish cooking in the oven or under the grill so that the whites are just firm. The yolks, of course, must remain soft.

Omelettes

As we have given minute instructions for making an omelette on several occasions in these pages, we will now suggest various flavourings suitable for a breakfast omelette. Bacon or ham fried and cut into small pieces; kidneys also cooked; tomatoes peeled, chopped and cooked in butter; soft roes heated in butter; *fines herbes* (parsley, chervil and chives) finely chopped; all of these are excellent for the purpose. For most omelettes we mix the flavouring in with the beaten eggs, but in the case of kidneys, tomatoes, soft roes, it is better to place these in the middle of the omelettes when it is flat in the pan before folding it over.

Scrambled Eggs

Beat your eggs (two for each person) firmly, so that the whites and yolks are well mixed but not too frothy, and season them with salt and pepper. Melt a piece of butter in a thick saucepan and pour in the eggs. Cook them very slowly, stirring all the time and working in the egg which collects round the sides of the pan and sets much more quickly than the rest. When the eggs are cooked enough—they should not be hard but creamy—put them in a hot serving dish and place in the middle a few chicken livers which you have cut into cubes and cooked for a few minutes in butter. As with omelettes, cooked tomatoes, kidneys or flakes of haddock are all very good as a flavouring to scrambled eggs.

Rice and Haddock

For each person cook a handful of rice, and when it is done strain it and put it under the tap to get each grain separate. Drain it thoroughly and put the rice into a pan in which you have melted some butter. Season with salt and pepper and add the flesh of a haddock which you have cooked in the ordinary way and flaked into pieces free from skin and bones. Make thoroughly hot and stir well together.

Savoury Toast

Take some ordinary sardines in oil, remove the skin, tails and bone and mash them with butter and the yolks of hard boiled eggs. Two eggs would be sufficient for one medium-sized tin of sardines. Add salt and plenty of pepper and work to a very smooth paste. Spread this rather thickly on to slices of hot buttered toast and sprinkle each slice with the hard whites of the eggs finely chopped. For those who like it, a little dash of Worcestershire sauce is an improvement.

BREAKFAST for four by the verandah door

American Pies

Pies *or* Tarts: *or* some variations *on* a well-*known* theme

By Leerie Stone

WHEN the word "pie" is mentioned, the Englishman thinks first of veal pie, mutton pie, or some sort of meat pasty; but to the average American "pie" means dessert, and his first thought would probably be of apple or lemon pie—two varieties that can be found on nearly every lunch counter and restaurant menu from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific.

The American housewife considers pie-making an art in itself, and her recipe book contains directions for making a large and toothsome variety, to which she is continually adding new recipes.

Piecrust, correctly made, should be light, flaky and tender. The commonest mistake is using too much water, which results in a tough, heavy crust. Another point to be remembered is that the colder the ingredients are kept during the mixing process, the flakier the crust will be.

New England Apple Pie

Pastry.—Sift 1½ cups of flour and ½ teaspoonful of salt into a cold bowl. Add ½ cup of shortening, cutting it into the flour with two knives. Add sufficient ice water (4 to 6 tablespoonfuls) to make a dough stiff enough not to stick to the sides of the mixing bowl. Place on a moulding board and roll to ¼ inch thickness, being careful always to roll away from you with quick, light strokes. Fold one-third of this sheet of pastry over to the centre. Fold the remaining third over the first fold, then fold across. Roll again to ¼ inch thickness. Folding the dough in this manner encloses layers of air which expand in the oven, making the crust flaky. This pastry may be used immediately, but it will be improved if allowed to stand several hours in the refrigerator. Piecrust should always be baked in a hot oven as the heat causes the starch grains to burst quickly and absorb the fat. Otherwise, the pastry will be heavy.

Filling.—Line a pie pan with the pastry. Fill with medium tart apples which have been peeled and sliced. Mix ½ cupful of sugar and ⅛ teaspoonful salt and sprinkle over the apples. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg, as preferred. Cover with a top crust which has been scored, and bake in a hot oven 40 minutes.

Berry Pies

Berry Pies.—Blackberry, raspberry or gooseberry, may be made in the same manner; first flouring the berries to thicken the juice slightly and prevent a watery pie with a soggy under-crust. The spices and butter should, of course, be omitted.

Lemon Meringue Pie

Line a pie pan loosely with pastry. Trim edges one inch from the edge of the pan. Fold this inch of pastry back on the edge of the pie pan and pinch between the fingers to flute the edge. Prick with a fork to prevent air bubbles, and bake.

Filling.—Put 1 cup of boiling water and 1 tablespoonful of butter in a double boiler. Add the grated rind of 1 lemon. Separate 4 eggs, beating the yolks and whites separately. Add to the yolks ¾ cup of sugar which has been thoroughly mixed with 3 teaspoonfuls of cornstarch. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and beat well. Add this mixture to the boiling water, butter and lemon rind, stirring constantly until thick. Beat half the egg whites until stiff and add to the thickened mixture, folding in carefully. Pour this into the baked crust.

Meringue.—To the remaining egg whites add 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat well, spread on the pie and return it to the oven to brown.

Coconut Butterscotch Pie

Filling.—Caramelise two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Add 1½ cupfuls of boiling water and 1½ cupfuls of brown sugar. Cook 5 minutes. Then add ¼ teaspoonful salt and ¼ cupful of cornstarch which have been mixed with ¼ cupful of cold water. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Add 3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Cool slightly. Add the beaten yolks of 3 eggs; ⅔ teaspoonful of vanilla and 1 cupful of grated fresh coconut.

Pour into a baked pastry shell and cover with a meringue made of 3 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and 3 egg whites beaten together until stiff. Bake ten minutes in a slow oven.

Boston Cream Pie

Filling.—Beat 1 egg. Mix together 2 rounded tablespoonfuls of flour, ½ cupful sugar and a pinch of salt, and add to the beaten egg. Put in a double boiler. Add 1 cupful cream and 1½ cupfuls milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly.

Have ready a baked crust. Fill it with the mixture, sprinkle nutmeg over the top and set on ice.

Chocolate Almond Pie

Filling.—Scald 2 cups of milk. Add ½ cupful ground or grated chocolate, ½ cupful sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, ⅛ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful cinnamon. Place in a double boiler over boiling water. Stir until thickened. Cook 20 minutes. Stir in 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Cool, and add 1 teaspoonful almond flavouring and ½ cupful chopped blanched almonds.

Pour into a baked pastry shell, cover with whipped cream and chill thoroughly.

Madam, *did you* Know . . . ?

Some useful hints to remember with the coming of autumn

IF many eggs are being boiled at a time, put them in a piece of muslin so that they can all be taken out together. A cracked egg can be boiled if wrapped in a paper bag and the top screwed round.

NOW that winter curtains and blankets are being unpacked, look carefully for moth—no matter how carefully they were put away. Use a turpentine spray if you suspect they have been attacked, for this kills all stages of moth. Naphtha put among the feathers of pillows and cushions is a sure preventative for moths and is not unpleasant.

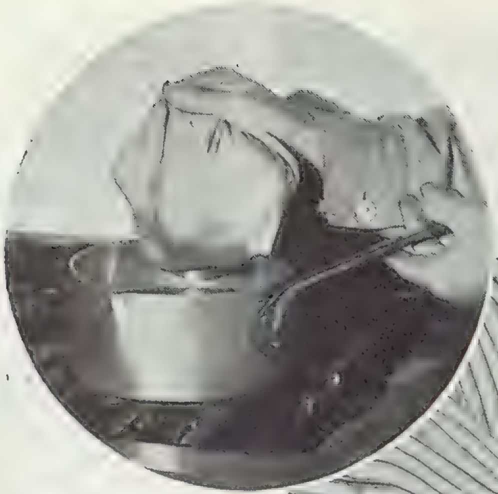
THAT there is a patent draught excluder for a door which is not in the least unsightly, which lies flat or otherwise with the opening and closing of the door? Go round the house before winter sets in and trace all draughts from both doors and windows, see also that there is a wedge handy for each window to save rattling and put a rubber band round the "acorn" of the blind cord to save tapping on the pane.

BEFORE beginning fires, see that there are no cracks in the firebacks. Either fireclay or a patent cement can be bought for the purpose and cracks filled—use a thin knife to smooth the surface.

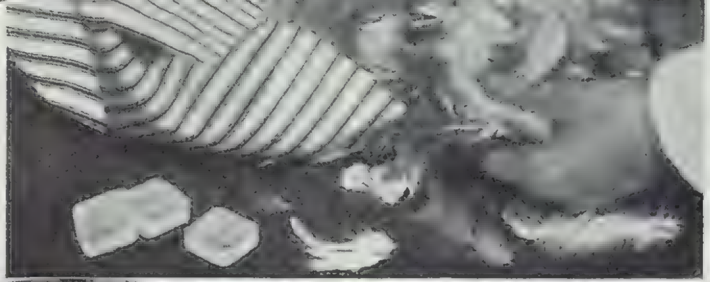
JUST now is the time to buy bunches of everlasting flowers and to prepare for winter decorations. Centre pieces, small and large bowls, place card holders and all kinds of possibilities are open in the arranging of these pretty things. All that needs to be done is to hang the bunches up until they are thoroughly dry and to buy wire for the stems and putty to put into the bowls.

Mauve, yellow and white statice, heliochrysum, that small double daisy kind of flower, sea holly and sea lavender, all these can be used and quite a lot can be bought for two or three shillings. Arrangements will suggest themselves.

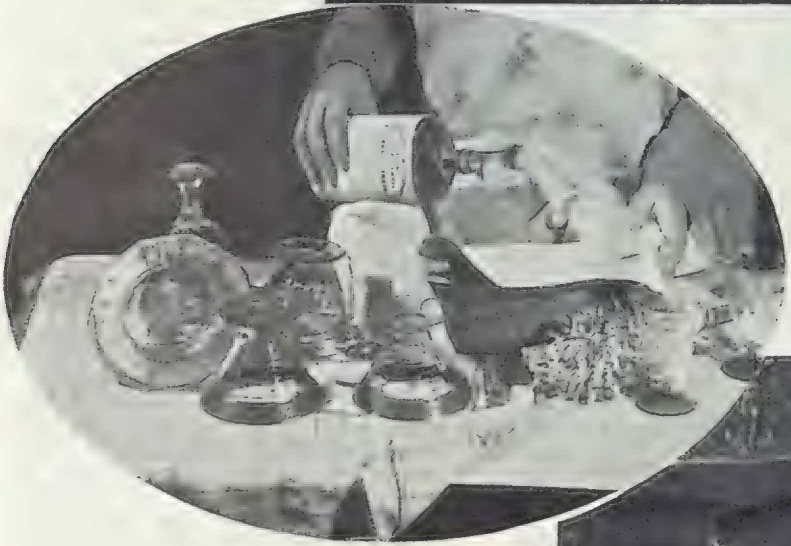
The "English posy" in a basket is well known but very attractive, so make one of these, then see if you cannot get something more striking in the way of colour amalgamations. Two are suggested in the photograph. On the left is a scarlet bowl with grey sea-holly and silver leaves, silver sticks with a knob of scarlet ceiling wax could be introduced in a similar scheme. On the right the orange heliochrysum have been picked out from the assorted bunch and put into a royal blue bowl.



WHEN boiling many eggs at the same time, place them in a piece of muslin so that they can be taken out all at once. A cracked egg can be boiled if wrapped in a screw of paper

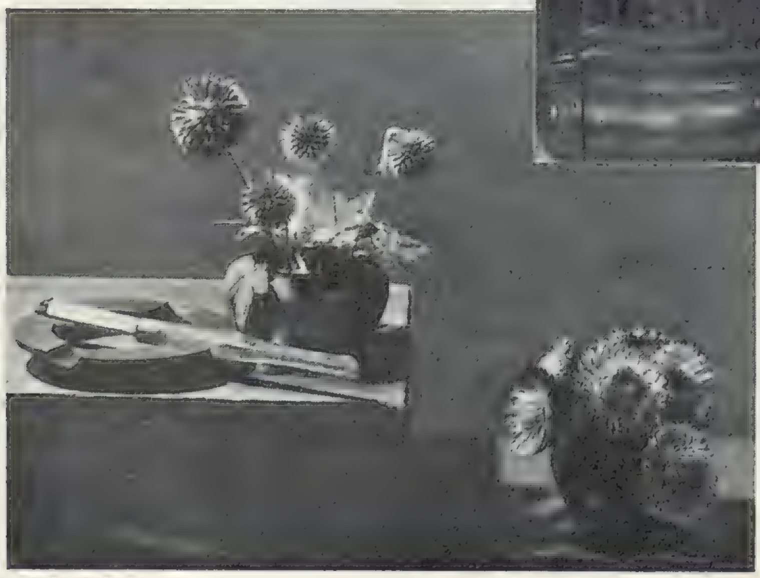


WHEN unpacking winter bedding look carefully for moth. Use a turpentine spray if you suspect any, this kills moths or eggs at all stages. A pleasant preventative is naphtha put among the feathers of pillows



WHEN washing delicate glass and china line the basin with a towel to prevent accidents, and use only warm water. Ammonia will help with the cleaning

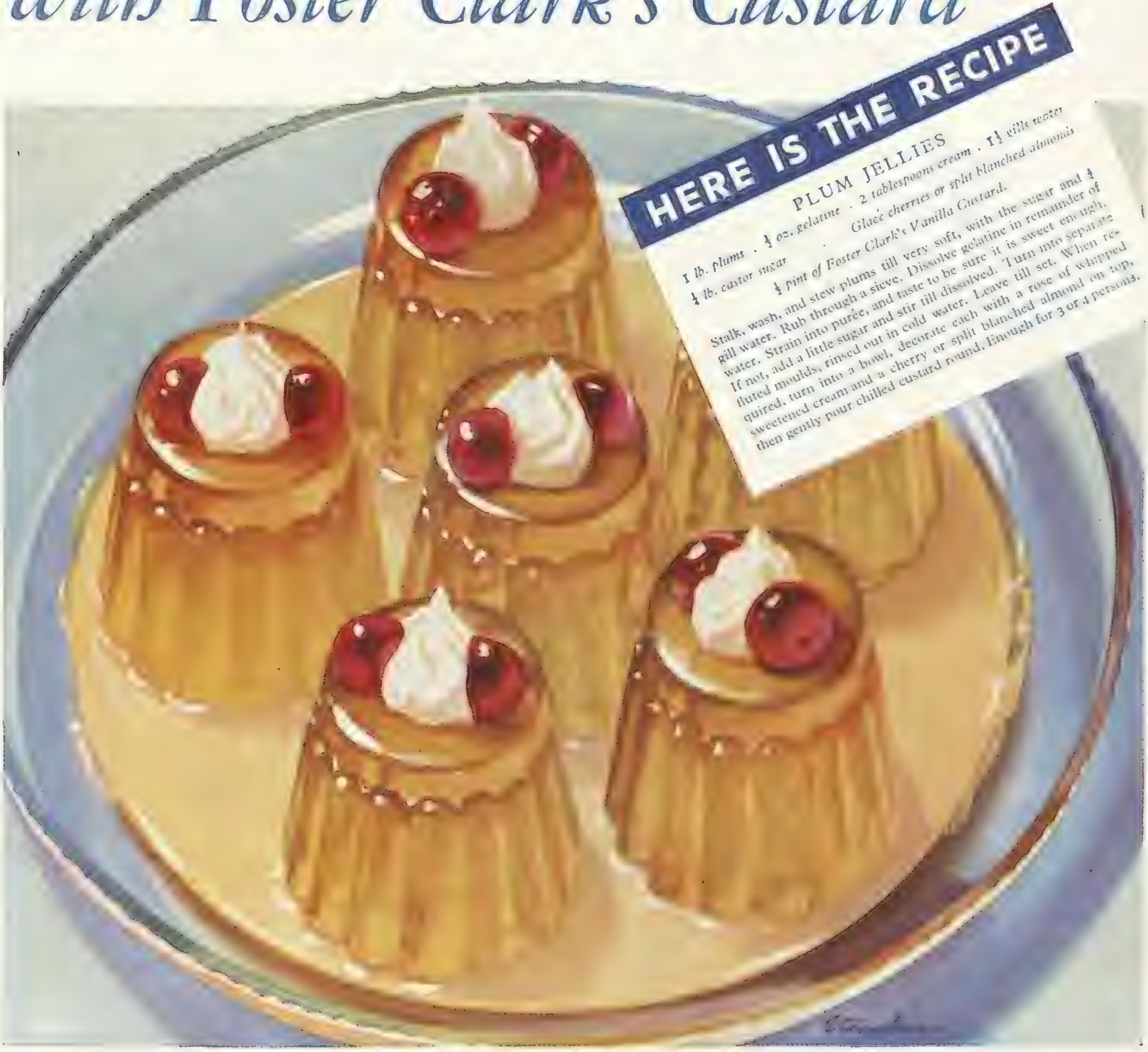
BEFORE the time comes for beginning fires, test your fireback for cracks. Either fireclay or a patent cement can be bought for repairs



NOW is the time to lay in a stock of cheerful decoration for the bleak winter months. Everlasting flowers make the most charming bunches

DUNLOP
AS BRITISH AS THE FLAG
SUPREME
C.F.H.

You serve these PLUM JELLIES with Foster Clark's Custard



HERE IS THE RECIPE

PLUM JELLIES

1 lb. plums . ¾ oz. gelatine . 2 tablespoons cream . 1½ gills water
¼ lb. castor sugar . Glacé cherries or split blanched almonds
½ pint of Foster Clark's Vanilla Custard.

Stalk, wash, and stew plums till very soft, with the sugar and ½ gill water. Rub through a sieve. Dissolve gelatine in remainder of water. Strain into purée, and taste to be sure it is sweet enough. If not, add a little sugar and stir till dissolved. Turn into separate fluted moulds, rinsed out in cold water. Leave till set. When required, turn into a bowl, decorate each with a rose of whipped sweetened cream and a cherry or split blanched almond on top, then gently pour chilled custard round. Enough for 3 or 4 persons.

Foster Clark's

cream CUSTARD

For a Free copy of the NEW *and greatly enlarged Foster Clark Cookery Book containing 250 recipes by Elizabeth Craig, illustrated in full colour, published at 6d.*, send your name and address to FOSTER CLARK LTD. (DEPT. BE), MAIDSTONE, KENT, with (A) 3d. in stamps to cover cost of dispatch, etc., or (B) proof of purchase of a shillingsworth of Foster Clark's or Eiffel Tower products. (B) can be either (1) a bill from your Grocer, or (2) the cartons from the products, of which you need send only the portions containing *Directions for Use.*

Foster Clark's
CREAM
CUSTARD
POWDER

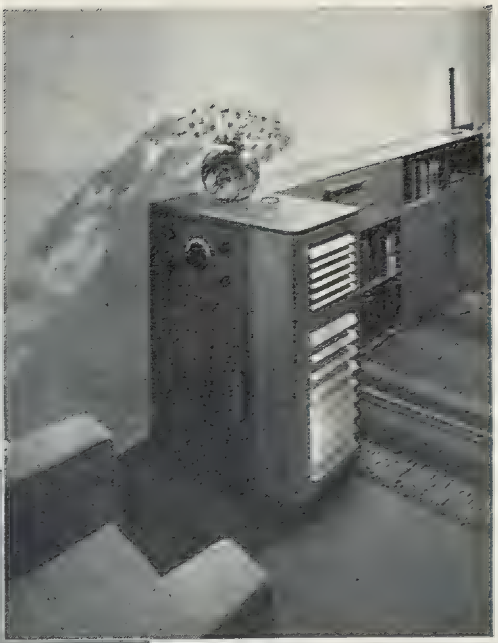
LARGE FAMILY TIN **10½D**

6 separate-pint packet 4½d.

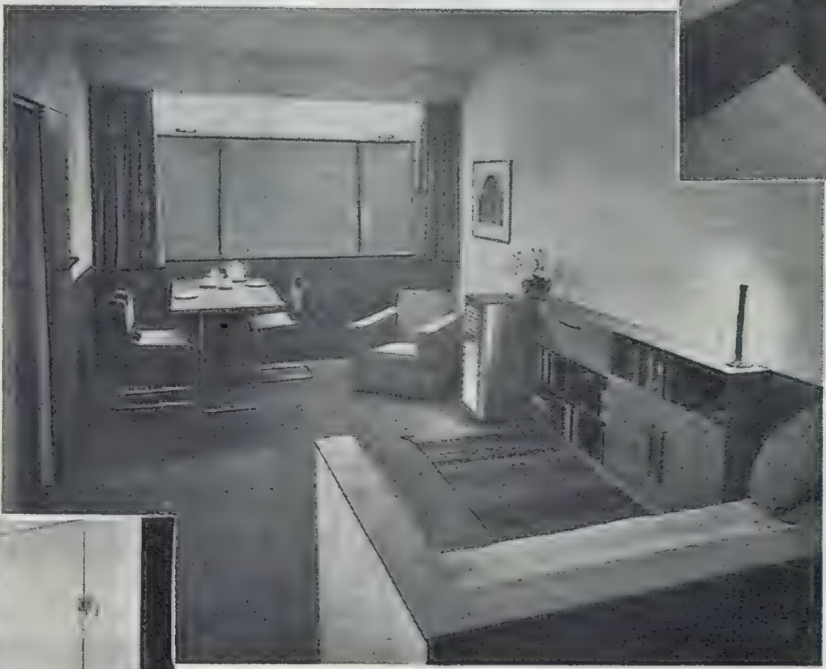
The *Bachelor* Flat Comes *to* London

By Noel Carrington

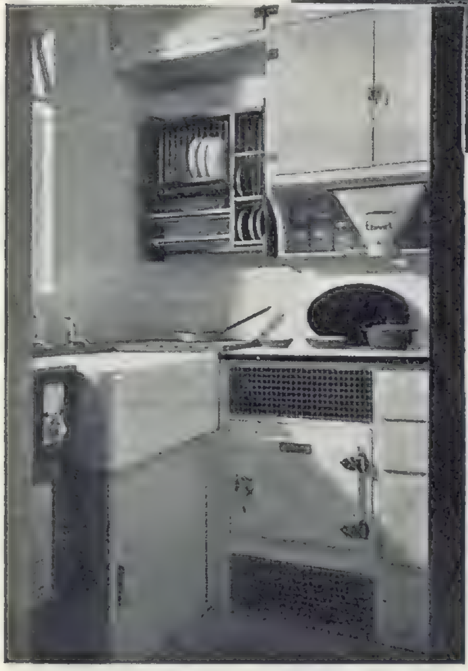
WE are familiar with the advertisements of Bachelor Flats which sometimes are called Maisonettes by landlords when they wish to let them to married couples. On inspection they usually prove the unwanted attic or basement of a Bloomsbury or Kensington mansion, which, with the "use of a bathroom," constitutes an independent dwelling. In a big city there is a very genuine demand for flats which young men or women who earn their living or have small independent means can run without domestic help.



THIS "hearth-scene" unit includes a radiant electric fire, a radio, cupboards and bookshelves



A GENERAL view of the living room showing the built-in divan bed and the well-arranged window from which the artificial as well as the day light falls



Left:

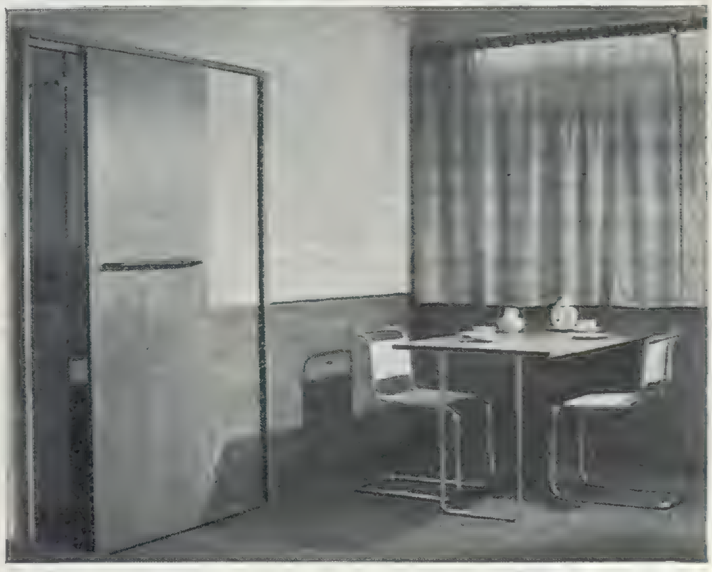
THE tiny kitchen is so well equipped that it includes every convenience such as an Easiwork cabinet, an Electrolux and an electric cooker

I take it that the first consideration is rent. I do not suppose that young men in business to-day will be earning much above £6 on the average, nor young women more than £4. Now if such folk are going to live on their own the inclusive rent should not exceed 30 or 25 shillings. If two can share a flat, obviously they can run it on a more economical basis, but some people are strong-minded enough to prefer independence, and hitherto flats have been almost out of the question for them. This is largely because no one has ever thought of planning in bulk for such people, except of course at educational institutions, and there the life is partly communal. Bachelor flats postulate an independent life, and if communal swimming baths, tennis courts or other facilities are thrown in (as is often now the case abroad) these are enjoyments which do not compromise the privacy of the flat.

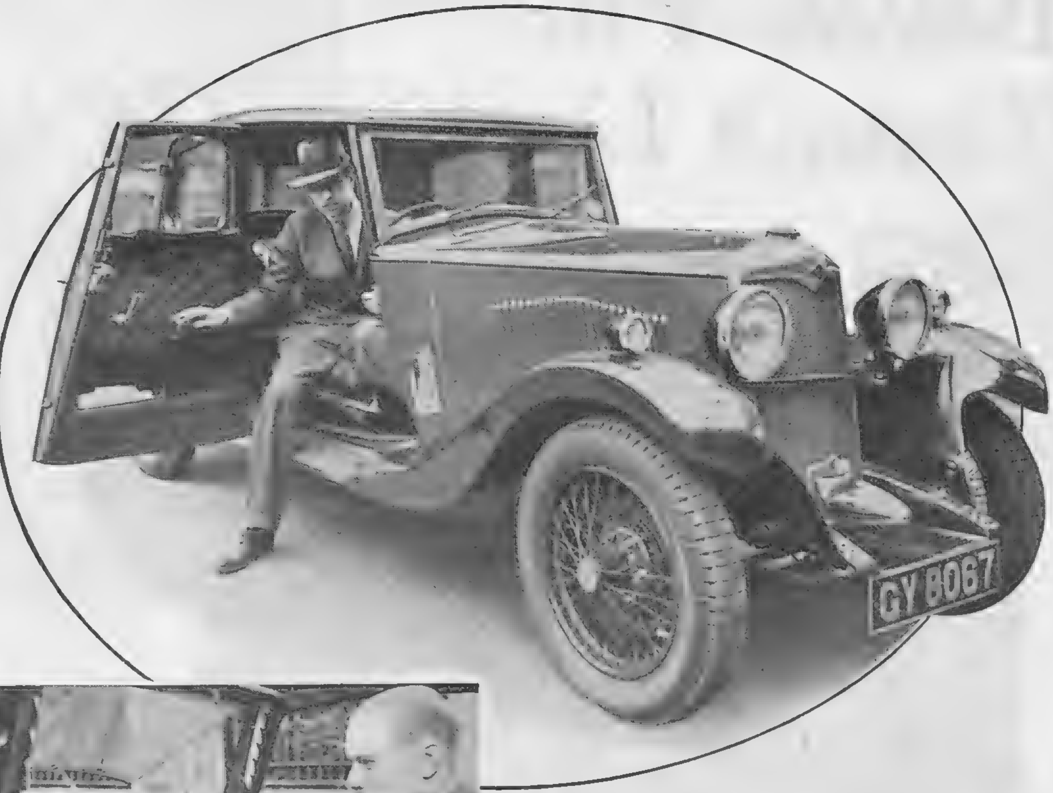
Now at last we are to have some real bachelor flats in London itself, and I anticipate a very lively competition to catch this section of the city population, the well-to-do having been only too well built for already. A large block, in the Tudor style, is in course of construction in South London (though why bachelors should want Tudor balconies is beyond my comprehension) and another block of 30 flats in Hampstead is to be ready by Christmas. This latter is a much more interesting experiment because it relies on planning and equipment for its merit, and without being conceived in any "style" is as modern as contemporary methods and materials can make it.

Many readers must have seen the specimen interior which was so popular at the Dorland Hall Exhibition in June. It was a fine opportunity for the architect, Mr. Wells Coates, and he has used it to the full. The constructional material is reinforced concrete. It is rather interesting to know that the architect prepared plans for three other possible constructional methods and the concrete was chosen because it proved the cheapest. The standard unit is to be £96 a year, which includes everything except electric current. That at least is a figure within the means of many thousands of Londoners, and I understand from the architect that there is no reason why bachelor flats, if planned in a big block, should not be let at 25s.

The plan of the Hampstead flats needs little explanation on my part. One general room for living purposes, with a divan-bed for sleeping, admits of entertaining one's friends on a generous scale especially for stand-up parties. The kitchen is very compact, but bachelors know that too much room only makes for more labour. The little dressing room is an excellent arrangement, and permits a smaller bathroom than would otherwise be feasible. The apparent roominess of the whole is the result of scientific planning and the elimination of the unnecessary. Indeed, I heard only one criticism of the flat at the Exhibition, and that was from a yachtsman: "There is too much room for me," he said, "I should be leaving things about."



THE dining-table slides into the corner when not in use and the door to the bath-dressing-room also slides in order to save space



NO firm has mastered more effectively the art of building a small car which is both comfortable and exceptionally attractive in appearance than the deservedly successful Riley Company. So low is the build that running boards might be dispensed with

The *Latest* RILEY "Six-Twelve"

By The Earl of Cardigan

ALL the controls fall easily to hand. Note the neat opening mechanism of the wind-screen and the two cubby holes and neatly grouped instruments on the dashboard

THE Riley "Six-Twelve" is a little car of which, since I first tried it, I have retained pleasant memories. It was produced, if I remember rightly, at a time when a great number of ultra-small "sixes" were being put on the market. Consequently, one was inclined to fear that it might prove something of a "buzz-box," designed to meet a passing fashion for extreme top-gear flexibility of running.

No doubt flexibility was a feature sought for by the designer; but, as one very speedily discovered, this was but one among many useful qualities. The new model was a Riley first, and a popular "baby six" afterwards. In other words, like all of its breed, it was a thoroughly sound, road-worthy little motor car.

Further acquaintance only serves to confirm this impression. On my recent test run, it happened that I was in a tearing hurry practically all through the day; and no car could have responded more cheerfully to forceful driving. The engine proved lively, and showed an agreeable willingness to "rev" in so easy a manner that no undue vibration or "fussiness" ever became apparent. Incidentally, there was no lack of sheer speed. 65 m.p.h. in top and 40 m.p.h. in third gear being readily attainable.

I should explain that the figures given are those marked on the Riley speedometer to indicate the comfortable maximum in either case. The system is a good one. Just as the "cruising revs" of the engine are plainly stated in every aeroplane, so, in every Riley model, one may see at a glance just what the engine ought to do in its several gears without exerting itself unduly.

Naturally, there is a distinction between the "comfortable" and the "flat-out" maximum. If anyone wishes to force the "Six-twelve" beyond the recommended figures, he will find that he can reach, not 65, but something like 70 m.p.h. in top gear. Similarly, in third gear, he will find no difficulty in touching 45 m.p.h. Roughly speaking, a Riley will always go about 5 m.p.h. faster than the maximum recommended by the makers.

One recent improvement impressed me very favourably. The new gearbox provides helically cut gear wheels for every ratio. This does not sound very striking, since there is little to be gained in ease of gear-changing. On the other hand, it is extremely pleasant to find all the gears, not merely third and/or top, capable of extremely silent running. In the "Six-twelve," one is spared the painful contrast of changing down from an agreeably quiet third gear into a relatively raucous second. As for simplicity, although the helically cut gears do not claim to be fool-proof, they are in fact quite easy enough to satisfy anyone other than a confirmed "crasher."

The steering struck me as very pleasant, and the brakes proved amply powerful and pleasantly smooth in action. Road-holding was excellent—as indeed one expects it to be when one knows that the designer has had road racing experience. If there is one simple and obvious proof of the benefits to be derived from motor racing, it is the fact that every single car produced by every single racing firm is, within my experience at any rate, well above the average in the matter of sitting down snugly on the road. I cannot think of any exception to this rule.

The springing of this model seemed to me just a trifle on the hard side; but this is so good a fault that I hesitate to criticise it. Quite ninety per cent. of one's running is done nowadays at medium or moderately high speeds, and a car with slightly hard springing is therefore a comfortable car during ninety per cent. of the day's run. It is only when travelling slowly over a bad surface that Riley springing falls short of the ideal.

WHERE coachwork is concerned, the "Six-Twelve," like all Riley models, has two primary features to its credit. It is good looking—and it provides really adequate accommodation. These two qualities do not by any means always go together; but the Mentone saloon which I drove provides ample space for four adults, with excellent provision in a luggage trunk for suitcases. As for its looks, they are on a par with those of all other Riley saloon models—which is saying a good deal. My chief criticism here is that no provision is made for the driver's left foot. It seems a pity that this small, but not unimportant, detail should have been overlooked.

In the matter of price, at £338, the "Six-Twelve" is not strictly speaking a cheap car. On the other hand, there is no denying that it provides a very full £338 worth of value.

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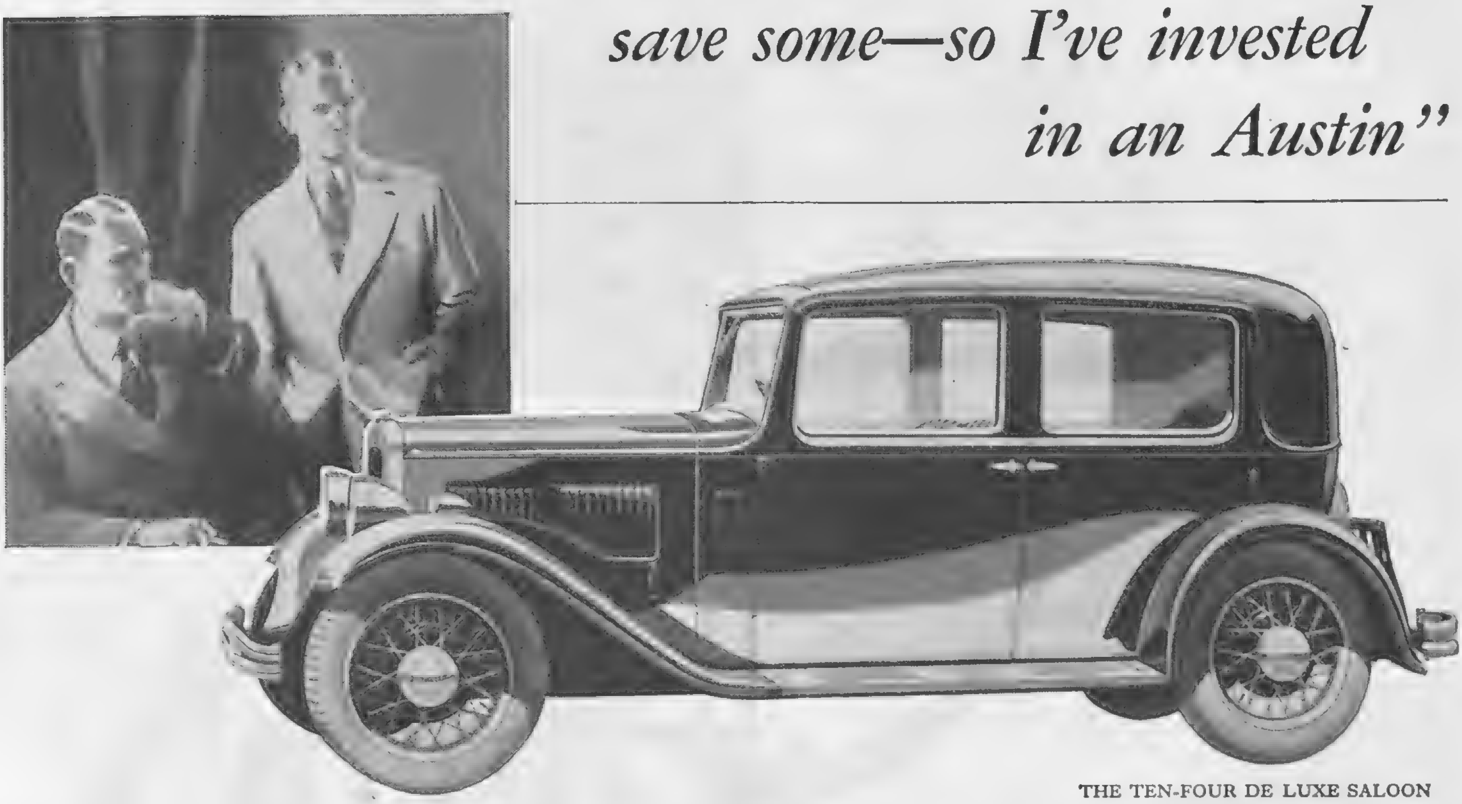

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By the Earl *of* Cardigan

"EVERY day, and in every way," disciples of Dr. Coué were wont to recite, " I get better, and better, and better." With slight alterations, this theme might well be adopted by the modern motorist. " Every day, and in every way," he might reiterate, " I go faster, and faster, and faster."

It is a fact, I think (which one may deplore or rejoice, according to one's inclinations), that for a good many years past there has been a steady increase in the average speed of motor vehicles. During the last two or three years, in particular, the general speed-up has been very clearly evident. Motor coaches have increased their cruising pace from 25 or 30 to 40 m.p.h. and more. Small family saloons now bustle along at a good 50, in place of a mere 35 or 40 m.p.h. For large cars and sports models, 60 m.p.h. is no longer regarded as an exceptional or exciting rate of speed.

One has but to cast one's mind back a little way in order to appreciate this. Only a few years ago I used to drive a 12 h.p. car, of a type considered rather faster than the majority, at a steady 40 m.p.h. under average conditions. I used to observe that, travelling at this pace on main road runs, I was very rarely overtaken. On the contrary, I used to find no difficulty in skimming past at least four cars out of every five which I encountered.

If I were to keep inside 40 m.p.h. nowadays, I have little doubt that my experience would be a very different one. I should find myself being overtaken more often than not, not only by cars of similar or greater power but by a great many of the " tens," " nines " and " sevens." I should barely keep pace with some of the more modern vans and charabancs !

Actually, I suppose that my own normal driving pace has gone up to very much the same extent as other people's. Personally, like most motorists, I heartily welcome the new facilities for speed—the more so since I do not find any corresponding increase either in the mental strain and physical fatigue of driving or in the degree of risk involved. On the contrary, it may be claimed with perfect truth that 50 m.p.h. to-day is a more comfortable, less exacting and less dangerous speed than the 40 m.p.h. of former years.

When one comes to think of it, this state of affairs is a rather remarkable tribute to the motor manufacturer. Within a relatively very short space of time he has enabled us to go a great deal faster, and yet to fatigue ourselves and endanger others in so doing to a substantially lesser extent than was formerly thought possible. It is interesting to note some of the various means by which this achievement has been gained.

TO a large extent, of course, modern systems of braking have lightened the driver's task. I should be the last person to advocate " driving on the brakes " ; but it is undeniably comforting, when approaching a bend at fairly high speed, to know that a really quick pull-up is possible in the event of " the other fool " flashing into view on the wrong side of the road !

Better still, modern brakes have removed almost all the strain from wet weather motoring. It was not the braking-skid itself which was formerly so trying to the driver, but rather the uncertainty, in any emergency that might arise on a slippery road, as to whether the skid would materialise or not. Where there was any reason to expect a braking-skid to take place, an extra allowance of space had to be made, either to permit of abnormally gentle braking or to give time for the brakes to be momentarily released while the incipient skid was being corrected. In effect, as soon as rain commenced one had either to slow down one's whole rate of driving or else, keeping going at a good pace, to be continually on the *qui vive*—with all the nervous tension which such a state of mind implies.

THE luggage locker of the new " Six-Twelve " Riley is remarkable in that it definitely adds to the car's attractive appearance while at the same time being very capacious and more than usually accessible

To-day, if there is any danger in wet weather driving, it arises almost entirely from over fast cornering—which at any time is a fault to be avoided. I drive a good many different cars, under all possible weather conditions, and it is, I think, literally several years now since I have had a genuine braking-skid. Cornering skids I have had, and skids arising from wheel-spin in accelerating ; but I have almost forgotten what it feels like for the wheels of a car to lock and slew through the brakes being carelessly applied.

Apart from the confidence and sense of security which this inspires, much of the modern driver's enjoyment of speed must be credited to his engine. Actual maximum speeds have increased a good deal ; but much more important has been the increase in what I call comfortable cruising speeds. Engines of to-day can do with perfect ease what formerly could only be achieved with considerable " fuss " and effort.

One does not, I think, have to be an expert in order to appreciate the difference between easy and " flurried " running. Speed obtained by " pushing " an engine beyond its natural cruising pace is, to most people, speed that is not worth having. It suggests a sense of strain, and, on a long run, is definitely tiring and irritating to the driver. It is only when speed is given readily and effortlessly that it becomes enjoyable speed, and can be utilised without demur.

MANY other factors, in a lesser degree, play their part in defining a car's " natural " speed—which, in the long run, is the speed at which the average driver will tend to drive it. Good steering is important ; for this is a great source of confidence. One automatically feels able to go just a little faster when one knows that, under all conditions, one can steer the car absolutely " to an inch." Similarly, good springing is an aid to speed—giving, as it does, a sense of stability on twisting roads and awkward surfaces.

Personally, I find that each make and type of car has its own " natural " speed. This varies widely, and may be as low as 35 m.p.h. or even less. Far more often nowadays, however, it is up somewhere around the 50 m.p.h. mark, and in some cases may be considerably higher. The general public recognises this, although perhaps not consciously or articulately. It is enough for the average driver that, each time he invests in a new car, it seems naturally to take itself along a little faster—to feel safer and to be more comfortable at speed. His instincts here, I think, do not deceive him.

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Theme Song

(Continued from page 33)

her head and neck had an unearthly beauty. Her shadowed eyes were mournful, but her red mouth was unyielding.

He seized her wrist.

" Virginia ! "

She shook her head.

" It's no good, Denny."

For a minute they stared at each other in silence, a silence broken by the clear voice of Hazel Lufton.

" Denny, are you out there ? " she called, trailing her red skirts down the stone steps. " I want you."

" Here," said Denny.

With Virginia at his side, he moved towards the tall woman in the red dress, and saw that Aylmer Creston was with her.

Her glance slid over Virginia, she smiled brilliantly at Denny.

" I know I'm a bore interrupting you like this, but His Highness heard that you were here, and I promised him I would ask you to sing just one little song to us, though I feel terribly ashamed at bothering you."

" Why not ? " said Denny coolly. " Of course I'll sing. What's the good of having a crooner unless he does his tricks ? "

Avoiding Virginia's eyes, he turned and followed Mrs. Lufton into the house.

" WON'T you change your mind ? " Denny in a black silk dressing-gown, his hands in his pockets, looked at Sir Aylmer Creston across the small sitting-room of his flat.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and his untouched breakfast was still on the table.

" I'm sorry you took the trouble to come," Denny's tone was unpromising.

" No trouble if I get my way. Look here, Summers, I appeal to you. This is rather a special occasion." He straightened his tie with a self-conscious smile. " I am giving this party in Miss Fayre's honour, and—well, you understand, I want the best artists to be had. I don't consider four figures too much."

Denny's eyes flickered.

" One moment," he said. " Am I to understand that you and—and Miss Fayre are engaged to be married ? "

Sir Aylmer laughed.

" Practically, yes. I expect it will be announced after my party."

" I see," Denny's smile was so strained that it was almost a grin. " In that case I will come."

Sir Aylmer started to pull at his cheque book. Denny flung up his hand in a quick gesture.

" But at my ordinary fee, of course, to do honour to this occasion."

For the second time it struck Sir Aylmer how ill this boy looked, how deathly tired.

" Nonsense, Summers. I must insist."

Denny shrugged.

" As you wish."

When the lift had conveyed Sir Aylmer downstairs and the Rolls had borne him from the door of the mansions, Denny stared at the cheque lying in the space cleared in the breakfast table.

Easy to tear it up. Easy and somehow pleasant. It would relieve some of the damnable pain at his heart, show his contempt for this man who had bought Virginia with more of his money.

Suddenly he changed his mind about the cheque. Folded it up carefully and put it in his notecase.

Then he looked at the clock. Just time before he went to keep an appointment in Harley Street to run through the songs he would sing to-morrow.

He sat down at the piano. Two new ones should be included as well as all the old favourites that everyone clamoured for.

Sir Aylmer should have his money's worth.

VIRGINIA'S orchids trailed from her shoulder to well below the belt of her dress of ice-blue satin, which exactly matched the cold blue of her eyes. She was sitting conspicuously beside Sir Aylmer, who had sent her the orchids, and every now and then he leant towards her in a proprietary way. Above her the great chandeliers, a feature of the famous house, glittered frostily. On the walls hung the famous collection of Vandyks, almost touching each other. Men with ruffles and peaked beards, and women with ringleted hair, and snowy soldiers looked down on the mixed crowd with reserved approval.

It was the sort of party that only a millionaire can give, and to which only the new poor were smart enough to be asked.

Celebrities and people who thought themselves celebrated.

There were beauties, journalists and princes of finance, and, to crown all, an ambassadress.

The right band had been playing, and now the supremely right cabaret was in full swing.

The Claxton Sisters had whined and sobbed through several numbers. A new diseuse had wriggled and winked in several languages. Binoti, the white-face, impassive, juggling clown, had performed incredibly difficult tricks with an air of ingenuous fatuity. . . .

Virginia looked round. Everywhere she encountered smiling and interested glances. Could not help seeing she divided the attention of the room with the juggler.

Already the mantle of Lady Creston seemed to have fallen upon her thin shoulders, already Mayfair was eager to be on the best of terms with an important hostess of the future.

Fingering her orchids, Virginia tasted a heady triumph. She had only to speak the word and this palace of a house would be hers. She could give parties like this. Wear incredible jewels and marvellous clothes. Fulfil what was her obvious destiny.

She thought of her worldly mother: " Virginia, you are like a jewel without a setting, you must marry well." Of her father, grumbling over his bills: " Don't know where the money's to come from." How pleased they would both be when the news came to them in their quiet home.

Then her evenly beating heart jerked uncomfortably.

The piano was wheeled forward again, a gold chair moved into position. Denny Summers, his brown hair brushed to shining smoothness, walked quickly forward to the edge of the bank of lilies and carnations, gave that stiff little bow of his.

Though there was not the faintest flicker of recognition in his eyes, Virginia felt that he noticed her sitting enthroned beside Aylmer Creston.

When the talking stopped, he sat down with a little impersonal smile, and began to sing. As he sang, he became Virginia's temptation all over again.

Her hand tightened on the carved gilt arm of her chair. She dragged her eyes away from that expressive face and fixed them on a corner of the painted ceiling where a fat cupid with puffed cheeks was aiming an arrow at a naked nymph. He was laughing at her, this horrible little cupid, because he knew Aylmer was buying her with his splendid house, his blatant richness, because he knew Denny's husky voice was drawing her—stabbing her with an intolerable pain. . . .

DENNY'S first song was over. Virginia clapped mechanically. Sir Aylmer saw that a ripple of pleasure passed through the room. This obstinate crooner certainly knew how to deliver the goods. He didn't regret that big cheque.

" Good, eh ? " he said to Virginia, loud enough for Denny to hear.

" Yes."

The monosyllable died in her throat. Denny was singing again. Something new this time. Something she had not heard before. A bitter cynical thing, set in a minor key.

The lament of a modern pierrot for a mistress who wasn't worth loving, for the hopes which were not

(Continued on page 90)

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worth keeping, and the dreams that had never really been born.

Denny dragged out the rhythm with a weary scorn, playing tricks with the time, lagging ever so little behind the note, then quickening into a hurried rush, an almost angry crescendo of sound.

He sang bitterly. He was bitter.

Virginia got the message of his disillusioned spirit. He was telling her that it was her doing. He had not been bitter when they watched the sea, leaning over the pier, and the gulls called overhead. She remembered he had smiled into her eyes.

Virginia moved impatiently. Denny had no right to hold her responsible. He ought to have known from the first that it was impossible, fantastic to think of their marrying. It was just a foolish dream, delightful at the time.

But she hardly heard a word of Denny's next song. She was only conscious of Denny bowing, and of Aylmer turning to her and saying :—

"I've got to take the Ambassadress to supper, but I'll keep a place for you next to me. You'll come, won't you ?"

Some obscure instinct made her refuse.

She had sat by him long enough, looked at by everybody. Just as much a part of the entertainment as Denny was. Now she would not be on view any longer.

She shook her head, smiling.

"Don't bother about me, Aylmer. I'll see you after supper !

And she moved quickly away and joined the crowd surging towards the top of the staircase.

In the doorway she found herself next to Bryce Denver, a man she knew slightly. An elderly, gossiping sort of person, who could be counted on to talk, and would not care whether she answered or not.

Virginia was not inclined to exert herself. She wanted a few moments' respite. Bryce was more than willing to escort her to supper, Aylmer's attentions had made Virginia Fayre important, and he was an unblushing snob.

They walked together to a small table near the door and sat down side by side in front of a perfect barricade of huge red roses. Bryce immediately broke off a bloom and placed it in his buttonhole before adjusting his pince-nez and peering at the menu.

"'Caucasian caviare,'" he read out." "'Lobster mousse or salmon trout,' well, they'll do to begin with." He dropped the menu. "Sir Aylmer is doing this party in style, I must say. Being essentially greedy, I appreciate it."

Virginia smiled absently. She couldn't eat much, but she felt she needed the dry, stinging champagne the head waiter poured into her glass.

Bryce Denver was enjoying himself thoroughly, with the heroine of the evening beside him, and with Creston's superlative food in front of him. While he ate the cold quail, stuffed with foie gras, which he pronounced delicious, he bent his grey head towards Virginia, and let himself go in caustic comments on the guests. No one was at their table, and he could be as ill-natured as he pleased.

"I remember this house so well in Southminster's time," he told Virginia. "Not that they could have done anything like this, poor things. The house was almost falling to pieces when Creston took it over. He's done wonders. Such good taste. All he wants is a charming wife to help him entertain," he finished with a side-long look, "and I hope we shall soon see one."

He got no reply.

Virginia had just seen Denny coming in at the door : coming over to their table.

Virginia looked down at her plate, but she knew he had slipped into the seat on her other side, and that the waiter was filling his glass with champagne.

Bryce Denver looked across at him.

"You were in very good form to-night Summers," he said, and immediately he knew it wasn't true. Denny was not in good form. His face was chalk white, and his eyes gleamed dangerously. He refused all the dishes and finally accepted a cup of iced bouillon, which he hardly touched.

Bryce, who by now was eating woodland strawberries, began to be conscious that something was wrong. Summers looked decidedly odd, and Miss Fayre was utterly silent. It was obviously up to him to restore a normal atmosphere.

"Are you singing at Mrs. Lufton's again next week ?" he asked. "She gives very agreeable parties, doesn't she ?"

"Very." Denny's voice was harsh, out of tune. "But I shall not be there. I'm leaving England in two days. That was why I joined you, to say good-bye to Miss Fayre."

Now Bryce Denver understood. A great pity to have to leave those strawberries, but he must certainly clear out.

"I do believe they've started dancing upstairs," he murmured, rising to his small, well-shod feet. "My partner will be wondering what has become of me. . . ."

Alone with Denny, Virginia said :—

"It's not true, Denny ? Of course, you're not really going ?"

Coldly Denny answered :—

"It's perfectly true. I'm going to lead the simple life in Rhodesia." His laugh crackled. "When I get bored, I can always cut pictures of the beautiful Lady Creston out of the *Tatler* to hang on the walls of my hut."

Virginia ignored this gibe.

"But why, Denny, why ?"

Her bewilderment blotted out everything else.

Denny looked at her sombrely.

"Why not ? I've always hated the life. Now I loathe it more than ever."

He looked round at the smart crowd eating and drinking and chattering ; looked, too, at that barricade of expensive red roses. Then he looked at Virginia, aimlessly turning a silver fork over and over in one long slim hand.

A smile tinged with cruelty parted his lips as he took out his pocket book and extracted Aylmer's cheque.

"You'll almost certainly be married to Creston before I come back," he said, "so I'll give you my wedding present now."

He spread the cheque in front of her, and her reluctant eyes saw the four figures.

"I thought you'd rather have it in this form."

Slowly Virginia gathered the sense of the insult he offered her. Her face looked suddenly old.

"Why are you so foul to me ?" she whispered as she looked down at the piece of paper. Then she looked at Denny, saw the misery in his face and understood a little.

What he had done was impossible, but it was part of this nightmare evening. If Denny had expected reproaches, he was disappointed. She took the cheque and handed it back to him.

"You're too previous, Denny," she said. "I can't accept wedding presents yet."

"Call it a token of gratitude," he said. "You've been very kind to me, given me a great deal—kisses, sweet words. I ought to be grateful, oughtn't I ?"

Virginia looked at him dumbly. She knew he was trying to hurt her in every way he could. She thought how ill he looked as he nodded for his glass to be refilled.

"Don't let's talk about gratitude," she said. "We've been happy, and we've hurt each other. Why don't you leave it at that ?"

"Because I'm a cad !" said Denny. "You've forgotten that. I'm a man you can kiss, but you can't marry."

Virginia said :—

"That *is* a caddish thing to say, but I forgive you."

"It's terribly quaint that you should forgive me. Some day you'll know how humorous you're being. But," he added huskily, "I'm going to forget you—oh, yes, completely."

Virginia glanced round the crowded room.

"I must see you again, Denny," she said under her breath. "We can't talk here."

"There is nothing more to say," his voice was sullen, "Except good-bye."

Denny pushed back his chair and stood up. For a moment the red and gold walls seemed to close in on Virginia. The red roses swam towards her and then receded into tiny red dots. She blinked, and drew her hands across her eyes.

"I see Creston coming," Denny warned her. "I'll be off."

But Aylmer, genial now, detained him with a hand on his arm.

"You're not leaving yet, I hope. Go upstairs and dance. You've entertained us all, we must try and amuse you."

"Oh, I'm not going yet."

Denny's glittering eyes were fixed on Virginia.

"I'll sing again later if . . . if you like."

He turned away before Sir Aylmer's polite disclaimer :

"No, no ! We mustn't impose upon you." Then to Virginia eagerly. "Have you enjoyed yourself ? Has it been all as you like ?"

"Couldn't be better, Aylmer."

But her tone was lifeless. Sir Aylmer looked at her.

"You're pale," he said solicitously. "This room is hot. It's cooler in my library next door. Come in for a moment on our way up to the ballroom."

It was cool in the big book-lined room. A breeze drifted in from the open windows. Virginia dropped into a deep armchair, and he stood looking down at her.

He said : "You're very beautiful to-night, Virginia. My orchids suit you. I hoped you'd wear them, just like this."

He touched her shoulder lightly, a little possessively.

"I want to give you better things than orchids. I want to tell you . . ." he broke off. "It's rather difficult now. I ought to attend to my guests. You'll let me come to-morrow ? You'll listen to me, Virginia ? You'll be kind to me ?"

Virginia pushed back her hair wearily, and wondered why she felt so little triumph. The implication of his words was unmistakable. He was just waiting to shower all he had upon her. But a sense of relief flooded her that it was not to be settled to-night.

"Yes, come to-morrow."

She tried to rouse herself, and smile at him, but it was surprisingly difficult. To-morrow it would be easier. To-morrow . . .

But this was to-night.

"Let's go upstairs, Aylmer."

He agreed. If he could not kiss those lovely painted lips to-night, or hold her pliant body in his arms, he would rather not be alone with her. Not till they were engaged. He followed her slowly out of the room.

SHE saw Denny as soon as they came into the ballroom again. The band had begun to play "The Little Frame House," and suddenly Denny, with a laughing gesture, waved the pianist from his seat.

"I'll sing it myself !" he said.

The band stopped. People clapped, then gathered round the piano. Virginia and Aylmer came closer, and, in the sudden hush, Denny began.

Everyone knew the delicious tune, and the naïve words which tugged so openly at the heart strings. Most of them had heard it, but they had never heard him sing it as he did now.

Gently, and with inexpressible tenderness, Denny Summers sang this song of two people who had no money and wanted none because they had found something better within the wooden walls of the cheapest and commonest house of all. A scrap of garden, arched over by a tent of blue sky. An apple tree that burst into blossom in the spring. All the old properties of the trite love song, but touched by the strange magic of Denny's voice they came alive.

His song made the splendours of the room seem tawdry. He altered the values of life with an inflection of his voice. Cast a spell over the sophisticated audience.

Even when Denny suddenly stopped and put his hand to his throat, no one stirred, or felt surprised.

The pause was probably some little dramatic device of the crooner's to excite interest.

But the silence went on, while a look of fear came into Denny's eyes. He took his hand away, and made a deliberate attempt to begin again.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Cook the Fruit in Season!

SUET CRUST for fresh Fruit Puddings

8 oz. Self-raising Flour, *or*
8 oz. Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder.
4 oz. Shredded "ATORA." Pinch of Salt.

Mix ingredients with the flour, add the Shredded "Atora," and mix, do *not* rub in, add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or small gas jet.

Sweet, tender, suet crust, steeped in the rich juice of fresh fruit—how appetising, nourishing, satisfying! And the pudding is no trouble to make, thanks to this good Beef Suet. "ATORA" is ready-shredded for convenience. Just pour from the packet, that's all.

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But not a note came.

Looking at Aylmer he whispered hoarsely:

"I'm sorry. I find I can't!"

Quickly Creston stepped forward, quite at his best at such a moment.

"My dear fellow, don't try. You've tired yourself out."

He signed to the band to play, and, as Denny slid off the music stool, his host took his arm and walked with him from the room.

Denver, who was standing near Virginia, remembered for a long time how bright her eyes were as she flung up her head and deliberately followed the two men. He was still watching her when a friend spoke to him.

"Afraid that's a bit of a tragedy."

Denver answered:—

"I'm not quite sure what to call it—yet."

VIRGINIA found them in the library. Denny standing by the mantelpiece, his face hidden on his arm. Aylmer fidgeting nervously with the drinks set out on a tray on a table by the window.

"A little brandy," he said. "A thing like this is upsetting."

Quietly Virginia took the glass from him.

"Let me take it to him," she whispered.

Aylmer said in a low voice:—

"Don't let him talk. He told me his doctor had forbidden him to sing a note. Most unfortunate I didn't know. I've sent for his car. It's at the door."

She nodded, carried the glass to that still figure by the fireplace and touched his arm.

Aylmer saw him fling round and stare at Virginia, and, with a gesture of refusal, move to the door. Saw Virginia run to him and slip her hand through his arm. *Frowning, he stared after them. Kindness was all very well, but Virginia's kindness was a little over done.* No need to take the fellow to his car.

Then he smiled. She was playing the hostess a little too soon, but it was delightful to see her playing it at all. He would tell her so when she came back.

But she never came back.

IN the car, Virginia put up her hand and drew the muffler closer round Denny's throat.

"I'm not going to marry Aylmer," she said distinctly, answering the question in his eyes. "I've been rotten to you both, but you'll forgive me, my sweet, and he will understand when he knows how much I adore you. I didn't know myself till you sang that song!"

"But Virginia," came that hoarse whisper, "I may never sing again, and I've so little to offer you."

She drew his arm round her and answered breathlessly.

"The little frame house—and you. All I want, Denny darling."

* * * *

Crooners are soon forgotten.

The sun of this particular crooner had been short and brilliant. His eclipse was complete.

A Russian singer took his place, and all London flocked to the Montpelier to hear him.

The social eclipse of that young beauty Virginia Fayre took place about the same time.

The world easily forgot them both. How could it remember an obscure young couple living in East Africa on very little money?

But Denny and Virginia Summers did not care, for they made the happy discovery that on the other side of an eclipse there is always light.

END

Hungry Seas and Herring Harvest

(*Continued from page* 19)

There is, for instance, a sturdy veteran, herself the daughter of a man rejoicing in the nickname of "Whelks," who nicknamed her six sons with spirit and imagination as "Holy," "Stock" and "Duckie," and then (alas!) "Hard Times," "Tosh" and "Matty." You will meet and remember your friends as "Bob the Devil," "Gentleman Jack," "Dardler" and "Skuddy," knowing only that they come of the great intermingled clans of the kings, the Georges, the Larners and the Cheyneys. . . . Not merely is six foot of blue jersey and sea-boots following a destiny he cannot seem to escape, but he is the direct great-great-great grandson of the truculent material of which the navies of Britain were first made.

Not only that: "*the herring is one of those products whose use has decided the destinies of Empires,*" wrote Lacépède, grandiloquently: whether you look upon the silver fish as a training ground for navies or as an actual and tremendous source of wealth, it is impossible to escape from the importance of the Sixth Industry. "We got the foreigner out against us," says someone; and tells of the newer (and subsidised) boats of the Germans and Scandinavians; of the tariff walls that our silver fish cannot leap into their old markets . . . and there flashes across my mind the memory, only a few months back, of a sitting-room in Copenhagen, a Danish girl telling me through the smoke of her cigar, of her Herring Research work into the "mental outlook of the fish"! And of that journalist of the thirteenth century who remarked that the Danes went clad in purple and scarlet, thanks to the gold earned by the silver fish—even then.

THE immediate background of the Yarmouth Herring Fleet is grey sea, dun marsh and vast wind-swept horizons: against this scene Saxon, Dane, Norman (and, finally, Englishman welded from all three) and silting sand making land where once was estuary. The settlement of *Giermud* becomes the tiny town of Yarmouth—*the earlier pronunciation still remains!* Crisis after crisis convulses the country and across the sea the Dutch, against a similar background, tireless and as industrious as beavers, are founding their prosperity on sand—and herrings!

Biblically, they found their toll money in the mouth of the fish! With the material of their magnificent herring fleet, they were enabled to throw off the yoke of Spain and later to wield the sea power that altered the balance of Europe. A scholarly and experienced sailorman, talking to me with quiet bitterness of to-day, would have been infinitely surprised to hear his forebears talking in the same way: to catch echoes of an *Eat More Fish* movement from Edward VIth's time onwards, and a definitely *Buy British* movement in the time of Charles I!

It is easy enough, so little have the essentials of the town changed, to recapture a picture of the background that was stage to the Free Fair of Herring—that lusty, hearty and most prosperous gathering that "*maketh the town rich all the year following, but most unsavoury at the time.*"

At the same time—for the "plump Hollanders" with their well-equipped "busses" were a menace to our herring men—we find Sir Walter Raleigh and a certain Tobias gentleman passionately engaged in trying to stir their countrymen to emulation and not merely envy of the Dutch. In fact—and it echoes hollowly down the ages—Tobias had *a plan for using unemployed Englishmen on the construction of new fast "busses" in order to recapture our trade* from our more industrious rivals . . . history uncannily familiar, for there is a most harrowing account of the sufferings of the unemployed of Yarmouth one winter; equally harrowing are the accounts of expedients tried and then discarded between the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, for buttressing up the Fisheries by bounties and embargoes. Meanwhile the herring continued to colour the life, habits and customs of both sides of the North Sea—and to provide fine raw material in trained men for their own inter-port quarrels and the succession of wars.

But that menacing line of marram that we see now from the deck, and the grim grey sea eternally threshing at it, took little account of politics: dangerous sands and between them the one safe anchorage between Thames and Humber—the Yarmouth Roads. Ghosts that haunt the fens may remember the *one hundred and forty ships* driven ashore one fearful night in the seventeenth century; in the next century another gale that on a single night accounted for thirty vessels; and in March of 1801, H.M.S. *Invincible,* striking a shoal as she left the Roads, and later going down with her captain and 400 men . . . and, as if that were not enough for the price of Admiralty, it was February of 1807 when one hundred and forty-four dead bodies were washed ashore around Yarmouth. . . .

It is little wonder that the squat cobble cottages have relics of salvage; that the wood used for fences and sheds is often ships' timbers . . . but in earlier days the sands were cheated of a prey whom, if they had caught him, would have altered history by his absence: a certain "Colonel Churchill" escaped from the Lemon and Ower Sands from the wreck of his ship in a shallop and lived to become "Marlborough."

Naval history merges with civic triumph and the herring men become part of official history: the Battle of Camperdown saw the extinction for the time of the Dutch; and Duncan landed his wounded at Yarmouth; but it is another and a frail figure who dominates the old town and is part of its history: as "Girl Nancy" noses her way into harbour again, we see the tall column that commemorates the real hero of Norfolk—Nelson.

It was 1800, a stormy November day—the coxswain of his ship hesitates to land the victor of the Nile, but is apparently persuaded to risk it by a heartener of rum! Nelson lands, and is dragged in triumph to the centre of the town; the inevitable Mayor and Corporation await him and the equally inevitable Freedom. The Town Clerk is about to administer the oath; Nelson's left hand is on the Book; "Your right hand, my Lord," says the official. "That," replies Nelson, "is at Teneriffe."

Next year, back came Nelson, once again a victor, and this time of Copenhagen: two years after his death Lord Gambier sailed from the Roads to return with 64 vessels as prizes and 2,000 guns. It was after this "Great War" (but not to end war) that the Peace of 1814 was celebrated at tables placed the entire length of the quay, a feast for 8,000 persons. . . .

And it is on such lusty fare of battle, murder and sudden death, that the sea-villages rear their men, great-grandfathers of the crew of "Girl Nancy," of the crews of "Boy Bob," "Dusty Miller," "Triumph" and "Flying Spray" and "Girl Eva," whom now, with hails and waves, we are passing as we steam gently back to our berth.

THE skipper grins: we have not been sick. That is something for a mere female and one who, at that, is alleged to prefer aeroplanes. We wish him Good Luck—and the grin is erased: and then we hear something of the present to which that strident past has led. We hear of rivals, not now the Dutch alone, but Scandinavians and Germans, with their new boats, Diesel engined, costing £14 a week, as against the £40 or so of the older type, to run. We hear grim figures of falling markets, tumbling prices, glut of fish . . . and the whole vicious circle of disaster. But they are not (nor have they ever been) easy to beat, these leather-faced and oaken-hearted creatures! The compact little craft noses her way out to sea with her crew of ten men or

(*Continued on page* 94)

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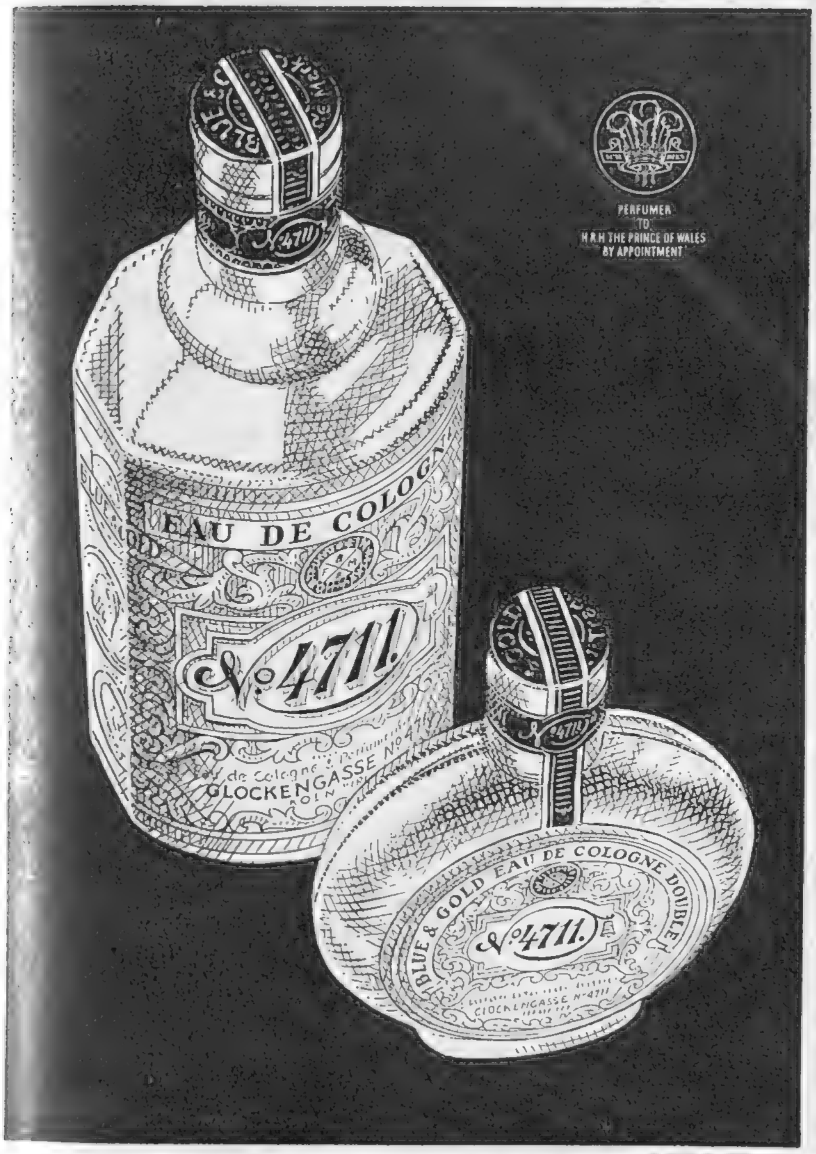
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Hungry Seas and Herring Harvest

so at the start of the season; no longer do the shadowy rivals, the Dutchmen, come across on Dutch Sunday to "wet their nets"! Ships with their precious and costly gear of nets—nets that are loosed to sail under water, bellied out to the tide, some hundred or so nets in all, but always, strangely, an odd number, held up by pallets which are actually rubber bladders with canvas coverings, secured to the parent ship by a warp, with cork floats attached to their upper surfaces just below the level of the water.

And the silver fish just "walks into the net" and remains caught by the gills; 80 per cent. of this catch used normally to go to the export trade, and a catch (that is measured by the cran, roughly 250 cwt., or approximately 1,000 odd fish) has been in terms of millions of fish—*six million were landed once in one day* in Yarmouth alone!

Landed and piled into swills the salesman tackles them and that is the end of the fisherman's part of the show! The skipper and I exchange puzzled notes about that apparently large difference between the price he gets and the price I give! And I begin to understand why just one halfpenny a pound on the price of fish would mean prosperity to these friends of mine. . . .

There are many things that happen to the herring now: there is the freshing trade—herring taken from Yarmouth iced, to Altona and distributed throughout Germany; then there is the relatively young canning industry with a demand in Australia and the States; and there is the rock bottom section of the industry—the industry that has its roots in the history of the town, the *kipper*, the *bloater* and the *red*! Traditional processes for all three . . . the "red," for instance, who must pickle for five days and smoke for five days.

Watch the Yarmouth women with the herrings fresh from the "maunds," as they "speet" them through the gills 20 or so to each long thick stick and up they go to be hung crossways over the louvres . . . on the floor will smoulder oak billets giving off thick smoke which does the magic: watch herrings being gutted, the astounding speed and skill of the thick, short knives . . . watch the girl beatsters at work net-tending in the sheds in their home village . . . normal occupation for the fisherman's daughter and little sister!

And the bye-products of this human industry in the supply of salt, coal, ships, barrels, swills, baskets, ironwork ropes, nets, victuals.

In the cobble cottage now: over the shoulder of the green grey marram thunders the sea: sea that is artificially kept at bay . . . sea that once swept right up to Norwich town! A woman talking now—a woman I have had as a good friend for twenty years and *one of the most brilliant housekeepers I know*: a fisherman's wife. Rent, clubs, insurances, clothes, food, heat, light—all on perhaps 23s. a week average for three people, two of them growing children and a husband home half the year—and the washing of his sea clothes!

Bye-products of "Rule Britannia" these: Mrs. Hewitt talks with no bitterness of comparative poverty and the cottage is a fortress of commonsense!

Eight miles out to sea are the dreaded Hasboro' Sands—greedy sands that have sucked down wrecks till only their masts remained . . . and so one gets talking of the old Beachmen and the only Prayer of the Beachman's child:

> *"Pray God, send Daddy a good ship ashore before morning."*

But for all that grim prayer the Yarmouth and the coastal beach gangs were fine fierce fighters with the sea and were recruited chiefly from herring men. Here, in Winterton, we had two companies one time, mustering 60 hands, and a fine yawl, now deceased! Beachmen in the old days may alternate between extremes of heroism and extremes of sharp bargaining in terms of life and death.

Then—they tell us tales of smugglers: a parson not long back remembered his predecessor's advice that, should he find a cask of brandy on his doorstep, he should leave his barn (those Norfolk barns!) open and say nothing until, several nights later, another cask indicated the bargain was complete! A desolate dyke, no longer navigable, indicated where once the Broads received the stolen goods from the sea; and they tell me still that one can dig among the marram and, maybe, turn a hastily buried illegality, covered with sifted sand and a hundred years or so of time.

A final picture returns to us as Mrs. Hewitt and I stand talking in her doorway: it is nearly twenty years old now, but it has lost none of its clearness . . . it might be to-day, for we can see women hurrying up to wave from the sandhills at a passing small fleet of stocky little boats steaming north . . . it is then we both remember the other years, when the same boats and the same men or their fathers and uncles, steamed gallantly out to sweep the seas of venemous death-fish, mines, and maintain the supply of food.

Sometimes a sullen reverberating *BOOM* and a cloud of water and dun-coloured smoke would indicate "one up" to lurking death: but of those men salved none ever refused to sail again . . . it might indeed be that same picture we see now as, breasting the north-easterly wind, the drifters vanish in the murk. The women return from their waving, shawls over heads, to their cobble cottages and their huddled village—they will be without their menfolk for some three months while the husbands and fathers and brothers join issue yet again with the greedy sea.

END.

Books

(*Continued from page* 69)

American films, it can't be trusted a yard. One moment it delights you; the next it lets you down with a crash; and its end is so wildly improbable, for six reasons or more so utterly impossible, that one marvels how anyone not a producer, with a private swimming pool and no recollection of real life, could ever have thought of it.

I do not expect that *Frost in May*, by Antonia White (Desmond Harmsworth, 7s. 6d.) will ever be filmed. This gentle-seeming novel will shock, and shock profoundly, nearly everyone who reads it. It is a story of young girls in a convent school. Roman Catholic readers will be shocked to find that anyone who has enjoyed a convent education can describe it with such disenchanted detachment; other readers will be appalled by one more proof of the kind of discipline and instruction to which some children are still liable. Miss White writes very well, and ordinarily that would in itself be sufficient excitement for me. But there is something in her tale which makes one forget the author and think long of her theme. A deeply disquieting book.

Gay Go Up (Howe, 7s. 6d.) is a very modern and emancipated novel by a highly serious and analytical writer, Mr. Barnaby Brook. If anyone ever saw Henry James at a wild party in Chelsea, he can, I suppose, imagine what this novel is like. Lacking that memory, he will have to read the book, if he is curious to taste the mixture. He might do worse. Mr. Brook has written a clever, uncommon novel. It is much too long—too long in the sense that it is too wordy. There is too much analysis, too much deliberate character drawing and exposition, and this excess occurs not only at the beginning. It recurs constantly, and slows up a novel that is full of life and quite capable of achieving an existence of its own, if only the author would let it. Much the most successful character in the book is Martin Saxe, and he is vital because the author has not insisted on explaining him, but has allowed him to express himself in his own words and deeds. Mr. Brook has it in him to write a very good novel. I don't think he has yet found the right literary religion for himself . . . or herself?

FOR the sake of the weaker brethren and those whose holiday falls late I would like to recommend some light reading. But, for some reason that has never been clear to me, the supply of holiday fiction dies away as the holiday season approaches. *The Menace*, by Mr. Sydney Horler (Collins, 7s. 6d.) has the right sort of title, and a paper cover showing a young and lovely lady so used to rough stuff that she can shoot with her left hand. In spite of these advantages, it is not a good story, even in its own class. But it is new, and a thriller, and it appears at a moment when there are no new thrillers.

END.

The Reefs of Ro

(*Continued from page* 17)

had not thought until lately that he had any chance of becoming the Earl of Stonehenge. Viscount Calthrop was his present standing; an heir-apparent title of no special significance which had come to him in the course of the last few months. His lawyer in London had told him that if he wanted to make sure of his position, he would have to prove satisfactorily the death of the uncle from whom his claim descended. That uncle, Peter, (the Honourable) Peter Calthrop, had been lost hereabouts in the South Seas a quarter of a century ago; of course was dead, but you couldn't say for certain until you knew.

So he had made a party of pleasure of it; he and his good friend Henryson, and Miss Henryson, who had done him the great honour of consenting to be his wife. They'd come by way of Honolulu and Suva, and chartered a steamer to go to Ro. And here they were. And anything Mr.—a—Mr. Glaspell—could tell them, they would be very glad to know, and, of course, he would be compensated for his time and trouble.

Henryson looked at Calthrop when he said that. The younger man seemed to be thinking, "If you weren't going to be my brother-in-law—if you weren't an infinitely precious creature—how I'd talk to you about tact!"

But Glascott did not mind. The white woman of his dreams had come. True, she was nothing to him or he to her. True, she wore on her slim brown finger the diamond half-hoop that says, "Hands off!" That didn't matter. He was heels-over-head in love with her from the first instant, and the sensation was so delightful that he could not even think, or care, what was going to happen next.

Katinka, smoking a cigarette in an extremely long holder, looked at him under her curly eyelashes, and reckoned him up much more accurately than he had reckoned her. He made the blood run quicker in her veins, where this many weeks it had flowed sluggishly, unstirred by any touch or kiss of her lover. She had never met a man quite like the trader but, with a woman's intuition, she guessed at a great deal. She could have told you how the life on Ro had made his character, how the fires of loneliness had done the annealing, the steel of danger whetted it into the fine blade it was. If he was king of these wild, uncertain people, assuredly he deserved to be. And Jim Calthrop was treating him abominably. Jim was like that. He never saw when he was being rude; and he always thought, if forcibly you made him see, that other people were absurdly sensitive.

Now he was questioning Glascott, helped by the more tactful (*Continued on page* 96)

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Henryson, and Glascott was replying with the story, long famous in the wild South Seas, of the wreck of the “Laura Lee.”

“It was twenty-six years ago. Nineteen years before I came here. Your uncle was travelling in his own yacht; there were one or two friends on board, one of them a missionary called Frisby——”

“I know,” interrupted Calthrop. “M' uncle's tutor, turned pi. Made poor old Uncle Peter nearly as pi as himself; no more fun left in him when Frizz got hold of him; but, mind you, he'd been a proper devil before that.”

Glascott continued: “The passage wasn't well known then; it isn't now, as a matter of fact—but it cut short the run to Sydney by a couple of days, so the captain took it. There was thick weather, and a blow, and nobody knew where they were till she was on the reef. Some of them got ashore.”

“How many?” keenly, from Calthrop.

“Two only. Your uncle, and—” he paused a minute, cleared his throat, and went on, “this Reverend Mr. Frisby, who was going to take charge of the whole group of islands.”

“What happened?” There was a sudden stillness in the place, as Glascott, again, paused before answering. Even Katinka, her cigarette-holder drooping from her lips, sat with her eyes fixed upon the trader, breathless. The passing of a great estate and of a famous name hung upon his next words. Carefully he answered, “They were both killed.”

Everyone drew breath. Calthrop shifted in his chair, and Katinka threw him an enigmatic glance. It was not a glance of love. It seemed to say, “So I'm going to swallow this potion after all!”

Henryson, of the three, seemed the most unmoved, and Glascott could have sworn that his mind was occupied by something else.

When more questions had been put and answered, when all had heard of the struggling of the two white men, of the feast in the Jabbaga, of the skulls that still decorated the devil house in the village (“We must have those out,” pronounced Calthrop. “Evidence, y' know.”), Henryson quietly asked one other question, the first that so far had come from him.

“Did the Hon. Peter Calthrop leave any children?”

“M' dear fellow!” protested Calthrop. “Ladies present! And, anyhow, give us a chance—how could——”

“I asked a question.”

“I'll answer it,” Glascott said, while Katinka, unnoticed by anyone, was indignantly denying the aspersion cast on her by Calthrop. “Think we're in Queen Victoria's reign?” she said. “Think I never read those naughty, spicy South Sea stories?”

Glascott went on: “He left one son. And that was why they killed him, three days after he and the other got safe ashore.”

“Well,” said Calthrop, “it's interesting, but doesn't lead anywhere, except to what I supposed it would. Poor old Peter doesn't stand in the way.”

He got up. “Thanks, much, Mr.—a——. We'll come ashore again to-morrow and take a photograph or two and write all this down.

“There's a written record you can copy. Blades, the first trader, who was killed with his son a year or two after, was on the island then. He logged it all in his daybook. I can—let you—see it,” slowly Glascott said.

“Thanks, so much. Now, Katinka—now, Henryson, we'll be off.”

They were away, declining Glascott's offered escort. The day had flown; the trader could scarce believe that it was already afternoon. A day of days.

As they passed beneath the verandah on their way down, he heard the visitors talking. Katinka's voice rose clear and distinct: “They said, in the port, that there was a Mrs. Glascott, once. Little bread-and-butter cat, to go and die on him!”

“My dear girl——”

“Oh, don't mind her,” came Henryson's voice. It's only Kat's special brand of English. She says she's licensed to use bad grammar. You'll teach her better.”

“I don't like people who teach you,” Katinka proclaimed, as the voices passed. “One should be ‘learned,’ not taught.”

The voices died away.

Again, next morning, the party came ashore, and again the day after. It seemed as if the queer, intriguing island of Ro had laid a spell upon these people—or at least, upon one of them. Katinka could not hear enough about it. While Henryson, accompanied by Calthrop, went round methodically and cautiously, taking photographs, looking at relics of the wreck, Katinka made the trader show her other things; the pale snow-orchids, lighting up the gloom of the forests; dead trees in secret places, where birds of paradise met and marvellously danced; the flowers of the nipa, that strange palm that grew right up from river water; great orange flowers they were, in clusters yards long, and heavy as wood; the lilies red, spice-scented, overhanging quiet streams. . . .

“What are those?” Katinka asked.

“Ginger,” he said. “There's plenty of it here.”

“I like ginger,” she told him. “Plenty of it.” He could not tell whether she was looking at him, or not, as she said it; her face was shadowed by the wide sun-helmet, and the eyes were hidden.

But now he was beginning to know that Katinka liked him. More than that. Liked his life, liked the fierce, beautiful island that he had made his own. Liked the “pepper in it” that had frightened away other traders, made an end of Mairi.

And he knew, too, that the big, complacent Calthrop could not, in a lifetime, understand this strange creature as he understood her. That, all their lives together, Calthrop would be trying to suppress her, mould her, change her into the excellent working model of a great lady that he desired for his wife. That the thing in her which delighted himself, the wild strain (gypsy ancestors, maybe—she looked like it, for all her snowdrop skin), the touch of fierceness, would be to Calthrop, worthy man, anathema.

And now he was haunted, night long and day long, by the insistent question, “Shall I let her?”

If it had been simply man to man, he'd have entered the lists boldly, and fought for her, with Calthrop—carried her off, if he could. But there was more in it than that. He held altogether too much power in his hands. He knew what no one else did; for, up to the present, he had not shown the dead trader's daybook to any one of the party. What had seemed trifling, once, was trifling no longer. A weight of responsibility lay on him, and he did not know how to carry it.

In the end, a moment's impulse settled it.

They had met together, after a morning spent within sight of each other, but not within sound; Glascott had taken care of that; he wanted to talk with Katinka. The steamer would be leaving almost immediately; who knew if he would ever speak with her again?

Sound of drums, blare of bamboo trumpets, came from the neighbouring village. Katinka cried, “Oh, a dance, a dance!” and wanted to go at once. Glascott hesitated; native dances weren't always . . . but he thought this one would be all right, and anyhow, he had the men well in hand by now.

They all went together to the village, where, round and round a high staging decorated with fruits and vegetables, and highest of all, with a group of handsome naked girls, the men of the tribe circled, stamping and singing, drumming and blowing on their great tubes of bamboo. The food, the women, the wild music, they were making, had excited them to frenzy; they leaped like fish in a stream, they streamed with sweat, they beat the drums as if to break them. Notable among the wildest of the dancers was a dusk-ivory figure, naked like the rest, save for a girdle and a wreath of leaves; he carried the biggest of the drums, he shouted and sprang more wildly than any of them.

Calthrop, who was not, like the trader, inured to the exciting influence of the savage dance, began to laugh and lift his feet. “Good jazz, that,” he said. “Like to take a turn?” And he flung his arm somewhat roughly about Katinka.

She drew away from him, with a grimace of disgust, and Glascott, angrily, shouldered in between. “Let her alone,” he shouted.

Henryson, quick as a weasel, got between the two men. Calthrop had turned crimson, was clenching his fist. “Don't mind the fellow,” Henryson contemptuously said. “He doesn't know any better.”

Then, turning to Glascott, he said, “You'd better behave a little more respectfully to Lord Stonehenge.”

Glascott was burning. “Where is he?” he demanded.

Henryson nodded his head toward Calthrop. “We heard on the radio last night,” he said. “This is Lord Stonehenge.”

“By God! it's not,” the trader cried. “That's he,” and he pointed to the dancing, grimacing savage figure in the girdle of leaves.

Of the three who heard, only one understood at once, and that was Katinka. He knew that she understood, and his heart made a bound as wild as the leaping of the dancers, when he saw her eyes turn instantly from Calthrop to himself.

“Now I've done it,” he thought, and did not know whether he was glad or sorry. For he had firmly resolved with himself not to tell this thing, and yet he had told it, and three, four, lives were upset as by an earthquake.

The quarrel about Katinka was forgotten. With one accord they left the village, and found a quiet spot, out of range of the shouting and the noise. Calthrop turned to the trader then and said, “I presume you mean to claim that my uncle and this savage's mother were married?”

“There's no ‘claiming’ about it. It was all logged at the time by Blades, who tried to save them and couldn't. The missionary was a bit of a fanatic—you said you knew him, by the way, so you'll know that—and he would have it that he must marry your uncle and the chief's daughter, since she had managed to win him, in their way. The tribes were hesitating about killing him, on account of her, but when they saw the other white man ‘making sorcery,’ as they called it, it decided them, and they were both executed. Blades put it all down, with the dates, and the signatures of himself and his son as witnesses.”

“Exactly.” Calthrop was amazingly calm, the trader could not but admire him. He stood to lose everything, and yet he could look like that—almost like the old Lord Stonehenge, the dignified Victorian figure whose face, through portraits, was as well-known as those of Gladstone or Disraeli, and not a whit less distinguished.

There was something in defeating such an enemy—if he was defeated. But he must be. Katinka would never marry him without the title.

Henryson looked blue—there was no other word for it. Katinka had lighted a cigarette, and was smoking it in her long holder, as if the business now going on concerned her less than the chirping of the locusts in the grass.

And suddenly, Glascott remembered the look of the hen bird of paradise when the males were dancing and displaying and bowing in front of her, eager to win her favour. She might have done some dancing herself beforehand, some luring and coquetting—but now she stood on a branch, immobile, unconcerned, ready to follow the winner . . .

Calthrop drew Henryson aside, and said something to him. The other laughed. And immediately the sun, to the trader's eyes, began to fade; the figure of Katinka seemed to have withdrawn into distance, though she stood almost beside him.

He had betrayed himself for nought. There was something—he knew it.

Calthrop said, holding himself quite still, and looking at the distant hills rather than at Glascott—“You seem to know a great deal. I'd like to ask you a question.”

“Certainly,”

(*Continued on page* 98)

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with dry lips, answered the other.

"Did you ever hear of an English title, an important one, passing in just such a manner?"

"No. No. But of course it must have happened."

"No must about it. Did it—to your knowledge?"

"Why, no, not to mine."

"Pity—when you know so much." Calthrop was fighting now; he had the other man down; the dagger called "mercy" was at Glascott's throat. "If you'd known a little more——"

"Why, I suppose—sometimes—they got the inconvenient person made away with?"

"In the Middle Ages, that might have happened, I grant you. But nowadays—well, there are such things as Private Bills. For the good of the country. Passed, and not reported in any paper. You see?"

He saw. He saw other things too. The face of Pita, who had followed the party, told by some strange instinct that his affairs were being discussed. Pita, in white man's clothing, hurriedly donned; Pita, with the very face of Lord Stonehenge in the young portrait, looking through the leaves . . . Somehow, he was sorry for Pita, who knew nothing, would never know.

He saw, too, the face of Katinka, no longer impassive, but alight with feeling; the little birdlike head of Katinka, turning from one to the other of the men who stood beside her. Well, it was up to her, and he knew what she'd do. For a moment he had had victory, dearly bought, in his hand; but now it was flying away, like a bird escaped, and he supposed he was served right. He shouldn't have told the thing, ever. It was cowardly—like hitting with knuckle dusters.

Katinka said—"Well, if everyone has done talking, there may be a chance for me."

"Talk away," said Stonehenge, pleasantly. He took her hand in his as he spoke; her right hand. It lay there for a moment, then loosened itself. "Just a moment," said Katinka, pulling at the third finger of the other hand. Something glittered, came away. She said "I can say all I want to in a couple of words. 'Returned with thanks, Jim.'" And she laid the diamond half-hoop in his hand.

"I suppose," said Stonehenge, "you'll take passage with us, as far as civilization?"

"I suppose," she said, "you won't take another passenger?"

"Quite right, I won't."

"What nice people we are after all, Jim; no biting and kicking, just little gentleman and ladies, aren't we? Well, if we must go——"

"We're going down to the boat this minute," her brother broke in. And in his face was an expression easily to be read—"Once aboard the lugger——!"

Glascott had stood almost paralyzed; now he woke. He had never been backward at dealing with emergencies. There was only one thing to do, and he did it; stepped forward, and boldly kissed the white, white woman, who was his, before them all.

"You'll come back?" he said.

"With two witnesses and a parson—and a cake," she said. "You can give the cake to Pita; he deserves something."

END

The Old Order Changeth

THE leit-motif of so many modern apartments is the stairway, so it is all-important to make it both decorative and trim. Here Clipper Holders successfully keep the carpet in place with the minimum of trouble in a recently built house

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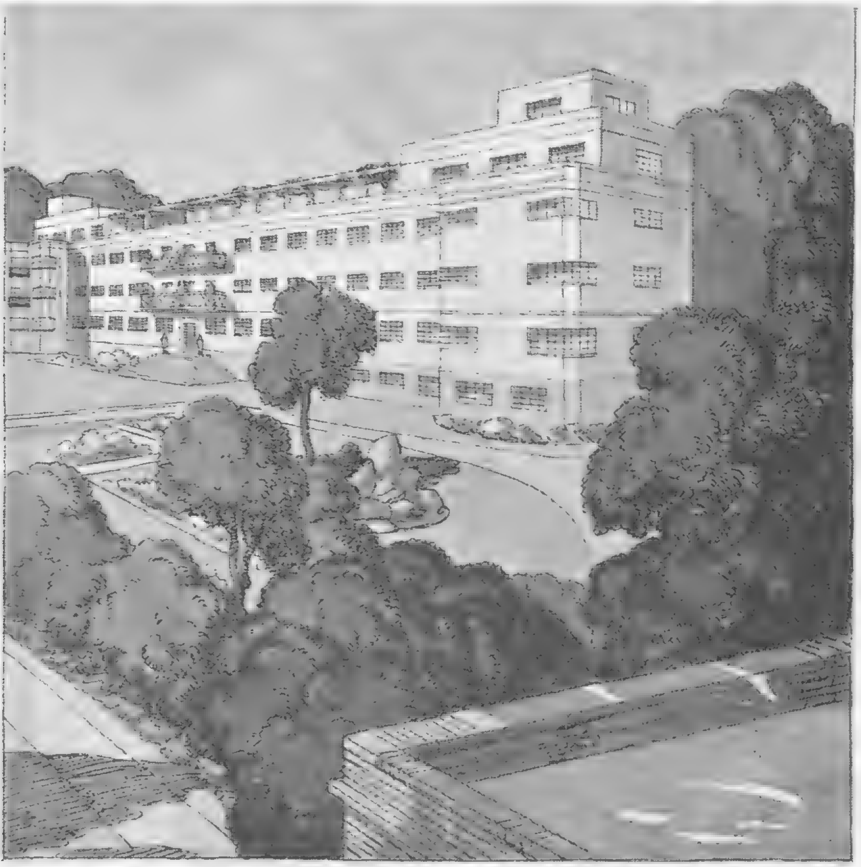
Suntrap Sensation

HIGH above the city's dirt and soot lie London's latest luxury flats. Commanding the most delightful views of fields and trees, a sun-absorbing block of apartments have been built in the middle of beautiful gardens and green lawns. Super-modern in conception, tennis and squash courts have been designed at the end of the delightful grounds.

Highgate is rich in historical association, and has always charmed students of the picturesque. The sweet country air that blows over Parliament Fields makes it hard to believe that it is only twenty minutes' Underground journey from the Strand. Above all, seclusion and lack of noise urged the designers of these new flats to choose this site.

Uninterrupted by intervening buildings, sunlight floods West Hill Court all day, and the specially designed white surface of the building aids in the deflection of the health-giving ultra-violet rays.



West Hill Court, Highgate

A new era of economical luxury has been opened with the erection of this block of spacious flats fitted with every labour-saving device. Three sizes of apartments are available, but every size has the same specialised comfort. Skilful architects have planned the building so well that complete individuality is retained. Rates and taxes are included in the rent, which varies from £190 to £395, according to the size, and there are no tiresome extras of any sort, such as porterage, garden upkeep, or stair-lighting, to reckon with. Adequate accommodation is provided for the most particular people, and the four-bedroom flats are equipped with two bathrooms. Every flat has access to the charming roof-gardens which offer magnificent views over the panorama of London.

The latest method of electric central-heating has been installed. Power points offer an alternative of cooking by electricity or gas, both of which are cheap in this district, and make possible the installation of such erstwhile luxuries as a refrigerator, electric-irons, etc. The kitchen is a model of modern hygiene, with fitted-in kitchen cupboard and tiled floors that merge into the floor with covered skirting tiles; the floor is rubber-carpeted, as is the larder. Bathrooms are tiled and fitted with an electric towel-rail; their special feature is a large shaving recess with a looking-glass door, and the bath is fitted with a shower-spray. The separate lavatory is also tiled and rubber-floored.

Many flats have a balcony overlooking the gardens, and each one has a separate tradesmen's entrance leading direct to the kitchen. The well-proportioned entrance halls contain enclosed hat-and-coat cupboards. There are plenty of separate lock-up garages, which are heated in winter.

The old-world dignity and charm of Dick Whittington's village lie at the doors of those discerning people who make their home on the healthy height of West Hill, within easy reach of the West End and yet with fields and ponds stretching out before them.

Foot *Chic*

ACCESSORIES make the smart woman and it is in attention to detail that real chic is achieved. How often is a smart turnout completely spoilt by a badly polished pair of shoes! Your footwear may be expensive, but unless it is well cared for the leather easily cracks and then losses its lustrous colour.

The wise woman will choose a brown pair of shoes to go with her autumn suiting, because brown will tone in with practically any colour ensemble and looks equally smart in town or country.

But she will insist on "Nugget" Brown Stain to keep her footwear in perfect order because, besides imparting a rich polish, "Nugget" preserves the leather and feeds it, thus preventing those cracks that mean the leather is rotting. Suppleness in shoes means foot comfort, and "Nugget" can be relied on to endow shoes with lifelong suppleness.

The Planchette Laughs

(*Continued from page* 67)

We all want things both ways.

Well, it was very late one night, nearly midnight, in fact, when, feeling a bigger fool than I have ever felt in my life, I put my fingers lightly on the planchette, as the cardboard box instructed me, just to prove that it was a lot of nonsense.

"Yet, if it's a lot of nonsense," I wondered to myself, "why on earth am I doing it?"

Now, only a person of my persistence would have had the experience that I had that night. I was certainly surprised when, after a few minutes, the planchette began to move. Very slowly, it started to move round and round, making more or less regular circles. This went on, to my annoyance, for perhaps ten minutes. Gradually the speed increased, until the revolutions became quite violent.

Now, all I was doing, was lightly resting my fingers upon a piece of wood.

Frankly, I could not explain it. I had heard it said that there is perhaps electricity in the human body. But that I doubt. I had known scientists to write of mysterious fluids. But I am sufficiently a cold-blooded scientist to know that much so-called science was a lot of assertions always being disproved by experience and test. There is so much we don't know that we explain the impossible.

Now, why I went on touching what I regarded as a silly toy I cannot tell. Round and round it went, leaving on the paper a thick circle of lead-pencil markings. Minute after minute passed.

Still it continued to revolve, not because of any effort on my part. If I took one hand away it still went on. Even if I lifted that one, it still revolved when the other touched it.

After a long time the paper became so covered with markings that I turned it over. And last, although the pencil still moved, it moved in another direction. And, very slowly, it described the shape of an enormous H.

I noticed that the clock in front of me pointed to ten minutes past one. I had been sitting there for over an hour while a toy made pencil markings on paper!

Then, when the H was formed, the silly thing moved on so that it began to describe a smallish circle.

Now, my difficulty begins.

I have told, in ordinary simple words, what happened up till then. But now I begin to realise that even a long vocabulary is too limited for some experiences, that you can describe only definite things, to which you are used. But there are other experiences to explain where you have to repeat phrases that have been used before you often; the more experienced you are in using words, the less can you describe something outside your usual vein.

I have told you how there was in front of me, on the paper, an enormous H, and then part of what seemed to be a circle.

Then, immediately, all that was blotted from my mind. A strange eerie Something, not a being but a force, seemed to fill the room. I felt almost hypnotised, as it were by nothing.

I saw nothing. I heard nothing. But there seemed to dominate everything I knew a Power so great, so strong, so all-inclusive, that I sat in a daze of wonder, that was fear mixed with an all-compelled reverence.

I forgot that, all the time, my fingers touched a toy. I did not know whether it was still moving or not. I seemed part of a universe greater than one I had ever known.

Now, how can I describe the appearance of the Being who then appeared in front of me? He seemed to have neither shape nor size, so far as I could tell. Yet he seemed so big, I wondered why my room could hold him.

Finite words cannot explain the Infinite. To describe great distance, we merely put a lot of noughts at

(*Continued on page* 102)

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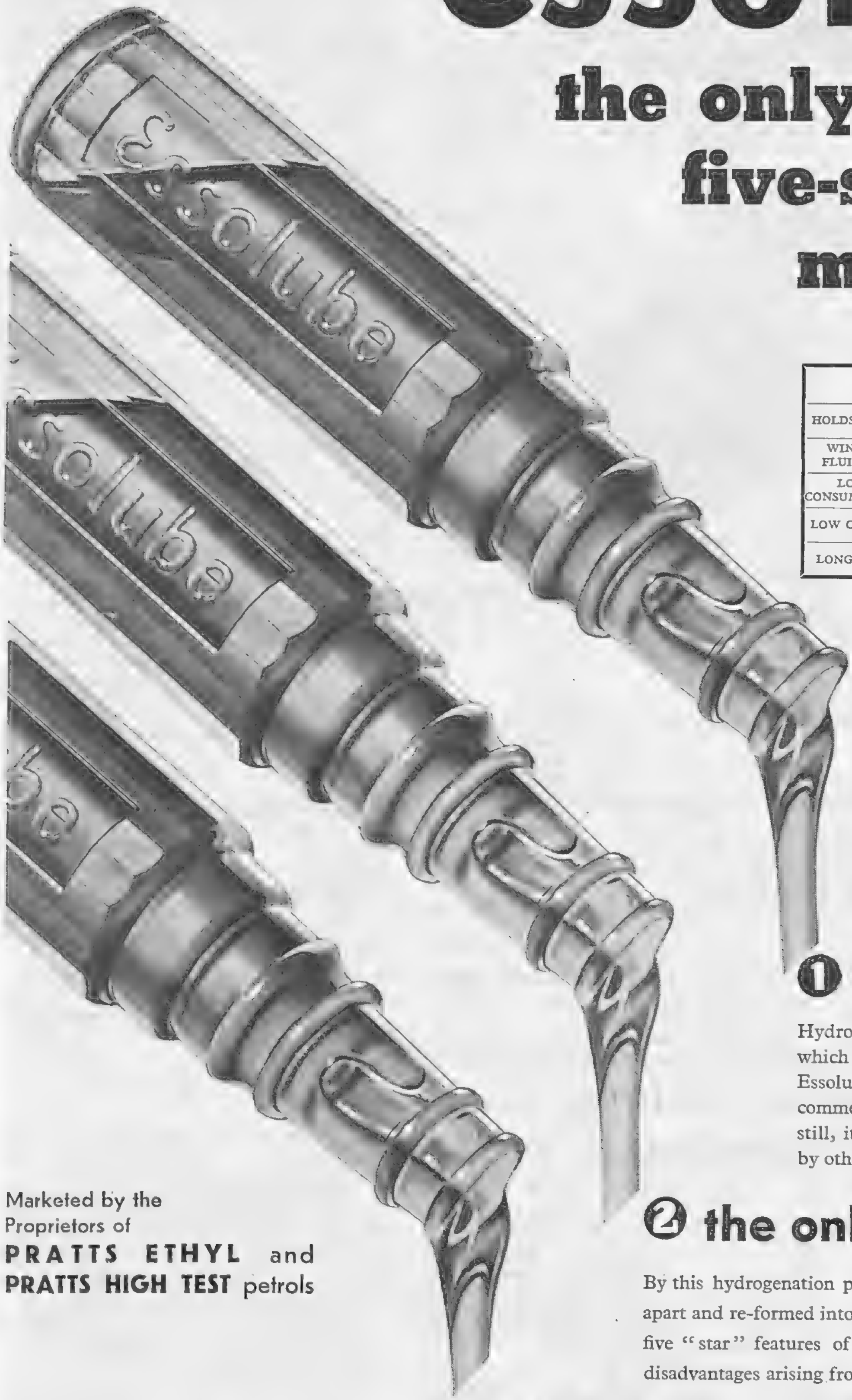

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the end of another figure. If we were to put two more noughts, it would merely mean a hundred times more than something that before we could not understand.

What followed is almost like that. For, mind you, I heard nothing. That is the most extraordinary part of it. Yet every unspoken word of an unheard conversation is still fixed in my mind.

I merely sat and stared. I did not see my room around me, nor the table by which I sat. The walls seemed to have given way to space. I and the Eternal seemed to be part of each other.

No, I cannot describe the Being. For although he had Shape, it seemed a Sense rather than a Personality. But then, as I understood it, he spoke to me for years and years. And yet he said nothing.

"I am not here," he told me—not in words. It seemed to be in my brain. That, indeed, he explained.

"I am not talking to you," were words that reached my consciousness. And yet they were not words. It was an understanding. "I am reaching your inner self with mine," he said.

I could not look, so all-powerful, in a way I cannot write down, was his presence.

"It is my thought which is here. I have projected it."

A thousand questions became confused in my mind. The Being sorted out one, and then another. The answers reached me as though by magic.

Now, I can best tell this, by saying that, although I had lost all sense of time, the Being seemed to be with me for a period that was boundless.

A new library of knowledge opened itself, as I sat. I was in a universe hitherto unknown. Yet I was in my study. And the knowledge of all these countless volumes, crowded into my brain, and the vistas of that vast new universe opened themselves before my eyes. I could see the End of All Things—and the Beginning.

While I sat there, I knew that I was in the presence of the First Stranger who had come from a far distant land. It was a place where there were neither Space nor Time, for both had been fathomed.

I knew that he could go back to the Start, and that the Future hid nothing. He poured that knowledge into my mind.

He searched out the question, "What are you doing here?" from a myriad of others, which, all confused, made a baby of my stupidity.

Then I knew that he had come as a warning. Far away, so far that our knowledge of astronomy had never penetrated one-tenth of the distance, there was a Race, of whom he was one, which had evolved so far that they had reached perfection. They were masters of everything.

Yes, they had abolished Death. And, having abolished Death, they had abolished Birth. I will not write down more than an idea of the incredible truth that filled my brain. You will not believe this. Why worry you with more than a word.

Yet. . . .

"You are immortal," I sensed as coming from his mind. "I, too, am immortal. But I can live in my body for ever. You, after a short time, have to escape from yours. We discovered that the great enemy of Progress was physical death, that, at the age when he knew most, and I was most experienced, a being's body wore out and so he had to leave it. We discovered how to replenish the body, and so we accumulated experience—progressive, endless."

I became conscious of Somewhere, a long-distant place where even Sex had gone. If there were no Death, and therefore no fresh beings were needed, I learned, Sex, being useless, would in time vanish.

The Being and his fellows had reached a stage beyond mere gratification.

"Well, the noblest of our earth have advanced beyond that," I thought, in a flash.

That very understanding, that instant of memory, seemed to attune me more for what I was made to realise.

Dreams of Utopia have been written down in our books. Philosophers by the score have imagined a perfect world. But most of them have left out All-Knowledge. The Being in front of me was one of a Race which seemed to have mastered even that.

I realised, in the answers with which he filled my mind, that, literally and not merely as a scientific theory, the universe was all vibrations, that he and the people from whom he came could tune themselves in, to pick up a record of anything that had happened anywhere, that even the Future had a vibration—and even that, too, could be tuned in.

For what seemed years, I soaked in such a knowledge of perfection, a blend of selfless virtue and selfless, yet self-centred, Knowledge, that, while I sat there, I seemed to know everything.

It was, at the end, that Fear controlled me. He had not come to teach me anything. The Being was there for a purpose more vital than that.

"It is all a universe of Thought," he told and made me know.

He was Thought, and so was I. And so was everybody and everything.

Yet where he belonged, the more developed they became, the more sensitive they grew. That was the new curse.

And, from far away from them, in our world, the place they inhabited had picked up the vibrations of our earth. They had contacted with us.

That was how he had got through to me. He was the first one to penetrate the ether.

They had destroyed Space by mastering it. But, from where we were, there had invaded their sphere, just as he had invaded mine, our vibrations of anger and cruelty and fear.

Now they were the masters of all the universe they knew, but we had become, without knowing it, a part of that universe.

"I have come to warn you," he said. "You are stopping us. Your tears retard our progress. Your wars disturb. Your cruelties are felt now, even where we are. I have been sent to tell you. We could . . ."

And, mind you, not because of words used, but only in feelings which I sensed, I knew that he could wipe us out.

Yet, with so much Knowledge, there had come, too, a great deal of pity.

There came into my mind a picture of Man destroying, in the jungle, fierce animals, because they were cruel. Another picture of Ugliness being swept away, by us, to give place to a broad thoroughfare and dwellings with light and air.

I shuddered in a great terror, for I knew that, just with one word, if it could be a word, or one motion, if that could explain it, certainly with a great force, what we call the Earth could be made to disappear.

I saw, in a second, not only all my own faults, but all the faults of all Mankind, the tyranny and the agony, and the ignorance and the blundering.

I felt as though I were the world's worst sinner, which I was not, facing for judgment a God in whom I had never believed.

All that came over me—and it made me abyssmal in my agony of realisation.

Then, as quickly as the Being had appeared to fill my life, there was no one there, and nothing.

I looked down. My fingers were resting on a piece of wood.

I had forgotten it. It moved slowly under my hands.

Then I remembered that it had written a big H, and then begun to describe a small circle. I saw that it had still moved while the Being was with me. It seemed a million years since I had seen the planchette.

Yes, it had moved on a little. The small half-formed circle had become an A. And then it had drawn a second H and another A.

"Ha ha!" it had written.

I looked at the clock. It still pointed to ten minutes past one.

I broke the planchette up. I put it on the fire.

Why do grandchildren play with toys?

END

Gladys Calthrop

(*Continued from page* 35)

dismay of the conductor, and arrived at her destination and her destiny.

Ben Rimo studied the paintings for some time.

"Would you like to do work for the theatre?" he asked.

"I'd love to," Gladys Calthrop said, "but I've never even thought of it before. Do you think I could?"

"I'm sure you could. When can you start?"

Without hesitation: "Now!"

"All right. Start now! Get your coat off!"

That was the beginning of her work for the theatre. And while she was fitting herself and apprenticing herself to the new vehicle, Noel Coward was wearing the thin soles of his shoes trying to find a producer for a play he had written called "The Vortex." His daily excursions were adventures in disillusionment. Nobody wanted to put on "The Vortex," and certainly nobody even wanted to look at the damned thing when they knew that Coward insisted on acting in it. That was asking too much!

But Coward went on working, and Gladys Calthrop went on working. They met often to compare notes, to talk work, to forget for a while the everyday struggles, to laugh (on Coward's part a little bitterly) at the fatuities of their fellow men. They were soon to meet on a common working adventure that changed both their lives.

Noel Coward's star ultimately led him to Michael Arlen. The influential men with money had turned him down; the producers had been "out" when he called; the knowing ones had given him their advice and nothing else. To a fellow artist he finally appealed for help to put on "The Vortex." And the fellow artist did the necessary.

"Well, I happen to be on top at the moment," said Michael Arlen, "and it's up to us artists to help each other. I've just made a bit of money, so of course I can do something about your play."

He reached for his cheque book.

"But you haven't read the manuscript," Coward protested.

"What of it?"

"You don't know if it's good."

"I'm sure it's good."

"And I'm going to play in it," Coward reminded him grimly, awaiting the usual come-back.

"Fine," said Arlen. "I hope it's a big success."

And with that—incredible but true story—he signed his name to a cheque for £250, tore it out of the book, handed it, still smiling, to Noel Coward, and so contributed his bit to theatrical and social history.

"The Vortex" was put on first at the old Everyman Theatre in Hampstead. Everything in connection with the play was done at the theatre—even the painting of the scenery. Gladys Calthrop did that. The theatre was so small that most of the time she was doing her work out in the street.

The hammering and the rehearsals went on gaily in the theatre; the painting went on gaily in the street. "The Vortex" was a great and immediate success.

"AND after that," says Gladys Calthrop, "nothing frightened me. When Basil Dean wanted the play for the West End, he wanted the same kind of settings as at the Everyman, and asked me to call and see him. He didn't know who I was. I had put my initials only on the programme. When I walked into his office he exclaimed, 'My God, it's a woman!'"

And an oddly provocative woman. She sits curled up in a corner of the sofa opposite me. Beside her a grey cat lies curled up in a deep armchair. The cat is asleep, but Gladys Calthrop is brightly awake, her narrowed, greeny-grey

(*Continued on page* 104)

A Plum for Aintree

Aintree, as you know, is the place where Hartley's jams are made. So in the most favoured fruit-growing districts of England the pick of the plum crop is now being packed off to Aintree. During the few weeks while the fresh ripe fruit is in season the whole year's supply of this jam must be made; at *Hartley's no pulp, no preservatives, no artificial colourings are tolerated.* Make sure, then, of getting a *fresh-fruit* jam by asking always for Hartley's.

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eyes looking across at me as she talks. They are mocking eyes, and rather wicked. They suggest that Gladys Calthrop gets a lot of fun out of things that aren't intended to be funny. They tell no lies in that respect.

Her short, crisp black hair is brushed straight back from the small face, and a slash of red sardonic mouth twists upwards at the corners as she smiles. She lifts a cigarette to this mouth now, and her nails flash violently red as she does so. Her hands are not usually painted. She is too much the worker and the artist for that. But to-morrow night is the first night of a show for which she has done the *décor*, and to-day she seized a moment between rehearsals to have her nails painted for that.

We are sitting in her studio in Westminster. It is a large, lofty studio, and might well be one of her own modern settings on a stage. It has cream and white walls, overhead lighting, a minstrels' gallery, large square slabs of parquet flooring, and a divan bed against the farthest wall. There is a red blind above the bed—the only note of harsh colour in the place. There is a grand piano, beautiful modern chairs and sofas and tables, and shelves of books against the wall facing the fireplace. Lots of books. All Noel Coward's plays. Ernest Dowson's poetry. Modern novels, French, American, English. Biographies.

The studio is completely modern in the sense that it can house at the same moment Paul Nash pictures and a grandfather clock with a coloured design of Edinburgh High Street on the front; that it can boast an African mask and Victorian needlework under a glass cover; that it has lamps designed by Gladys Calthrop and old-fashioned stoneware barrels for brandy and peppermint.

It is spacious and light and airy. Very light and sunny on this morning when I have dropped in on her an hour before lunch.

She tells me of a change she is going to make.

"I'm going to put a bar in that corner—sometime," she says.

She indicates a corner beneath the minstrels' gallery.

"Doesn't seem right in here, somehow," I say.

"Why not? Drink's got its place in life."

"But it'll spoil the effect of this place."

"I think that's sometimes a good thing . . . to build up an effect and ruin it with something altogether out of tune."

"But that's a destructive instinct," I protest. "You're not destructive."

"Of course I am. Destruction's a good thing. It makes more space in the world. All artists must by instinct be destructive, I think. There's not enough room now for beauty to grow."

She puts down her cigarette.

"Have an apple?" she offers, reaching out her hand to a plate of fruit.

We munch apples. My eye catches sight of a model theatre up in the gallery.

"I've never used it," Gladys Calthrop confesses. "Someone gave it to me, and I've always meant to work out my designs and experiments on it, but it just hasn't happened yet. One day I'll use it." She comes back to destruction. "Far too many people in the world. Far too many conventional people like jellyfish. Just shapeless messes. The kind of people who laugh at the wrong places in theatres, and appreciate the wrong thing, and say 'How sweet!' when the curtain goes up showing sickly scenery like a picture postcard. Of course I'm destructive."

She says it crisply out of the slashed red mouth, which is scarred where once a dog bit her, and through the half-closed eyelids I see a flash of green. Her face seems to be laughing. Little anarchist, I think, but I know that she votes Conservative.

Little anarchist always. Gladys Calthrop grew up conventionally in a conventional Cornish family. The last thing that her parents wanted her to have anything to do with was the stage. She lived the life of the ordinary upper-class girl, did all the usual things, went all the usual places. At the right time of the year she was taken to Scotland for fishing and shooting. The South of France knew her as it knew the hordes of other English visitors who run their lives according to the calendar.

She might have grown into one of those strange women who sit on shooting-sticks at races. You might have seen her in the illustrated weeklies tramping over the moors in good Scotch tweeds, or waiting at the famous second tee at North Berwick; she might even have avoided Press photographers and lived out her life in glorious conventional obscurity.

But she had to live her life in her own way and although that way led her to hard work and considerable effort, it was the only thing for a woman with her temperament. The conventional life went by the board. She painted.

She follows her thought about destruction.

"Lack of a sense of possession is about the same thing," she says, thoughfully. "And how many real people do you know who want possessions? *Who* wants to be cluttered up with possessions? Do you?"

I tell her that my idea of living is to be able to go off at a moment's notice, without a thought of anything, to the farthest end of the world . . . to be so untrammelled by possessions that there are scarcely any reactions to my actions. I tell her also that of course I can't do that, as so many other people can't; but it is my idea, and that it is an idea which needs the possession of money principally for its execution. She tells me that she wants to do the same sort of thing; that the one possession she does not part with—when it comes to a question of parting with possessions—is a motor car, because it is the one possession that can take her away.

But the same motor car, taking her away, leads her into still further possessions. One day, motoring in Kent, she saw an old mill, and fell instantly in love with it. What would have happened if the mill had been tenanted she does not say. Probably she would have bought out the tenants, lock, stock and wireless set. She is so successful that she could do that. But luckily the mill was untenanted and for sale. Gladys Calthrop, instinct for possession or not, had to possess that mill.

With eighteen shillings and sixpence in her pocket, and an artist's belief that *any* sum of money planked down on an estate agent's counter constituted a deposit and an agreement, she sought out the agent and broke the sad news to him that he was about to earn his commission. The eighteen shillings and sixpence—plus her substantial offer for the mill—did the trick, and now she owns this place with its delightful garden and mill stream.

She goes down to it when she wants to get away from work.

"To-morrow night when the show is over," she says, "I'm off to forget all about it in my cottage. It's odd seeing the first night of a play. The lights are never what you expect, and the reaction of the audience is sometimes very surprising. A palpitating business altogether. I prefer the actual work, the building up."

She builds up her garden in the same way as she does her stage sets, watches it grow, tends it exclusively herself. Her gardener is reserved for the kitchen part of the garden only. Every flower in the place has been planted by her, every border is her own preserve.

"I won't let him touch my flowers!"

"And you have no sense of possession!" I jeer.

She is not to be put out. She laughs at me out of her narrowed greeny-grey eyes, puts the core of her apple in the ashtray, picks up a cigarette.

The telephone rings, and she uncoils her slender legs from the sofa and walks with firm steps and almost masculine assurance to the instrument by the

(*Continued on page 106*)

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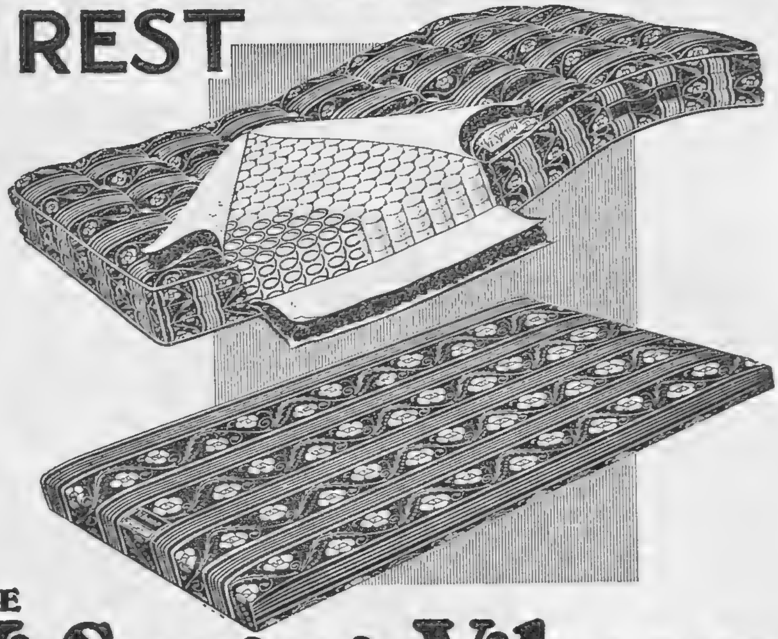

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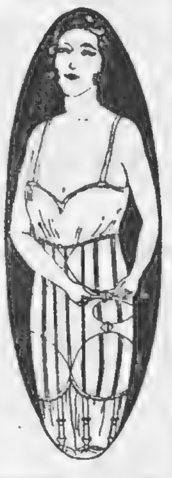

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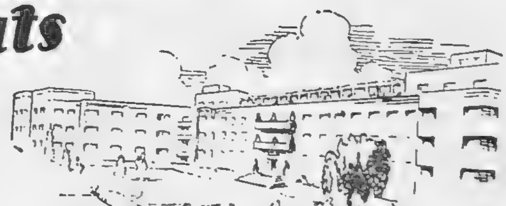

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" Us all. And it lasts for just three weeks after we come back. We get all tuned up while we're there, and we feel that nothing can stop us doing anything. It's the American air, and the people, and their enthusiasm for life. They've got *m-m-m* in them," she clenches her fist to show what she means, and makes the *m-m-m* sound through her tightly closed red mouth, —" and we get it from them while we're there. When we land in London we still believe we can do all the things we want to do, and everything English seems unnecessarily slow and dilatory. We burn with impatience. We really believe we can change people to our way of thinking. And then gradually the zip in us evaporates. The English atmosphere is too much for it. It never really has a chance. It dies."

" And we become just like everybody else. We don't know it's gone out of us."

She nods her head in agreement and says : " Except when we meet someone else just returned from America, and we see the something in them and remember we once had it ourselves."

And so, talking of America, we talk of Noel Coward, whose " Design for Living " has drawn large and amused audiences to the New York theatre where it is playing. Gladys Calthrop did the beautiful *décor* for " Design for Living," a play which is in effect a plea for the personal freedom of the three principal characters—two men and a woman—who find their completest happiness in living together. It is the wittiest and most entertaining play that Noel Coward has written, but it is doubtful whether British audiences will ever be permitted to listen to its wit or its brilliance.

I remind her that the first time I saw her was at a first performance of a Coward show in Manchester. I was sitting in the lounge of the Midland Hotel when she passed through with a few other members of the company. I have seen her at other times in Manchester before I met her, nearly always when she was there for a Coward play.

She laughs.

" One dear old lady calls me Noel's evil genius," she says. " Why evil, or genius, heaven only knows."

Another cigarette. She squirms herself into an even smaller coil in the corner of the sofa. The mischief goes out of her expression. She becomes very serious.

" Noel is one of the most definite personalities I have ever known. He must be one of the most definite personalities of our time. He was on the stage at ten because his people had very little money, and always —right from the beginning—he meant to do everything he has done. It was awful to him in the early days that people did not take him at his own valuation, and he kicked over the traces and was a bit tiresome. But that was only because he could see what the others couldn't see. He's made them see it now. He's always had to face up to life and fight it, and it's given him a terrific sense of values and direction. He knows where he wants to go, and he goes.

" I've learned all kinds of things from him —his way of handling people, for one. It is marvellous to see Noel at a rehearsal. He can conserve his energy and his temper in an extraordinary way. He seems to hide that part of him that can be impatient and energetic far away from the surface. On the surface he is quietly amiable, putting up with people's stupidities, holding himself well in hand. Quietly and efficiently he gets them to believe they're doing what *they* want to do, which is really what *he* wants them to do, but sometimes when they're obstinate the force of his driving energy comes out and he gets his way by sheer pressure of personality.

" I've learned from him not to waste my energies in the wrong ways."

Gladys Calthrop rises and walks across the room. I follow her to a glass frame shielding a piece of needlework.

Almost regretfully : " There was something about that Victorian age "—looking down on the needlework—" People did things just for the sake of doing them—cushions, needlework, bitty things. There was no need to do them, but women sat around doing lovely, useless work. It must have been rather fun. Nowadays, well, can you imagine anybody doing this nowadays ? "

Not too many people. We look at the Victorian relic for a pensive moment. Then the mocking twist takes possession of her mouth.

" When they can be doing crosswords ? " she asks smilingly.

The door bell rings. Gladys Calthrop is going out to lunch with a woman friend. I remember my own engagement, and pick up my hat.

I take a parting look at this spacious, lofty, *super* studio, with its parquet flooring and grand piano and cream and white walls. A parting look at the diminutive, determined, puckish woman, drawing on her red gloves in the centre of the floor.

" I'm flying to Germany next week," she says. " It would be fun to meet Hitler."

I jeer at her again as I go out through the door and say " Hullo " to the woman who is just coming in.

Fun to meet Hitler. She's learned a lot from Noel Coward. A lot, apparently, of his definiteness.

A week later, in my newspaper office, a press photograph was put on my desk. It was a photograph of Hitler and a few other people. The woman on Hitler's left was Gladys Calthrop.

END

The Perfect Plan

(*Continued from page* 39)

office and purchased a first-class single ticket to Lincott. Passing the barrier, he even risked a word or two with the man who snipped his ticket, and who knew Sir George very slightly. " Cold evening, Sir George," the man said.

Scarsdale found an empty first-class compartment and, as soon as the train moved out from the platform, opened the small nondescript attaché-case which he had carried with him all day. With the help of its contents, he began to make sundry changes in his personal appearance ; then, taking from his pocket the single ticket to Ealing purchased earlier in the day, he cut out of it a triangular section similar to that snipped from his Lincott ticket. Finally, at Ealing, a slim, clean-shaven fellow in a cloth cap might have been seen to leave the train and climb the steps to the street. He carried a brown-paper parcel which, if examined, would have been found to contain (rather oddly) an attaché-case.

Scarsdale boarded a bus going east, and at Ealing Common changed to an Underground train. At 10 p.m.—long before the train from Paddington would have reached Lincott—Scarsdale, himself again, was entering a West End restaurant and exchanging a cordial good-evening with a head-waiter who knew him well by sight.

Throughout the week-end Scarsdale stayed in London, visiting numerous friends—indeed, there was scarcely an hour from morn to midnight which he did not spend in company. His nights at the club were conveniently preluded by friendly chats with the hall-porter, and in the mornings, at breakfast, he was equally affable to the waiter.

On Tuesday afternoon he returned to the Towers, collecting his car at Lincott on the way, and got to work immediately on Sir George's accumulated correspondence. " I know Sir George will expect to find everything finished," he explained to Wilkes.

But dinner-time came and Sir George did not arrive. It was peculiar, because he was usually back by the six o'clock train when he visited his brother.

At nine Scarsdale decided to have dinner without further waiting ; but when ten o'clock came and it was clear that Sir George had not caught the last train from Banbury, Scarsdale agreed with Wilkes that Richard Winthrop-Dunster had better be informed of the situation. " Maybe Sir George is staying there an extra night," said Scarsdale, as the butler hurried to the telephone.

Five minutes later Wilkes returned with a pale and troubled face. " Mr. Richard says that Sir George never visited him at all, sir," he began falteringly. " He says Sir George rang him up late on Saturday night from Paddington cancelling the visit and saying he was on his way back here."

" Extraordinary ! " exclaimed Scarsdale. " Why isn't he here then ? Where the devil can he have got to ? "

They discussed the problem with an increasing degree of consternation until midnight, and went to bed with mutually expressed hopes that some message might arrive by the morning's post. But none came. At noon, after consultation with Scarsdale and further telephoning to Banbury, Wilkes notified the police. Inspector Deane, of the local force, arrived during the afternoon, and after acquainting himself with the known details of the situation, motored over to Banbury to see Mr. Richard Winthrop-Dunster. All that was on Wednesday.

On Thursday morning enquiries began at Paddington Station, with immediate and gratifying result. As Inspector Deane put it : " Well, Mr. Scarsdale, we've traced Sir George as far as the Lincott train on Saturday night—there's a ticket inspector at Paddington who remembers him. We're not quite sure of him at Lincott, but no doubt he must have been seen there too."

Everything, Scarsdale was glad to perceive, was still working out perfectly according to plan. From Paddington the trail had already led to Lincott ; soon it would lead from Lincott to the Towers—and on the way to be discovered inevitably when the constabulary intelligence had progressed so far—was that little hut in the woods. But it was not part of Scarsdale's plan to anticipate this inevitability by any hint or suggestion. He merely said : " Perhaps you could advertise for information. The taximen in the station-yard may have noticed him, or one of them may have driven him somewhere. Of course, if it was a fine night he may have walked. He often walks. It was a fine night in London, I remember."

" Quite so, sir," agreed Inspector Deane. " I'm sure I'm greatly obliged to you for the idea."

It was queer how the two men " took to " each other ; Scarsdale had a delightful knack of putting people at their ease. But for the mischance of working for Sir George, he would probably never have murdered anybody.

THE plan remained perfect—indeed, he thought, as he settled for sleep that night, he could afford almost to be indifferent now ; the dangerous interval was past, and it no longer greatly mattered when or how the body was discovered. Perhaps it would be to-morrow, or the next day, or the next week even, if the police were exceptionally stupid. He had in mind exactly what would happen subsequently. The medical evidence would, of course, be vague after such a lapse of time, but fully consistent with Sir George's death having taken place late on Saturday night, at an hour (if the matter were ever called into question) when he, Scarsdale, had several complete alibis 60 miles away. Then would come the question : How had it happened ? At such a juncture the dead man's

(*Continued on page* 108)

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brother would probably recall that Sir George had stated, over the telephone on the fatal night, that he was "worried" about some business affair. Scarsdale would then, with a little reluctance to discuss the private affairs of his late employer, admit that Sir George had had certain financial troubles of late. The next stage of revelation would doubtless be enacted at the Anglo-Oceanic office, when and where the disappearance of the bonds would be discovered. That would certainly cause a sensation, both in the City and beyond. Clearly it would suggest that Sir George, having monkeyed with the assets of his companies, had taken his life rather than face the music.

All this, of course, was according to Scarsdale's plan, and when, on Thursday morning, the police found the body of Sir George in the little hut in the woods, Scarsdale might have been excused for reckoning his plan ninety-nine per cent. infallible. Unfortunately for him, the remaining one per cent. took a hand, with the rather odd result that a man named Hansell was arrested a few hours later and charged with the murder of Sir George.

Hansell was an unemployed workman turned tramp, and had been arrested in a Lincott public-house after trying to pawn a watch which an alert shopman recognised as Sir George's. At first Hansell gave the usual yarn about having found the watch, but after a severe questioning at the police-station he told a much more extraordinary story. On the previous Saturday, he said, about a quarter past eight in the evening, he had been trespassing in the woods belonging to the Towers estate. Finding the little hut he had pushed open the door and had there, to his great alarm and astonishment, come across the dead body of a man. At first he had thought of going for help immediately, but as he felt that his own position might be thought rather questionable, he had contented himself in the end with rifling the pockets and decamping. He admitted having taken some papers and a wallet, which he had since destroyed, except for a few treasury-notes it had contained. He had also taken the watch.

But at 8.15 p.m., as the police detectives did not fail to point out, Sir George had been broadcasting a talk from the B.B.C. studio in London. How, then, could he have been found sixty miles away, dead, at the same hour? Obviously Hansell must be a great liar.

He was brought before the local magistrates and speedily committed for trial at the assizes. Meanwhile Scarsdale, in the midst of well-simulated grief at the loss of a respected employer, was thinking hard. The arrest of Hansell had given him a shock at first, but he was not long in finding a way of fitting it into his plan. Indeed, now that the suicide theory was all out of focus, Scarsdale himself thought fit to make the discovery about the missing bonds, and was inclined to agree with the police when they suggested that the bonds might have been amongst the papers that Hansell had stolen from Sir George's pockets and afterwards destroyed.

The trial of Hansell came on in due course. He pleaded "Not Guilty," but his story sounded pretty thin, and was not improved by the fact that he still insisted that he had found the body at 8.15 p.m. He had heard the Lincott church-clock chime the quarter, he said, and no amount of cross-examination could shake him. Moreover, the prosecution were able to prove that his finger-prints were on the automatic pistol. Hansell explained this by saying that he had found the weapon lying beside the body and had picked it up; but the story was unconvincing. Was it not more likely that Sir George had been taking the short cut home from Lincott station (as he often did), that he had been attacked by Hansell and had drawn his automatic (which he often carried) to defend himself, that Hansell had wrested it from him and had shot him with it, and had afterwards dragged the body into the shed and, in sheer panic, left the tell-tale weapon behind?

Defending counsel could only offer the alternative theory of suicide, which, in the case of so well-respected a personage as Sir George, seemed a breach of taste as well as a straining of probability. As for Hansell, he must, whatever he said, have mistaken the time of his visit to the hut. Neither of these suggestions appealed to judge and jury, and it was not surprising that Hansell was found guilty and sentenced to death. This was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life.

Scarsdale, with the trial over and everything settling down, had now only the tail end of his plan to put into cautious execution. He would wait, he had decided, for twelve months (to avoid any semblance of flight), and then go abroad, probably to the Argentine, taking with him the bonds. After a year or two in Buenos Aires he would doubtless have formed a sufficiently intimate connection with some banker or stockbroker to enable him to begin disposing of the booty.

It has already been noted that the verdict of "murder" instead of "suicide" did not at first disturb the vast and almost terrifying equanimity of Scarsdale. What did trouble him, however, as time passed and the death of Sir George became history, was the gradually invading consciousness that the only thing that had saved him from the dock, and possibly from the gallows, was not his precious plan at all, but sheer luck! For if Hansell had reported the finding of the body without delay, the faked alibi of the broadcast would have been discovered. Scarsdale had been saved, then, not by the flawlessness of his own brainwork, but by a casual circumstance entirely outside his control!

It was an unwelcome conclusion to reach, partly because it robbed him of pride in achievement, but chiefly because it laid him open to disquieting thoughts of the future.

During the year of waiting in England he lived at Kew, renting a house near the river and living on his savings while he devoted himself to writing a book on his favourite subject—criminology. It passed the time; besides which, he had hopes that it would eventually establish his reputation.

He received several minor shocks during this period. One happened when an acquaintance named Lindsey accosted him suddenly at his club (and apropos of nothing at all): "You know, Scarsdale, you're awfully like old Dunster in appearance. Did you ever realise that? I'm sure you could easily have passed for him during his lifetime with the help of a false moustache and those goggles of his! Especially, too, if you could have managed that rather shrill way of talking he had. And you *are* a bit of an actor-chap, aren't you? Didn't you once play in something at Oxford?"

Scarsdale wondered whether his face were turning fiery red or ashen pale. He managed to laugh, and an hour or so later reached the satisfying conclusion that it had all been pure chance—nothing but that. But it was upsetting, all the same, and it was about this time that he began the habit of carrying a small automatic pistol about with him wherever he went. He would not be taken alive.

Just about a month before the year was up, Lindsey telephoned him with immense cheerfulness one morning. "Oh, hullo, Scarsdale. I'm in a job now, and you'll never guess where. It's in the B.B.C. . . ." Several minutes of excited chatter, and then: "By the way, how would you like to do a short talk on Crimes and Criminals, or something of the sort? We're getting up a series here and your name occurred to me—you've always been keen on the subject, haven't you? What about June 11th, say?"

Scarsdale had hoped to be in Buenos Aires by that date, but he could not very well say so, and some kind of caution urged him not to make excuses. Besides, he could not help being slightly thrilled at the prospect of making a whole country listen to his views on crime and criminals. He told Lindsey that the date would suit him quite well.

During the eight weeks' interval, however, there came to him once or twice the faintest possible misgiving—soon banished, but leaving nevertheless a flavour of anxiety behind.

On the evening of June 11th he did not feel at his best as he set out for Savoy Hill. He was due to speak from 8 p.m. until 8.20, and he could not escape the recollection of the last time he had entered the building. It was odd, perhaps, that the very same announcer should be welcoming him again now, though it was quite natural, no doubt, that the announcer, knowing that Scarsdale had been Sir George's secretary, should begin to chat about the deceased gentleman. "Awfully sad business that was," commented the familiar dulcet tones. "I talked to him that very evening just as I'm talking to you now. Amazing that he should have been so near his tragic end—indeed, I often wonder if he had any premonition of it himself, because he seemed just slightly uneasy in manner."

"Did he?" said Scarsdale.

"Of course it may have been my imagination. I was only comparing him with other times I'd heard him speak—at company meetings. Fortunately I'd already sold all my Anglo-Oceanics. Queer he should have been carrying all those bonds about with him—forty thousand pounds' worth of them, wasn't it?"

"It was never absolutely proved."

"But bearer bonds, weren't they? Doesn't that mean that anybody who got hold of them could raise money on them?"

"More or less," answered Scarsdale absently. He had suddenly begun to feel troubled. He wished he had not arrived early enough for this chat.

By 7.55 the announcer had reached the stage of offering a few general tips about broadcasting. "This is your first experience of the microphone, I understand, Mr. Scarsdale?"

Scarsdale nodded.

"Curious—I thought I recognised your face. Or perhaps you're very like someone else. . . . However, you'll soon get over mike-fright, even if you do have a touch of it at first. The chief point to remember is, never to speak too fast or in a very high-pitched voice. But then, you don't, as a matter of fact, do you?"

Scarsdale was a trifle pale. "I don't think so," he murmured.

Five minutes later he sat at the little desk before the microphone, with the green-shaded lamp before him. He was certainly nervous, and beyond his nervousness, strangely uneasy in a deeper sense. It was peculiar; he hadn't been like it before. As he sat down, his foot caught in the flex that connected the lamp with the wall-plug; the lamp went out, but it did not matter; the globes overhead were sufficient to see by. He waited for the red light to deliver its signal, indicating that he had been properly introduced to his unseen audience; then he began to read his manuscript.

But all the time he was reading, he was thinking and pondering subconsciously . . . he had been there before . . . the announcer had thought so, too . . . the announcer had seen and heard Sir George in the flesh at company meetings . . . the announcer had told him he must avoid a high-pitched voice . . . bearer bonds . . . this was the very same studio—and the same time also—eight o'clock . . . and it was Lindsey who had fixed up this talk, and Lindsey who had once commented on his likeness to Sir George . . .

Suddenly the idea burst over him in full force, monstrous, all-conquering: this was all a plant—engineered jointly by Lindsey and the B.B.C.—with perhaps Scotland Yard in the discreet background—they were testing him, and by the very latest pyschological methods, as expounded by the great French criminologists . . . They guessed the truth, and were probing subtly—it was *their* perfect plan seeking to undermine *his*. . . .

At that moment, whilst Scarsdale's eyes and voice were reading automatically, the announcer stole into the room and silently replaced the lamp-plug in the wall-socket. The green light blazed suddenly into Scarsdale's face as the intruder, in a whisper too soft to be audible to the microphone, murmured: "Pulled it off, didn't you? I thought that's what must have happened . . ."

Scarsdale's broadcast talk on Crimes and

Criminals will never, it is safe to say, be forgotten in the history of the radio. Most listeners, as the talk progressed, must have been aware of a growing tension in the speaker's delivery—a tension ill-suited both to matter and theme. But it is certain that no listener remained unthrilled when, about sixteen minutes past eight, Scarsdale exclaimed, in a voice vibrating with excitement: "And here, if I may be permitted, I will interpose an example of what I consider to be the really perfect, undetectable crime . . . *I myself murdered Sir George Winthrop-Dunster. . . .*"

At this point the loud-speakers in some hundreds of thousands of homes delivered themselves of a mysterious crashing sound, followed by a long silence until 8.35, when a familiar Oxford accent expressed regret for the delay and gave out, without further comment, the continuation of the evening's programme.

In the morning, however, the newspapers were less reticent. Scarsdale, it appeared, had made history by being the first person actually to commit suicide before the microphone. He had shot himself.

The inquest was held the following day and attracted great attention. The announcer was very gentle and soothing in giving evidence—almost as if he were reading an S.O.S. "It seemed to me," he said, "that Mr. Scarsdale was rather upset about something when he arrived at the studio. He was a few minutes early and we chatted together. We talked a little about Sir George Winthrop-Dunster. I concluded that Mr. Scarsdale was probably nervous, as it was his first broadcast. About half-way through the talk I noticed that the lamp over his desk had gone out—he must have caught his foot in the flex and pulled the plug away. I went in to put it right for him and noticed then that he wasn't looking at all well. He was very pale, and he stared at me in a rather queer way when I mentioned something about the light. A few minutes later I had to put up the signal warning him not to talk in such a high-pitched voice, because the sound wasn't coming through properly. The next I heard was his extraordinary statement about—er—Sir George Winthrop-Dunster. Of course I rushed to cut off the microphone immediately, but before I could do so I heard the shot . . ."

The verdict was naturally one of "Suicide during temporary insanity."

Even the last of Scarsdale's plans went astray. Instead of being fearfully acknowledged as the perpetrator of the world's perfect murder, he was dismissed as that familiar and rather troublesome type—the neurotic person who confesses to a crime of which he is quite obviously innocent. "Poor Scarsdale," said Inspector Deane, in a special interview for one of the Sunday papers, "had been deeply distressed by the tragic death of his employer, and that, coupled with his interest in criminology (I understand he was writing a book on the subject), had combined to unhinge his mind. . . We often get similar confessions during well-known murder trials, and as a rule, as on this occasion, we can spot them at a glance." Answering a further question, Inspector Deane remarked: "As a matter of fact, Scarsdale wasn't within fifty miles of Lincott during the whole of the time that the crime could possibly have been committed. We know that, because in the ordinary course of police routine, we had to check up his movements. . . Poor fellow, we all liked him. He helped us a good deal in our work, though it was clear all the time that he was feeling things badly."

Just one point remains—about those bonds. If ever it should be discovered that Scarsdale had had in his possession a small fortune in South American bearer certificates, a certain measure of suspicion would inevitably be cast upon him—albeit posthumously. But will such a discovery be made? Scarsdale had put them in a tin box and had buried the box three feet deep in the back garden of the house he rented at Kew; and who, pray, is ever likely to dig them up?

END.

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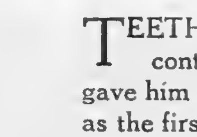

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Before.		*After.*	
Bust	*40in.*	*Bust*	*36in.*
Waist	*32in.*	*Waist*	*29in.*
Hips	*46in.*	*Hips*	*42in.*

Before taking Kruschen I was putting on weight every week, and I was troubled with shortness of breath if I hurried or ran up steps. Now I can chase my little girl around, and I can run upstairs now without any trouble. Also I have felt better in health in every way, all through 'The little daily dose of Kruschen.'"

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The Bimbashi's Bandit

(*Continued from page 57*)

"and return to thy post—remembering, O Ali, that this which thou hast seen is as if thou hadst not seen it. Repeat after me, Ali!"

"This which I have seen, *ya Bimbashi*," said Ali obediently, "is as if I had not seen it."

"Good!" said Tommy. "The matter is secret, Ali. Now go."

Ali went, and Biggs sat down to watch Giafar's return to consciousness. The expression upon his face when, after blinking about him a moment, he perceived Tommy inspecting him, chin in hand, was worth going miles to see, Tommy said afterwards.

"And what," the soldier enquired, "dost thou here, Giafar?"

Ibn Mulk broke into a glib recital of his horse-dealing with the *effendim*, and its transparent innocence, but there was a twinkle in Biggs's blue eyes that discouraged bluffing. The narrative trailed off, and Giafar looked excessively silly.

"Now," said Tommy, flicking open his cigarette case and passing it over, "the truth, Giafar. We be friends, thou and I. Save in the matter of desiring escape a while ago, thou hast done no wrong—thus far!"

Giafar ibn Mulk was a humorist himself, and the *Bimbashi's* mood transferred itself to him instantly. "There is a woman yonder," he began "a *Citt*, a houri—lovely as the dawn . . ."

Tommy Biggs knocked the ash off his cigarette. "The truth, Giafar!" he reminded his guest. Giafar threw up his hands.

"O unbeliever!" he chaffed. "Now by Allah I will tell thee, for I think," he grinned comically, "that my desire goes unfulfilled this night."

"It does, Giafar," said Tommy dispassionately. "I send a message, and in place of ten men, two hundred are here by dawn. In other words," he dropped into English, "the game's up, Giafar, whatever it was. What was it, by the way—those cars?"

Giafar admitted the charge without batting an eyelash, and Tommy nodded. He had grown very thoughtful all of a sudden, looking at the twinkling-eyed ruffian before him.

"Giafar" he said slowly, "there be women, and cars, and gold. Which preferest thou?"

Ibn Mulk stroked his beard. "As for the cars," he said, "maybe I do not yet understand them enough—later, perhaps, will be better. And as for women," he rolled his highly intelligent eyes in mock horror, "I have four of them in my tents, *Bimbashi*, and by Allah they be the terminators of delights indeed . . ."

"So I think, Giafar," agreed Tommy sagely, "who have none." Giafar groaned with comic envy. "And gold?" Tommy continued.

Ibn Mulk passed his tongue over his lips. There was no need of words upon that subject.

Tommy said: "It is told me, Giafar, that thou lovest a jest."

Giafar nodded. "*Aiwa, ya Bimbashi!*" he assented.

"Then," said Tommy, "listen. Here is both a jest, O Giafar, and gold—and moreover a favour to me that do not forget favours."

He leant forward and began talking in an undertone, while the bearded Arab listened intently, punctuating the recital with "*W'allah!*'s" of approval. It was grey dawn by the time Tommy's candle was extinguished, but long before that the sentries had pricked up their ears at sounds filtering from the tent—the sounds of hoarse and stifled laughter. The sentries grinned—they knew their *Bimbashi*.

AWAY up in the Jeb-el-Mardin, three or four miles from camp, Melvin Potts discovered the setting designed by Heaven for the big scene in "Desert Passion."

A narrow valley, little more than a deep gash into the limestone, held shade, a flat bottom over which a horse could gallop thunderously, and a buttressed curve about which the horse could appear. From such cover, and down such a valley, the Hawk of the Desert was to swoop, while Ayesha sat upon cushions at the door of her tent, awaiting the return of her distant lord. As a piece of hokum it was all very satisfying—and Melvin Potts was almost smiling as he made the final arrangements for the Hawk's pounce.

Claire O'Connell, exotic in bright silks, was already in position outside the door of the gaily coloured tent, a couple of extra girls just behind her. Mr. Dennistoune, a dainty wisp of beard glued to his cloven chin, a brilliant burnous fluttering from his head in the light breeze of morning, smoked a final cigarette, while an attendant walked up and down, leading the magnificent

A Beneficial Drink

SO many people waste the potential benefits of their holidays by eating strange and unusual foods which upset their stomachs. Hot weather, too, often has a bad effect on the digestion, and this, combined with an imprudent diet, makes it advisable to pay special attention to one's system before the ordeal of winter weather is upon us.

No drink is more easily digested than barley water, and for over a hundred years the excellence of Robinson's "Patent" Barley has been acknowledged by the medical profession and the laity alike. Besides being a perfectly delicious drink for normally healthy people, the weak digestions of invalids and old people will benefit from taking it regularly, and many tempting invalid dishes such as biscuits and blancmange can be prepared with this barley as their basis. Barley water is peculiarly beneficial in cases of kidney complaints, and expectant and nursing mothers will find barley milk refreshing and nourishing. For the infant itself barley water will be found both soothing and bone-forming, besides being extremely helpful at weaning time, when it should be given alternately with fruit-juice.

Finally, speed being one of the most important factors in our daily life, it is reassuring to know that this drink can be easily and quickly prepared and does not require the elaborate boiling and straining required by ordinary barley. One level dessert-spoonful of Robinson's "Patent" barley should be mixed to a smooth paste with cold water. Make up to a half-pint with boiling water and flavour with lemon if desired. The quantity and the flavouring may be varied, and full instructions will be found in the leaflet enclosed in each tin.

long-tailed bay stallion the star was to ride. Of the *Bimbashi* and his troopers there was no sign, but they had been glimpsed filing out of camp with the company, and were now, no doubt, ensconced somewhere in the encircling hills. In any event, no one gave them a thought.

"Ready, Mr. Dennistoune?" Potts glanced at the battery of cameras under the opposite cliff face. "Better give it a try-out first—just the ride, that's all."

The star cast away his cigarette, mounted with practised ease, and trotted away to the corner a hundred yards distant. He vanished round it, and in a moment flashed into view again, low on his horse's neck, pebbles flying, silk robes trailing, a whirlwind of savage speed and truculence. Melvin Potts's eyes gleamed as he thundered past the tent door, and those near him might have heard him mutter, "Attaboy!" under his breath—high praise indeed for Melvin.

"O.K.!" he said. "That'll do very nicely, Mr. Dennistoune. Now, if you're ready, Miss O'Connell, we'll try the first shot. Remember that scream, please—we must hear it over the horse's hoofs. Well, what do *you* want?"

The *Bimbashi* had suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and was standing looking on diffidently, slapping his leg with his whip.

"Thought I'd like to see the show," he murmured. "Any objection?"

"Guess not," said Potts ungraciously. "As long as you stand back over there, and keep quiet. Now, Mr. Dennistoune, ready when you are. Miss O'Connell, a little more placid, please—you don't know he's after you, see. Stand by, cameras!"

Dennistoune jogged off to the corner once more, and a tense silence fell. All ears were strained for the first clatter of hoofs, out of sight there behind the buttress.

It was an interminable half-minute before they came, and Potts was fidgeting from one foot to another. Then a murmur rose, growing to a thudding rattle, and the orse swept round the corner, nostrils cracking, mighty limbs working like pistons, its rider crouched low, face half-hidden in the flying mane.

"Camera!" yelled Mr. Potts.

It was a matter of seconds. A scurrying whirl of hoofs, a cloud of pebbles, a figure swung low down out of the saddle. A shrill scream from Miss O'Connell, so that Melvin Potts automatically grinned approval. Then a further outburst of thundering hoofs, a shout of surprise, more screams from the two extra girls at the tent door—and silence. The horse, its rider, and his burden galloped straight through the little valley, flicked round a corner, and vanished.

"Wh-wh-what the . . .!" began Potts. He was interrupted by the girls.

"It wasn't Mr. Dennistoune!" they cried in hysterical chorus. "It was another man!"

POTTS turned a shade of ashy grey. "Wh-what's that?" he stammered. "Then where's——" A shrill whistle sounded at his side, and he found the *Bimbashi* waving to troopers who seemed to be dropping from everywhere off the mountain sides.

"Told you so, sir!" Biggs said sharply. "That's what comes of playing tricks up in this country here."

"But . . . but . . ." Potts strove to find his tongue in vain.

"That was our friend Giafar," said Tommy in tones of ill-concealed satisfaction. "And he's got your lady and gentleman all right. He'll be five miles away by this."

Ensued pandemonium, momentarily. The Acme people milled about their director in a panic, shouting, screaming, offering idiotic suggestions. The *Bimbashi* cut in on it.

"Oh, take 'em back to camp!" he told Potts. "Here, I'll detail half a dozen of an escort for you. And you'd better make arrangements for a ransom when you're there. It'll be needed—badly!"

Potts was a quavering jelly. "You—you don't think they'll be . . ." he gabbled.

Tommy Biggs was in process of swinging himself on to his (*Continued on page* 112)

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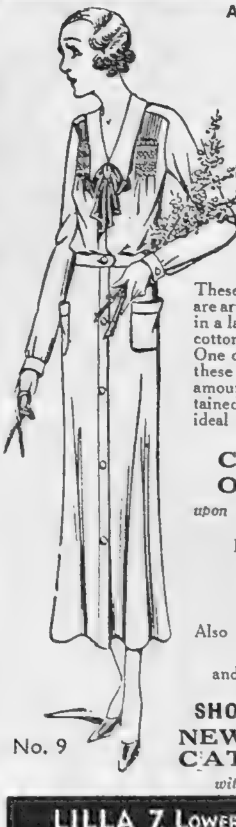

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camel. He turned over his shoulder.

"How should I know what they'll be?" he enquired. "Better be prepared for the worst, though! This man Giafar isn't anyone to be played with, let me tell you!"

He snapped an order to his troopers and they went off at a fast trot down the valley bottom. Mr. Potts, trembling in every limb, took his party back to camp. They were escorted by six tall cameleers, trim, crimson-tarbooshed, effective; and each of the six was grinning cavernously from ear to ear. Not that Mr. Potts noticed that—his mind was far away in California, facing Mr. Jake Blaustein.

IN a ten-mile scurry over rocky country, Giafar ibn Mulk discovered ample corroboration of his theories about women. Miss Claire O'Connell, after the first wild shock of surprise, reverted to type, or rather to her original, pre-Hollywood incarnation as Thelma Tubbs of Dubuque, Iowa. She fought, bit, and scratched like a tigress, and by the time Giafar's temporary encampment hove in view, he was bleeding in half-a-dozen places, and his sense of humour had very noticeably left him. He flung himself off his horse, gripping her round the shoulders, and proceeded to tie her up with a halter. Miss O'Connell, trussed and helpless, fell to the only weapon left her, and it is as well that Giafar's English was shaky, and respectable.

Panting a little, and with the blood streaming from his scratched face, he scanned the near hills. After a while a couple of other horsemen came in sight, trotting rapidly towards him; one of them bore a limp bundle across his saddle-peak, which resolved itself into Mr. Dennistoune, deftly incapacitated by a smack under the ear with a pistol-butt. He was decanted on the ground before Giafar.

Miss O'Connell stopped her fulminations at sight of him.

"See here!" she said to Giafar. "You haven't bumped him, have you? Because if you have, there'll be trouble, what I mean——"

Dennistoune stirred, swore in the manner of his native Seattle, and sat up.

"What the hell!" he demanded, peering dizzily about him. "Hey, Claire—where's everybody? Where's Potts?"

Giafar concluded that now was the time for a little drama. He produced a large and wicked-looking knife, and proceeded to whet it on the palm of his hand, looking lovingly the while at Dennistoune's white throat. The star blanched visibly, and Miss O'Connell was startled into a scream. Giafar grinned diabolically and went on with his sharpening.

"Wh-what are you g-goin' to do?" Mr. Dennistoune's accents were no longer those of Beverley Hills. "Hey, quit that will ya? Stop kiddin', I say!"

He staggered to his feet, but one of Giafar's companions whipped them from beneath him, and sat heavily on his body. Giafar rose leisurely, cast a long glance about him as if looking for something, and then seized the Hawk of the Desert by the property beard that still adorned his chin. Mr. Dennistoune squealed exactly like a stuck pig, Miss O'Connell shrieked hysterically, and shut her eyes, and at that precise moment the *Bimbashi* and his lolloping camels swung over the near ridge and charged down upon them.

"And what," he demanded with a face like wood, "is the meaning of all this?"

He was told, shakily and in gulps, by the erstwhile Miss Tubbs of Dubuque—and here again the intonation of Hollywood had been replaced by the simple diction of the Middle West. Tommy Biggs looked about him ruminatively.

"H'm!" he said. "Very unfortunate, Miss O'Connell, of course. Well, what d'you want me to do?"

Apparently Miss O'Connell desired nothing better than to be off the desert at the earliest possible moment, if not sooner. She said so in a great many picturesque words, while Mr. Dennistoune alternately wept and shuddered, sitting on the ground. Tommy nodded.

"Yes," he said. "That'll be best, probably. I'll just hang Giafar here for you, and then we'll be going."

He cast an eye of doom upon Giafar ibn Mulk, who was standing with folded arms, the knife still in one hand. A close observer would have said that Giafar winked at him.

Tommy looked about him with an air of mortification. "There doesn't appear to be a tree handy," he murmured. "Worst of this desert! We'll have to take him back to camp—you'll be able to pull the rope, if you want a new thrill, Miss O'Connell."

The cheerful suggestion was underlined, as it were, by the hum of a labouring engine, and a truck appeared toiling over the rough ground. On its front seat, white-faced and carrying a leather bag, sat Mr. Potts.

At sight of the group before the tent his expression cleared, and he leapt out and came over to them.

"Got your message!" he panted. "I see you've—you've rescued them!"

"I have," said the *Bimbashi* briefly. "And now you'd better clear out. What's in that bag?"

"Money," said Potts. "For the ransom—you told me . . ."

"Oh—ah! Yes." Tommy's grin returned. "Now isn't that nice! It'll just come in handy. There's the question of—er, indemnifying Giafar's relations, you know. I think you should see to that."

"Indemnifying . . ."

"Yes," said Tommy airily. "You see, I'm going to hang the poor devil—can't have him abducting ladies and gentlemen all over the desert, y'know. It's your fault, to some extent, of course, for throwing temptation in his way. I told you about it, I remember. Let's have that—I'll look after it."

He reached across and took the bag out of the flabbergasted Mr. Potts' hand. "And now," he said sweetly, "we'll go back to camp and you can pack up. You'll be out of this by nightfall, and I've no doubt you won't be sorry."

"Sorry!" Miss O'Connell's exclamation might have been heard in Cairo. "Just let me see the last of this place, that's all. I'll have a word with Jake Blaustein about it when we get home. Sending artists up into a dump like this . . ."

"Ah! Precisely!" said Tommy. "Well, let's move, shall we?"

He flicked a finger at the troopers and they closed in about the unresisting Giafar. The prisoner's eyes were on the leather bag, but he raised them in time to catch the *Bimbashi's*. A wink, this time clear, definite and undeniable, passed between them.

END.

What Becomes *of* Beauty Queens?

(*Continued from page 25*)

Taste—yes, they are very hot on taste. *Goût*. Did not these contests emanate in first case from France? Ergo: *Goût* with a capital "G." In an ugly world here were these international bevies parading and impregnating the very air about them with their virginal charm, grace, beauty. And how they were all shielded and chaperoned! By real mothers, when available. The promoters might even touch upon the money some of these girls earned. I do not know for certain if they would. For one thing, that is such a crude side of this world-wide radiation of virginal charm (and the rest.) Besides, it might inescapably lead to the mention of other money other people earned. Better leave the organisers with their chic and taste and pass on. . . .

Four countries have thus far stopped their girls entering these contests in the future: Italy, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. Fifthly, the Pope has come heavily down on "these painted dolls exposing their bodies." But nothing that Mussolini, Hitler, Dollfuss, or the Ghazi can do will apparently stop Miss Italy, Miss Germany, Miss Austria, Miss Turkey from appearing and reappearing in the lists. All the dictators can encompass is to forbid girls competing who come from within the national frontiers and it is easy for the Paris organisers to obtain substitute girls not resident in their native lands. In passing, how Kemal came to act offers an edifying sidelight. Some newspapers in the various capitals lend themselves to the recruiting of the local or national beauties. After a Miss Turkey won at Spa in 1931—this having been an exceptional triumph confirming the end of the veil—Constantinople got all worked up about beauty contests with the result that a big daily paper of Istanbul did this year's organisation and presentation in view of the contest at Madrid. The public crowded in and went crazy for a certain blonde named Feriha hanem. But the "literary and artistic" jury had other notions and opted for one Nazire hanem. Great excitement in the auditorium, the upshot of which was that an M.P. named Aka Gunduz Bey rose and spoke impassionedly for the passed over blonde. "It is not permitted to play with the Nation's adoration for the Beautiful! We unanimously protest!" But the official loud-speaker ignored the tumult and said that the judgment stood. Meanwhile Nazire the Elected was having a nervous crisis while the superb blonde was being shouldered and acclaimed. The meeting broke up in disorder. Next morning came the sequel when other Turkish newspapers, indignant at the preposterous hysteria, alleged that the president of the jury, who was the Mayor of Istanbul, was prejudiced in Nazire's favour and that moreover, the latter lady had made over 1,000 Turkish pounds to the newspaper which had "presented" the contest. For days warfare was waged over the Dark and the Fair hanem. Then Kemal stepped in and announced that this would be the last time a native Miss Turkey should go forth.

Mussolini, for his part, long since decided that beauty queens were "distracting and not good for motherhood." Hitler reasons much about the same, adding that these foreign elections of German girls without credentials to the rôle are, moreover, humiliating to the Third Reich which will be perfectly capable of finding its own beauty if and when it wants her, without outside assistance. Austria tends to side with the Papal ban. Recently, in Madrid, Catholics and Communists alike manifested against the Miss Europe election. These times, such flaunting of luxury can spread Bolshevism. All four dictators agree on another aspect, namely, that these beauty contests, besides being primarily an advertising ramp for France and French goods, are apt to have highly detrimental effects on the girls involved who find themselves fleetingly exploited and oft-times thereafter plunged in tragedy. This is the aspect I set out to tackle, though I am precluded from giving a list from the various lands whose so-called beauty queens have died tragically.

Apparently no prize money is attached to these international "triumphs." The winners must just rest content with being

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briefly used as advertising pegs, then to be thrown aside as damaged goods. A craving for clothes, jewels, hectic living is given them, they go vanity mad, and then all too often they find themselves subjects for mirth when they search out for jobs. Beauty queen indeed! Not wanted here. Do they go on the stage, they have an especially fierce passage, the regulars combining to make life one painful rag, an unattractive side of which is the shouting of incessant obscenities within earshot of the distinguished newcomer of honourable conduct. In business, the going is little less hard. But not many beauty queens steer those ways at all. One or two appear to have gone more or less off their heads. There is one case in particular that arrests for the grimness of the visitation. In a certain European capital lives a girl, alone. She has, like so many of her once-enthroned sisters, come down in the world. She is not even so attractive any longer though still quite young. Her mania takes the shape of Narcissian self-adoration. For hours each day she lies contemplating herself in mirrors. Her walls are one mass of studies of herself in every pose. She has made such a minute study of her body that she knows lines that are almost invisible to the naked eye. "Am I not beautiful?" is her refrain. "Look at me in this pose." "See this line here—is it not superb?" It is not a bit superb; it is dreadfully pathetic, for the doctors say the girl will shortly lose her reason and have to be interned.

One of the curses of these contests is that success often means a split with one's family. A certain queen relates how her father and mother were inundated with letters saying their daughter had become the mistress of this and that person. The upshot was the girl had to leave home, aged 17. There are one or two happy unions to record—to a French Senator and to a prominent American—but the list of loneliness, and terribly early in life, far outstrips any such "pro" side. Some ex-queens have been fortunate to possess strong enough characters to forget the past dizzy elevation and to take up ordinary business careers as mannequins and shop assistants. Two or three such are carrying on in Paris and only too happy not to be reminded of how high they once ranked. But perhaps if I run through the average experience of a beauty queen in her heyday, the atmosphere surrounding her subsequent life may emerge more clearly:—

A young girl is elected. She used to have to pose in one-piece attenuation under arc lamps, also under freely senile eyes that looked and looked. She probably wouldn't mind that these times, so why they've now decided only to exhibit queens gowned to the ankle rather baffles. Doubtless for purity. At once the successful candidate is carted round to dressmakers, beauty parlours, shoe, stocking and lingerie places, most of whom operate free upon the new-found beauty and are prepared to give commission in other directions. (Note that these contests, including the long voyages and high living, pay for themselves.) Next, photographers and journalists invade the candidate's home. The girl, it has already been decided, shall be gotten up to represent this or that type. And all start in on the victim accordingly. Hair is reorganised, and eyebrows, a perhaps untarnished complexion is made up with the free hand, the girl must get into special types of frocks. And when she is not so being faked—any real looks she had, altered—or interminably posing at studios, journalists are interviewing her. What she may say matters not at all: she has become putty for the public; henceforward she shall drag a second identity round with her. She has got to be the type as ordered, and this is usually youthful innocence of a long-defunct order more resembling mental deficiency. The poor child may be advertised as a perfect little fool from the word "go" and this she will never manage later to live down. Beauty queens *must* be morons. Well, about this stage we have the vamped-up product as the public shall know her and (*Continued on page* 114)

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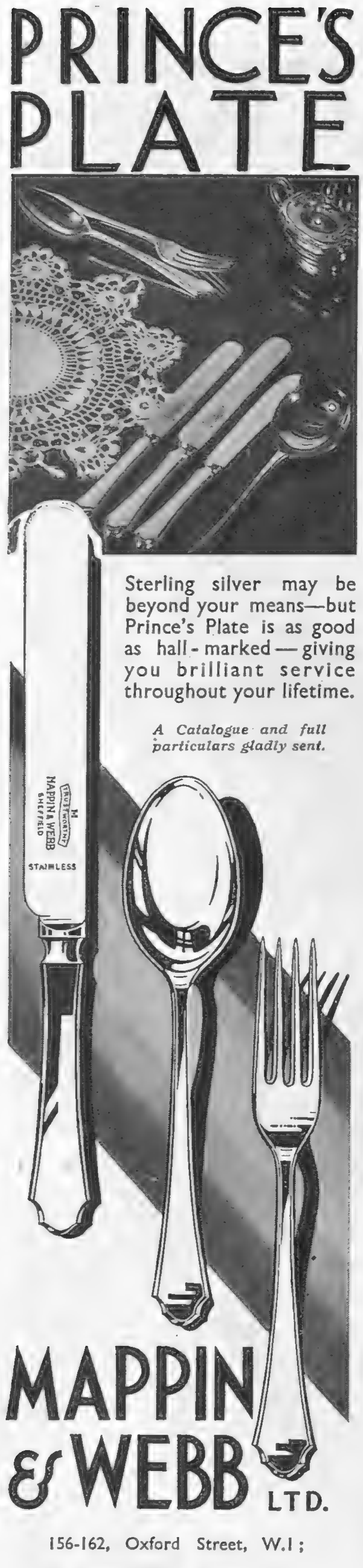

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as the girl is dispatched to vanquish internationally for her country.

Let us say she triumphs in this contest. Then it is that things really start humming for her. She has by now been boosted to the skies. She returns home and is at once completely taken hold of for advertising purposes. She has already, we may well imagine, been knocked out of her young stride by all the male (and not only male) worship and banquets and travels and dances and receptions and living generally in the fiercest public glare, including bull-fights that shock her dreadfully. She has an album of press cuttings and pictures. But nothing that went before equals the adulation that now surrounds her. For announcing that she uses this scent or perfume, she shall have £100 (of which a high percentage goes to her manager). For asserting that such is the only powder or lipstick, £100 again (and the same rake-off for M. le Manager). If she agrees to attend a soirée at Juan or at Deauville, £50 shall be hers (meaning £25; it is now that the people who have promoted and boosted Miss X start coming into their profits). A simple advertising banquet or exhibition may offer a like sum. There may be cinema and music-hall offers. The girl is surrounded day and night by people trying to exploit her.

Miss X is by her hectic and quite abnormal mode of life making acquaintances that may or may not do her eventual deadly harm. Into this very world of very "high" vice has Miss X been forced to enter. How does she usually come out of it?

What Becomes *of* Beauty Queens?

Be certain that she usually comes out of it in a very few months' time. That is the tragedy of these beauty queens. The very essence of their own election—for a year, really for a month or two—ordains that none of them last, that they are swiftly doomed to oblivion. But with what a heritage stored away, after what a momentary spell of luxury living! Most of them are simply disturbed to the roots by their experiences. If they can contrive to marry during their high spell or soon after, they are lucky indeed. Only one, as I have said (in scores and scores of cases), has made good professionally. So much for the blather of an election paving the way to stardom on film or stage! Such girls cannot steady down again to what they were normally destined to be in life—had beauty contests never existed. They must go gay. Or else, less frequently, they draw into themselves in a totally disillusioned melancholy.

The international Press could kill beauty contests did it not derive stunt value from them. Personally, I think it should be done. Beauty queens should not be set up for an hour. It is simply ruining a few more lives. One also hates to see them toured to primitive crowds. The whole business is definitely sticky.... And you must bear in mind that for every queen elected there have been hundreds of candidates turned away. And that these also meet people; after being turned away. People who specially cling around....

END

The Shadow *on* the Wall

(*Continued from page 23*)

himself deep in a thicket, scratching his hand and face as he did so. He lay still.

A patrol came galloping down a road. Frankie trembled. He wasn't afraid of being captured, but he didn't want to be shot full of holes before he could tell them that he——

Making a break for it he headed north, crawling and running. The wood suddenly thinned, and he came out near a road glistening with slush and rain. He crossed it and ran along a ditch, up to his knees in water. He made for another patch of wood further ahead, to his right. There he flopped, utterly spent and out of breath.

In the grey mist of dawn he crawled out to get his bearings. He was wet through up to the waist, and shivering now with cold. The road he judged to be the Brussels highway, but he wasn't sure. Ultimately he discerned the spire of a church, and to the left of it—looking north—a larger patch of woods. He knew then that the ill-fated pilot had dropped him a good three miles to the south.

A little after seven that morning a most bedraggled peasant slushed over the road into the village of Vrielly. Questioned by the military police, he told his story in French and was immediately taken before the Kommandantur. The latter, Colonel Von Huntzinger, a distinguished, florid-faced officer of sixty, was consuming a breakfast of sausage and bacon.

"Sayshe'sgot some information togive us," reported a corporal.

Huntzinger continued to pay most attention to his sausage. "Where are his papers?" he grumbled.

"Here, your excellency." The corporal laid them on the table.

"Them's the bunk," said Frankie. "They was all fixed for me. My name's Garon, and I'm an American subject."

"So." While there was a scrap of sausage on his plate, it seemed difficult for Von Huntzinger to attend to anything else.

"I've got some nifty information for you, cap."

With prodigious force Huntzinger thumped the table, relegating the last piece of sausage to the floor. "You'll speak to me with proper respect," he roared, "or not at all. Now then, what have you to tell me?"

What Frankie had to tell him brought to the Kommandantur's face an expression of rapt attention. Suddenly tearing off a patch from the seat of his wet corduroys, Frankie produced the faked X 17 evidence given him by Major Maclean. Von Huntzinger studied the documents through gradually protruding eyes.

"What's it worth to you if I help you capture this guy?"

"Gott in Himmel!" swore Huntzinger, his face purpling. "Anything—anything."

"Make it fifty thousand francs," said Frankie, "and I'll start talking."

"Ya, you don't have to worry about the money."

"I'll quit worrying when I see it written down on paper."

The Kommandantur didn't hesitate. He scribbled a note in French, signed it, and thrust it across the desk.

Frankie read it, and nodded. Whereupon he told all he knew. In doing so he unconsciously did his country a good turn, for he ended up by saying that X17 was an officer attached to German Headquarters in Brussels!

Beads of perspiration appeared on Von Huntzinger's forehead. He rushed through a long-distance telephone call somewhere.

"Great Heavens!" he puffed. "Where were you to find this man?"

"They didn't say, general."

"Didn't they mention any particular place where you were to go to?"

"No. All they said was that if I wanted some good cognac I ought to visit the Petit Colombe café."

"The Petit Colombe?"

"In the Rue Cordonnier."

"To get cognac?"

"That's right. They told me it was the best place in Brussels."

"So?" The phone rang. "Wait a minute," said Huntzinger. He was in communication with some high official in Brussels, and in a staccato, tensely pitched voice he jabbered away for some fifteen minutes before the conversation ended.

"You will follow out your instructions as though you had never been in touch with us," Huntzinger said breathlessly.

"I got to eat first," Frankie told him.

"Ya." The Kommandantur rang a bell. "Take this man to the canteen," he ordered, "and see that he gets a good meal. Dry his clothes. Attend to everything he wants."

"Sa-ay! Have I got to continue wearing these lousy duds?"

"Ya," said the still excited Huntzinger. "Everything—according to the plans given you by Major Maclean. Everything—ya."

Late that same day Frankie entered the Petit Colombe in the Rue Cordonnier and asked the proprietor for a glass of hot coffee—and a cognac. He had been brought to the outskirts of Brussels in a closed car. Hauptman Zeilin, of the German Army Secret Service, had accompanied him and given him his final instructions. He was to hang around the café until about seven o'clock, then get his supper somewhere and take in a concert or a theatre. On no occasion was he to attempt to get into touch with his family or former acquaintances, for in a sentimental moment as he was approaching Brussels, Frankie had wondered if his mother and sister still lived there. . . .

The café was crowded with soldiers. They were drinking beer and celebrating something, banging their fists on the table and shouting. One or two of them kept throwing remarks in his direction. Without understanding what they were saying, he knew it was far from complimentary, and it was here, rather than in the face of their machine-guns, that Frankie the Belge felt a pricking hostility toward the grey-clad troops.

He went, quite haphazardly, challenged several times on the way and forced to show the papers and passport given him by Major Maclean, to the Theatre Gaieté. The offering purported to be a Parisienne revue, chorused by the less patriotic *jeune filles* of Brussels, and graced by the Viennese artists, Lilli Daryll.

Deprived of all feminine society since the arrival of his Canadian battalion in France, Frankie sat transfixed at the beauty of the ravishing Viennese, his mouth going dry whenever she appeared on the stage.

In fact he was so affected by her that when the show was over he walked back to his lodgings in a haze. And this undoubtedly accounted for what happened, since, as a rule, Frankie the Belge was no jaywalker. A limousine came around a corner, and in the next instant he was lying in the gutter, a great rent in his corduroys and blood discolouring the sleeve of his peasant's blouse.

On the grey-uniformed chauffeur who had jumped from the wheel to pick him up, Frankie turned loose a torrent of Belgian abuse.

"You came round that corner with your lights off," he cursed him, his dark eyes blazing.

"Nein, nein! I don't see you. You step right in my way. Nein!"

"And you are nine kinds of a dirty liar," Frankie told him. "I have a good mind to knock your mug back of your ears."

All this was getting nowhere. Neither man could understand the other. But at that moment Frankie saw something that considerably cooled his temper. Out of the car stepped a young German officer, and following him was the actress, Lilli Daryll!

"Oh, but this is terrible," she cried in French. "I am dreadfully distressed. Is he hurt, Carl? Tell me," she asked Frankie, "are you hurt?"

He stared at her in a dull amaze. "Aw, it's O.K.," he managed. "Just peeled the skin off my elbow—that's all."

Military police materialised, and to them, in her obvious grief, the actress turned. "Please," she begged in German, "find out if he is hurt. It was not his fault. Can I take him to a hospital? Is there anything I can do?"

"This lady," said the young officer with her, "is Lilli Daryll. I am Leutnant Halle."

The police saluted.

"It's all right," Frankie assured everybody. "No damage done. Only I got sore for a minute. This chauffeur bird," he told the police "came tearing round the corner with his lights off."

The actress appeared amazed by this assertion. To the extent allowed by war conditions, the car's lights were now on. She turned to her chauffeur. "Carl!" she taxed him, "is this true?"

(*Continued on page* 116)

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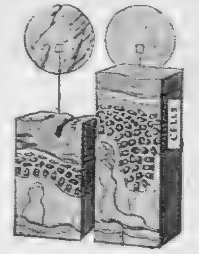

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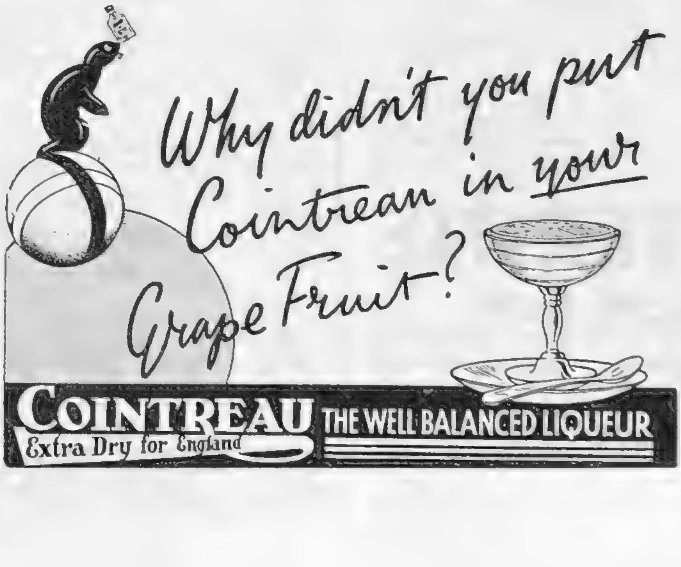
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"No, madame," he said politely.

She was plainly affected by the accident. Her eyes had filled with tears. This was too much for Frankie.

"My mistake," he recanted. "Guess the lights were on, at that. Like a dumbbell I walked right into the car. I'm not hurt more than a scratched elbow."

The actress wasn't quite convinced. With her foot on the running board, she again addressed the police. "You will please get the young man's name for me," she said, "and be sure to let me know where he is. I want to see that he gets the proper medical attention."

She and the young officer drove away. Once more Frankie had to produce his papers. He was then taken to a military doctor, who, finding his arm fractured, sent him to a local hospital.

Events during the next three days more than made up for the injury. To the hospital came Lilli Daryll. The first day, bringing him some roses, she was accompanied by no less a personage than General Weinsler, of the Imperial Staff. The following day, attended by a Prussian major, she brought fruit and a roast chicken. Frankie had his arm in a cast, but he continued to pretend that it was only a slight injury.

She gave him one of her warmest smiles. "No," she told him sadly, "you are only saying that for my benefit, and I think it is very noble of you. The doctor has told me that your arm is broken. I am sure you are in great pain."

"Aw, that's the bunk," he laughed, his sepia-brown eyes hungering for her. "I'll be out of here to-morrow. Then," he regretted, "I guess the only place I'll see you again will be at the theatre."

The Prussian coughed. "Where do you live?" he asked sternly.

Frankie knew that even here in the hospital he was being watched. Hauptman Zeilin had told him what to say to questions of this nature.

"At the Petit Colombe," he said.

He had always prided himself on having a fascination for women. All he had to do was look at them for a while. But his wildest dreams could not have foretold what was to happen the next evening! On her way to the theatre, Lilli Daryll dropped into the Petit Colombe. With her this time were two well-known airmen. Twenty or more German soldiers stood like wooden images at attention. Frankie couldn't cavil at what appeared to be her popularity with the whole German Army. By this time he was helplessly in love with her himself.

"So you did leave the hospital?" she smiled. "You seem to be a man of your word. Are you quite comfortable here?" she asked, looking around. "Have you everything you need?"

His mouth had gone dry as usual. "Sure," he growled. "Everything's O.K."

"O.K.," she laughed, imitating his growl. "What does that mean?"

"It means nothing could be better—like you."

A suffusion of colour spread over her cheeks. "Any time you'd like to see the revue again," she offered generously, "you are at liberty to do so. There will be tickets for you—always—at the office."

"Thanks. I'll be around."

"I hope your arm will soon be all right again," she said tremulously. "I think it's awfully brave of you to make so light of it. I can't tell you how sorry I am it ever happened. Now please," she begged, "are you quite certain there is nothing more I can do for you?"

"Sure there is," he said daringly. "Plenty."

"You have only to ask."

He looked at her. "I'll take you up on that," he smiled. "Maybe the opportunity won't come around again. For a kiss," he said boldly, "you can break this other arm."

Again she coloured. His daring, before her two companions and a room full of soldiers, plainly embarrassed her. But her smile was generous, and a tiny bit inviting.

Putting his free arm around her waist, he pulled her gently toward him, looking straight into her eyes. But the red lips were denied him. Laughing a little, she turned her head.

"Just like that, eh?" he questioned, still looking at her. "Well, maybe I'll have to ask you some other time—when there's nobody around." Before his ardent glance her lashes were slowly lowered. Frankie kissed her on the cheek.

When she and the two airmen had gone, the soldiers in the estaminet commenced a rowdy manifestation of disapproval that the actress's favours had not been more generously distributed. It quickly developed into ribaldry and, in the instance of one man, remarks and actions bordering on the obscene.

This violated no tendon of purity in the heart of Frankie Garon. There was nothing of the kind in him. But he considered it an insult to Lilli Daryll. Rising, he did a very foolish thing. He walked over to the worst offender and knocked him sprawling with a short vicious right to the chin.

In an instant the estaminet was in an uproar. Frankie, turning on his heel, went back to his corner. One of the soldiers came up to him, bellowing in German. With a sullen gesture, Frankie waved him away. The soldier promptly dashed the contents of a beer glass into his face.

At once Frankie was the centre of a drunken brawl. Handicapped by his left arm, he was knocked down, kicked and trampled on by weight of numbers. His face was cut, a terrific kick in the side almost cracked his ribs, and he was in danger of being maimed for life when, for no apparent reason at all, their abuse of him came to an abrupt stop.

There was a clear, brutal voice in German. "What's the devil's going on here!"

Scrambling to his feet, Frankie saw an officer standing inside the door. His face was vaguely familiar, and suddenly he recognised him as the young leutnant who had been with Lilli Daryll the night of the automobile incident.

In a tense silence the soldiers stood absurdly at a drunken attention, their hands glued to their little round caps. Leutnant Halle then criticised them so violently that the veins stood out on the side of his neck. Finally he rasped out a command. The tables jingled with the sound of dropped coins. Like automatons the soldiers filed out into the street. The proprietor fastened the door behind them, then came back to positively fawn before his new customer.

In a guttural French the officer ordered brandy. He glared at Frankie with unsympathetic eyes in which there was no sign of recognition. Frankie said nothing. He was now conscious of a blazing hatred toward all things German.

Suddenly the officer rose and walked over to him.

"Where do you come from—you?"

"From Brule, m'sieur."

"Let me see your papers."

They were produced. Leutnant Halle examined them, scowled, threw them on the table, and went back to his chair.

Then a strange and highly exciting thing happened! Halle ordered a special liqueur that sent the proprietor down to the cellar. The moment he was gone, the officer again rose, this time as if to go out through the back door. On his way, the cigarette hanging from his lips dropped to the floor. It fell near Frankie, and as the leutnant stooped to pick it up he said in a whisper:

"X 17."

It was so utterly unexpected that Frankie could only gasp. The officer disappeared. Frankie hesitated, not knowing what to do. The proprietor was now back in the room. He gave Frankie a long, queer stare, then signalled with a jerk of his head in the direction of the back door. Frankie rose and went outside.

It was pitch dark. He sensed he was in a garden. Dimly he was aware of a military figure close beside him. A voice breathed in his ear:

"We have about two hours before they

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Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural cure at home, by same treatment as used in hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders, etc., are simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and other impurities. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound and it dissolves uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be painful, but are quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. This curative medicinal water will clear the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus and bacteria.

arrest us on suspicion." He was speaking in English. "Somebody," he said, "turned traitor!"

Frankie stiffened. "Are you X 17?" he asked hollowly.

"No. Now listen very carefully to what I have to say to you. I want you to go to the theatre—and for God's sake be careful they don't see you. Get in through the roof—a skylight—anywhere but by the stage door or out front. Go to her dressing room. Warn her to be sure not to go to the Rue Avanes to-night! Have you got it?"

Frankie was tense. "Who—who did you say I was to warn?" he stammered.

"You know without my telling you. Miss Daryll."

Frankie's knees almost buckled under him. Something—maybe the pummelling he had received—something made him feel weak all over.

"I'm Forester, of the British Secret Service," the voice went on. "We got word to be on the lookout for you. We had to establish our connections in a rather drastic manner. Sorry. There was a reason for it. We've been suspected ever since you came here."

Taut fingers pressed Frankie's arm. "Hush!"

Frankie couldn't hear a sound.

"Quick!" whispered Forester, "go back inside. Sit at your table. Not a word to anybody. And remember! She must not go to the Rue Avanes address. Tell her to leave Brussels to-night. The Rotterdam way is still open."

Frankie couldn't speak. His throat had closed tight. He groped his way back into the estaminet. The place was empty, the proprietor gone. The street door suddenly opened and Hauptman Zeilin entered, his revolver drawn. Behind him were military police. Nothing was said to Frankie. Frankie himself said nothing. But he was thinking, thinking faster than he had ever done before.

To the silent but questioning Zeilin, he jerked his head toward the back door. Zeilin started that way. In the absolute silence, however, the door slowly opened and the man known as Leutnant Halle appeared there. He was smiling.

"Leutnant Halle! We arrest you on suspicion of being a spy in the pay of the enemy!"

Halle nodded, was searched and taken away. It was as simple, methodical, as that! Hauptman Zeilin with another officer remained to question Frankie, and true to form he told them all he knew.

"No, he's not the guy. He only brought a message from her. X 17 is Lilli Daryll! He told me to be sure and warn her not to go to an address in Rue Avanes to-night."

"What number in Rue Avanes?"

"He didn't say. So I figure you better let me follow out instructions. Like I've done since I came here—see? Listen! instead of telling her not to go to the Rue Avanes, I'll tell her to be sure and go there! You guys hang around the theatre; then all you have to do is to follow the dame. And don't forget," he reminded Zeilin, "I'm collecting fifty thousand francs for all this!"

They went first to headquarters, where it was decided to let Frankie proceed according to plan. The arrest of Leutnant Halle had been expected, but the fact that Lilli Daryll was the mysterious X 17 caused a sensation. Elaborate precautions were taken.

Frankie reached the theatre five minutes before the final curtain. The applause of the audience still echoed through the building as Lilli Daryll came running to her dressing-room.

Seeing him, she stopped short. "Your arm!" she exclaimed, pointing to fresh stains on it. "You've hurt it again."

"That's right," he smiled. "Come to think of it, I've been taking quite a bit of punishment on account of you. So I figure I ought to collect for it. I'd like to see you alone for a minute—if you don't mind."

She opened her door, invited him to enter. Her maid was there.

"Alone," repeated Frankie, his voice trembling.

(Continued on page 118)

If only more women realised

"For nearly two years now I have had a great deal of pain at certain periods and on occasions have even been compelled to leave business. I saw your advertisement and when the trouble commenced took Cephos tablets. Throughout the whole of the time I did not have one moment of pain. I only hope more women will quickly realise that the pain they suffer can be so easily alleviated."

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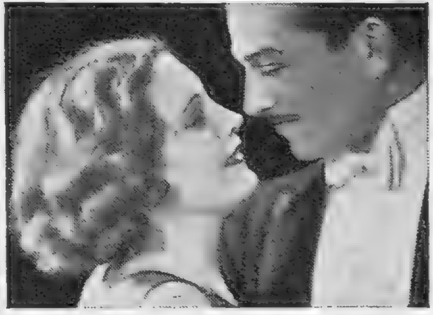

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The actress studied him. There was something in his face that mesmerised her.

"Nina," she said to her maid, "you may go home now."

"Merci, mam'selle."

When the woman had gone, Frankie went to the door and locked it.

"I told you I'd probably see you again some time, when nobody was around."

"What do you want?"

"God!" he murmured, "I never knew they made women so beautiful as you. I'd do anything in the world for you—face all the firing squads in France—or Germany," he suddenly whispered in English.

Instantly she paled.

"They've just arrested Forester," he said. "And I've risked my fool neck coming here to bring you a message from him."

Her eyes kindled. "I knew you wouldn't fail me," she said.

"Do I get that kiss?"

She swayed toward him. "I want you to kiss me. . . ."

The crowd gathered outside the stage door waited longer than usual that night. At last, however, they were rewarded. Lilli Daryll emerged in her usual dazzling fashion, kissed both hands to them, and was driven away by her chauffeur.

Secret Service Police followed her. The car, its lights suddenly turned off, wound in and about the dark Brussels streets. After driving for hours in a section of the city far removed from the Rue Avanes, it doubled back and finally entered the street, stopping in front of a dark, unpretentious building.

The actress hurried up the steps and disappeared. With her key she opened a door at the end of the hall on the second floor. Once inside she struck a match and applied it to the already prepared fire.

She then lit a candle. Everything she did seemed an effort to her, and under her veil her face was twisted as with pain. From behind a secret panel above the mantlepiece she procured a bundle of papers and documents. These she threw on the fire, hurrying their destruction by the unladylike procedure of dropping on her knees and blowing hard to create a draft.

She had plenty of lung power, for the papers were ablaze in no time. With the sole of her shoe she separated the burning mess until the ashes broke and scattered, part of them flying up the chimney.

This done she dropped exhaustedly into a chair and reached for a cigarette, lighting it with the candle flame. Running footsteps up the stairs and along the hall preceded the sudden crashing in of the door. Hauptman Zeilin came in, revolver in hand.

"Fräulein Daryll!" he said "you are under arrest on suspicion of being, . . . Hallo! what's this?"

The actress had lifted her veil. The face was not that of Lilli Daryll! It was that of a man called Garon, otherwise known as Frankie the Belge. His left arm hung loosely, and blood had discoloured his fingers.

Zeilin was dumbfounded. "Garon!" he said. "But—but what does this mean? Where's the woman?"

Frankie grinned at him. "A long ways from here, cap."

"Yes, but. . . . Your arm!" he said suddenly. He flung a sharp order over his shoulder. "Send for a medical doctor—quick!"

Again Frankie grinned at him. "Twelve German bullets will cure that arm," he said.

And then Hauptman Zeilin understood. His face blanched. Into it came an expression of utter bewilderment.

"You don't mean to say that you—you. . . . ? But your reward?" he gasped incredulously.

"Fifty thousand francs?" In the stillness Frankie watched his blood dripping on the floor. When he looked up at Zeilin his eyes were luminous. "No," he smiled. "I've had my reward."

END

Britain's Conquest *of the* Air

(*Continued from page 27*).

upon him to make accurate observations of the behaviour of machine and instruments at the two climatic extremes, for everything in the machine must function satisfactorily notwithstanding drastic changes of temperature and air density.

If the machine gets out of control through structural or engine failure, the pilot not only has to climb out and jump for it with his parachute—a sufficiently trying emergency in itself; he must keep command of his critical faculties and bring down with him a full story of the failure and its probable cause, otherwise months of patient research may be in vain. This is one of the principal qualifications of every test pilot—to be able to keep his head in the face of danger, so that if the machine has to be "written off," the experimental work which produced it may progress from that point and benefit from the loss.

IT might be supposed that specialised and dangerous work of the kind would produce a definite type of test pilot. Among those I was privileged to meet at Martlesham and Farnborough, I search for it in vain. I talked with bland, happy-go-lucky fellows who did not appear to have a care in the world and might have been West End clubmen leading a life of leisure. I talked with others who showed a certain tautness of nerve and facial alertness. Most had had experiences which, for danger and excitement, fall to the lot of the average man only in a world war. All were excessively modest and anxious to present them in the light of a perfectly ordinary "job of work."

At Martlesham there have been three accidents in three years' work, only one of them fatal—an insignificant figure when one remembers that test flights may total 3,500 to 4,000 at one station alone in one year.

Nos. 15 and 22 Squadrons operate here under Group Captain H. L. Reilly, D.S.O., and Squadron Leaders H. O. Long and C. Crawford. The adjutant is Flight-Lieut. D. M. Fleming. It is a first-rate team doing first-rate work.

It is the excellent technical work of the research scientists and constructors which makes the margin of accidents so small.

TEST pilots are never heroes to themselves; they are too preoccupied with the work in hand. But they deserve to be heroes to the rest of us, and not merely for the occasional risks they run; for the value and importance of the purpose they serve, an indispensable one to the scientists and constructors with whom they co-operate. When the best brains in the country have formulated principles and ideas and devoted months, years of creative work to giving them bodily shape, there remains the question: Can the thing fly, can it perform the function claimed for it under the most severe service conditions? It is the test pilot who supplies the answer to that.

The only concern of all is that the good work should progress, and flying be made as riskproof and foolproof as other forms of locomotion, and contribute to the Empire's stability and well-being.

The Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough is one of the most jealously guarded centres of research in Britain. Every employee there, from scientist to mechanic, is subject to the Official Secrets Act. And for a very good reason.

Here British aircraft, both civil and Service, is in a continual state of evolution. New and modified ideas and designs are formulated and tried out in close co-operation with the Aeronautical Research Committee on the theoretic side and the private constructors on the practical.

The staff, under the direction of Mr. A. H. Hall, Chief Superintendent, comprises some of the finest technical brains in the industry and includes 65 scientific officers, 100 technical advisers, 18 R.A.F. officers who act as liaison consultants between the various departments and the Service, and the 14 test pilots already mentioned who operate a fleet of 50 machines of varied types.

The plant and equipment, of the most ingenious and up-to-date kind, has been designed for experimentation with new ideas and for the maximum testing of craft and gear before they are handed over to the test pilot to try out in actual flight.

As far as known scientific principles relative to aircraft are concerned, nothing is left to chance. The element of chance with which the pilot still has to contend is due to the fact that those principles have to operate in a comparatively new element. One of the principal functions of Farnborough is to reproduce artificially, as nearly as it can, conditions in that element and ascertain how structures and equipment behave in it.

In the Aerodynamics Department, for instance, gales of a velocity up to 200 miles an hour are produced in enormous wind-tunnels like tubes by means of huge propeller "fans." At the touch of a switch the scientist has at his disposal a roaring gale in which he can study the behaviour of model planes with special reference to problems of stalling and spinning. The fluttering of a series of small feathers affixed to the plane at regular intervals may help to provide data which will contribute to the solution of such problems.

These giant wind-tunnels operate vertically as well as horizontally; one was specially built for the testing of windmill helicopter models in a straight 200 miles per hour current. To stand by these tunnels when the fans are roaring "all out" is to experience almost a Wellsian nightmare, for no actual hurricane makes one-tenth the noise.

One of the most intimidating features of the station, to the layman, is a huge steel caisson, or high altitude chamber, in which every pilot who is going up to the "ceiling"—that is, over 15,000 ft.—must undergo exhaustive tests. In this cylinder also, which is 15 ft. in diameter, Polar conditions are artificially produced; once the door is sealed on him and the compression plant set to work, the pilot is virtually ascending to 30,000 and more above the earth, and must use an oxygen outfit and electrically heated suit exactly as for an actual climb.

As the technique of flying develops, gear tends to become more varied and complicated, ever new and improved "gadgets" have to be introduced.

There is the Robot, or automatic control, for instance, which stabilises the machine in flight and greatly reduces the work of the pilot, actually enabling him to leave his controls from time to time.

There is the gyroscopic turn-indicator for the guidance of the pilot in "blind" flying in darkness or fog or under the "hood"; a new accelerometer for registering acceleration imposed by a sudden "bumb" or a fast turn as in Schneider Cup racing; an instrument, in process of completion, which interconnects thermometer, altimeter, and airspeed indicator to give true air speed.

All these innovations have been evolved at Farnborough; and no matter how delicate the instrument, it must be so constructed that it will withstand extremes of temperature between ground and "ceiling," as well as engine vibration, and retain accuracy of measurement.

Such, in barest outline, is the technical organisation which has been instrumental in developing British aircraft to its present high state of safety and efficiency. Few of the many hundred thousand passengers who each year fly between London and Paris in two hours have the vaguest idea of the amount of paintaking research on the part of scientist, constructor, and test pilot which enables them to do so with safety and surety. Many imagine that these giant air liners, like Topsy, just "growed."

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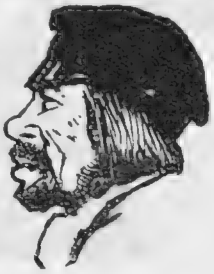

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2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, June 14th.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. Hon. Mention: Violet P. I. Horn, G.C.S. 5891; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—"The Charm of Idling." Prize 10s. Awarded to Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573 Doris Barton, G.C.S. 5954; May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940.

Needlework Competition.—A Pincushion. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316 and G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Book-plate Suitable for a Poets' Library. Prize 10s. Awarded to Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228; Evangeline Weir, M.C.S. 3603.

Literature Competition.—Paper on Any Topical Subject. Prize 10s. Awarded to J. Lawes, M.C.S. 3319. Hon. Mention: Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368; Elsie Montgomery, M.C.S. 3433; Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: D. Picton Seymour, A.C.S. 1452.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Marit Guinness, A.C.S. 1530.

Snapshot Competition

First prize 10s. Awarded to Phyllis Board, G.C.S. 4240. Second prize 5s. Awarded to S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S. 5855. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923. Christina Collinge, G.C.S. 5724; Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295.

Award of Prizes, July 1st.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843. Hon. Mention: Mary McFadyen, G.C.S. 5934.

Literature Competition.—Study of a Charwoman Named Mrs. H'Atlock. Prize 10s. Awarded to Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Gwendoline Allen, G.C.S. 5969.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

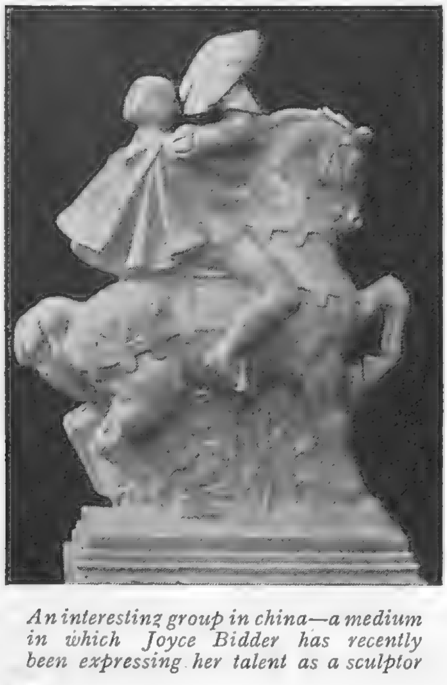
Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan M. Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401. Hon. Mention: Betty Perry, M.C.S. 3426; M. Wallace-Brown, M.C.S. 3431; Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859; Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Anything Taken From BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to B. Barker, A.C.S. 1470. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Daphne Giddins, A.C.S. 1571; Marit G. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joyce Francis, A.C.S. 1585. Hon. Mention: Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524.



An interesting group in china—a medium in which Joyce Bidder has recently been expressing her talent as a sculptor

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(September—October)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Design for a Cover to a Book of Poems. No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. A Flower Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Review a Recent Book. No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, October 15th. A Short Poem.

Needlework Competitions.—Prize 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Something Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, October 15th. A Novelty.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A design for a Cretonne. No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. A Landscape Study. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. A Paper on Any Topical Subject.

Associates Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Group of Four Common Objects. No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Paper entitled "Do I Like Holidays?" No. II. Closing date, October 2nd. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Handicraft Competition.—First prize, 15s. Second prize, 7s. 6d. Closing date, October 2nd. Subject left to competitor.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

A MOST interesting book has just been published, namely, *Wasted Womanhood* (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 6s.), written shortly before her death by Charlotte Cowdroy, the famous headmistress of Crouch End High School and College. It is not a book for our younger Saloners, but I recommend it to the notice of all our Graduate members, not only for its clear-sighted arguments and terse, outspoken style, but also because, in the shape of a long preface, there is a most interesting biography of Miss Cowdroy by Miss Marguerite Bennell, so well known to so many of you as the judge for French at our Annual Competitions, and herself now the Headmistress of this famous North London school. If you read this book you will not be surprised at its fame, though you may be at the very humble beginnings from which, only thirty years ago, it sprang.

* * *

The £5 Quarterly Prize for February, March, April has been awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Next in order of merit: May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140; Margaret Recaldin, A.C.S. 1435; Joan M, Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401; Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295; Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206; Marit V. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530; Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(June 14th)

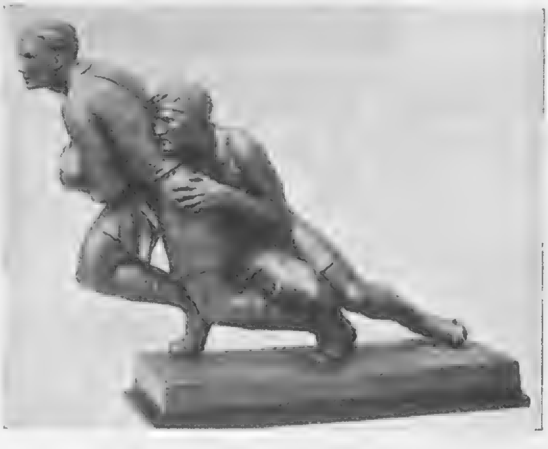
Joan Harris.—A remarkably neat ending and the plot one which would work out very well in the hands of someone more experienced. You are making very sound progress. Go on trying.

Alice Janes.—You argue your case very well along familiar lines, but the interesting qualifications which could have been made in support of both the opposing parties are given no attention. This seems a pity.

Margaret Barrett.—As I read your article Perry, alas! had just been defeated! This was an excellent subject to choose and you have tackled it very well for your age.

Joan M. Mitchell.—Some passages are exceptionally good. Criticise your work severely. You have distinct talent. You can get an elusive thought quite cleverly on to paper. Promising work.

B. Gardner.—Lively and amusing and yet full of sound observation and character. It doesn't sum up the whole art of idling, but in its particular way it decidedly scores.



Another example of Miss Bidder's work in plaster and exhibited at the Royal Academy

Jean Weir.—You are making steady progress. This is much better composed than some of your earlier attempts; "all disappeared" would be sufficient, without the ' quite."

Hilda Barrow.—How splendidly that last paragraph runs! I think I should have been tempted to have brought it in earlier and to have extended its argument, but it makes a fine finish.

Dorothy Guillaume.—The space left for the name is rather small, but the decoration is charmingly done. The medieval atmosphere is most cleverly suggested and the drawing good throughout. A very attractive entry.

May McCoy.—This is tip-top work. You don't bother to correct careless slips, however, but you should! Your attitude to the subject and the manner in which you have handled it could scarcely be better.

Ursula Moss.—If the Celtic decoration were more closely knit in the typical manner, a better setting for the attractive landscape would have resulted and better lettering is essential. I think I should not give the cathedral a label. Let people guess at this.

Veronica Ward.—Charmingly designed, although a book-plate, as a rule, is in black and white for economical reasons. You have, however, succeeded admirably with your paints. It is a most attractive scheme.

May W. Harrison.—Excellent in tone and colour, but lacking in crispness. I think the board has responded badly to touch and made the effect a bit sad. Such a good group, too.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—A pleasant drab-grey scheme, rather down on the picture line, and a bit careless in perspective. Slight, but agreeable.

Marjorie Naylor.—The too bright reflection jumps out of place a bit and hurts the aerial perspective of your excellent panoramic sketch, in other ways very good indeed.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A daring study, good in all respects but its uniformity of edges, which cuts out the group. With a dark background this point needs special attention.

Violet P. I. Horn.—A surface which gives rough textures and atmosphere is hard upon smooth surfaces near to and prevents your getting the full value of your very charming colour, tone and drawing. Extremely good work.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—You apparently tired of your subject, but, except for non-convergent parallels, what you have done seems to promise well. This is certainly one way of tackling the subject, but it doesn't get you very far. I am referring to the paper. A little more solidity would have been welcome.

Joyce Bidder.—There is a reed-pen effect about some of your accents which does not fit the subject very well. An extremely pleasant scheme except for this, and the trespass on the margin.

Maud T. Schwabe.—Your book-plate is certainly original, if not quite as symmetrical as intended. Possibly more conformity to the strict rules of heraldry might give a better result.

Stephanie Weir.—A very well drawn sketch. If you mass such details as tiling and foliage a bit and give more force to near objects you will get a still better effect. The literature entry is interestingly done. The subject is hackneyed, but you give it a fresh twist very cleverly.

Penelope Burra.—This texture helps distance but handicaps delicate foreground details. Excellent colour and a really clever sketch. The tree a bit too central for comfort. Praiseworthy enterprise.

Dorothy Lake.—You restrict yourself by writing on this paper. Get manuscript size and paragraph carefully. You have some interesting things to say, but they must be set down more attractively. The gist of this is very good.

M. Joyce Lambert.—This covers the ground perfectly, but in addressing a reader personally, I think there is always some risk. Keep the advice on more general grounds. Or soliloquise aloud rather than advise.

Betty Weir.—The scale of the books is enormous; this refers both to those on the shelves as well as those on the ground. Otherwise very attractively sketched and admirably bold in method. I like your outspoken and clearly argued literature entry. Edit your work more carefully. There are one or two unnecessary slips.

Florence McCoy.—The middle part of this essay is much the best although the final quotation falls aptly enough. Pay a little more attention to form. What you say is entirely sound, but it sometimes asks for better arrangement.

Joan Guillaume.—A better frame and lettering are all that this design needs to make it effective. Use smooth paper for pen drawing.

Mabel Sanders.—How can I have anything but praise for this delightfully original effort. It looks uncannily like the real thing. My many thanks.

Irene McCoy.—The verse certainly sums up your point of view pretty completely, but surely a little account might have been taken of the benefit to be derived from the contemplative side of idling? . . . A very well-written essay.

G. M. Kaye.—You have overcome the difficulties attendant upon working upon so small a scale very cleverly. Perhaps rather gayer colours might have been indulged in, but the craftsmanship leaves little to be desired.

Evangeline Weir.—This black grey and white effect is delightfully achieved. It is a little unusual for the particular purpose, but still not unacceptable. For a certain type of fabric, or an end-paper, however, it would, I think, have been more suitable. Very artistic work. The little paper is bright and entertaining and one would have been willing to have had it longer and more detailed.

Olive Dwyer.—Basically all you say is excellent. It isn't quite so coherent as it might be in places and the writing shows a tendency to illegibility. Beware of the latter! Clear writing, they say, promotes clear thinking!

Arnold Parkin.—You have got at the roots of the matter and justified your point of view most thoroughly. The only criticism that I have to make is that the paper is rather too short.

Florence Cook.—I never mind a subject being twisted a bit if the "twister" succeeds in justifying himself. And certainly you do this here even if the praise is a bit extravagant. Do we not evoke criticism anywhere? So many thanks for your letter.

Amy G. Haydon.—A very dainty effort. Defeated as to a prize because not original enough in scheme but very good technically.

Doris Barton.—Correct typescript carefully as the reader's pleasure is spoilt by errors. An excellent paper; its due appreciation of the contemplative values in idling was something I was hoping to get.

Daphne Giddins.—The composition is strikingly good and there is a satisfying appreciation of construction in the treatment of the trees. The values, of course, are false but as a whole this is decidedly promising. Try to compete regularly.

K. V. Halsall.—This is a book cover not a book plate—the latter being a personal label of an heraldic or other character pasted inside a book to denote ownership.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The*
Children's Salon Competition Circle
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

……………………………………

Age, if under 20……………………

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Gladys Cumpstey.—I have much enjoyed this amusing mixture of irony and fact, so neatly blended that I cannot tell where one begins and the other ends. Congratulations on a very interesting effort not nearly so easy to do well as it might appear.

C. R. H. Brabham.—Colour is evidently your strong point. If you can get your drawing on to the same level you will do good work. The perspective of the light stand isn't quite accurate.

Mary Gordon.—I like your attitude over this problem very much and think it infinitely superior to the self-righteous humbug some particular people indulge in. A well written paper and a good subject.

Amy Read Russell.—Delighted to see you competing again. The last paragraph is full of wisdom and might have made a good opening. Still, as it is, it is quite well tackled although on rather obvious lines until the end.

Pamela Carr.—This opens well but the end comes a little abruptly and one feels various incidents might have been introduced to produce a more impressive effect. In one or two places I found your writing rather difficult to decipher. Don't let this tendency develop!

J. Lawes.—You state your case very well and your arguments are very sound. More people think as you do, however, than you imagine. The pendulum has begun to swing back!

Doris Seth-Smith.—Most wisely summed up. I expect in the end we shall order such a day for ourselves. If the composition were just a little more graceful this would be tip-top stuff.

Patricia Baldwin.—The house looks very big in contrast with the trees. I suppose you did this from Nature? Don't let a study develop into a convention. At your stage a copy as exact as you can make it is best.

Ursula Scott Morris.—You have all my sympathy. I have been doing the self-same thing and with about the same result so far. Your style is now much improved. The short arresting sentences are first-rate and you write "straight from the shoulder" as it were. With this tendency disciplined by reading widely you should do very well presently.

D. Picton Seymour.—Your houses are rather casually constructed but, taken as a whole, this is an artistic essay, charming in its accents and general tone. You ought to do some very good work presently if you persevere.

Elsie Montgomery.—You have tackled an everlasting problem with considerable skill and good feeling. Some pessimism in this respect is forgivable. I am glad to see you searching for the right word. A book such as Roget's "Thesaurus" would help you greatly.

R. E. Minchin.—I would suggest working on wider paper. The use of a narrow one is cramping to the flow of ideas, and I am sure you would enjoy the greater scope more room gives. This begins well, but the argument wants sustaining further. The paper is too brief.

Elma Stamper.—One of the best things you have sent in, the touch light and easy, in tune with the subject, albeit deeper implications might have been hinted at.

Marit Guinness.—You must not permit your second verse to go to pieces metrically as it does at present. It will be an easy matter for you to put right the first and last lines in this respect. The first verse is in all things the better one.

Effie Dundas.—It is clear the charm has been well and truly felt. You have seldom sent in a better paper. I don't think there is anything to criticise.

B. Maile.—Without a doubt this attitude will increasingly become general. It is only those whose imaginations are dull, who could refute it. But of course it seems strange to those who went through those times. An interesting and well-written paper.

Norman F. Bunker.—Do I sense that your heart was not altogether in the theme? Not that you haven't done well with it, particularly towards the close. A proper enthusiasm does, however, seem to be lacking!

Olive Dockree.—You speak of "Day," but there are several days; in fact the fixture occupies most of a week. Avoid such slips, accuracy of this kind is very important.

(*July* 1*st*)

Gwendoline R. Allen.—A very neat little character study. If you had worked up the drama in the bus yet a little more vividly this would have been a very good effort indeed.

Irene McCoy.—Excellent. I like the angle from which you have tackled the subject and its oblique method. Is interestingly done. A very good entry.

Marit Guinness.—Of course a rhyme to the third line in the third verse presents a difficulty, but you must endeavour to surmount this in better fashion than at present. The last line spoils an otherwise charming effort. A little more variety in the trees would have helped the art entry, but in other respects it is quite successful.

Jean Weir.—As a colour scheme first rate, and in addition the handling of the chalks is most skilful for your age. Considerable progress is shown.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SECOND SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best one-verse record of a kitchen catastrophe parodying "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post September 15th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—September 15

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best lyric entitled "To Autumn."

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post September 29th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—September 29

Results of 156th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best words for a song.

Awarded to "Radio."

Hon. Mention: Enid M. Norman, Blanche Darwall, Louise Domville, "J. A. B.," M. Bacon, "Ivory," Alice Georgano, Mary Hughes, Victoria Tyrrell, "E. Leslie," "G. G.," Gwendolen Whitcombe.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short verse describing a beach crowded with bathers.

Awarded to A. V. Williamson.

Hon Mention: "J. A. B.," M. Bacon, Alice Georgano, E. G. Robins, "G. G.," "E. G. Y."

Results of 157th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Edgar Pasfield.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, R. E. Minchin, M. Oxenford, K. Gaudy, G. Phillpotts, "Ivory," "Lweno Notwali," William Laslett, E. G. Robins, Z. Forster-Brown, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best lyric in praise of the month of June.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," May Harrison, Julia Binfield, M. Scott Morris, "Dux," "E. G. Y.," B. Richardson, E. G. Robins, May Belben, G. Phillpotts, "Excelsior," A. Georgano, Margaret John.

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B. E. Sept. 33.

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★ *From the letter of a Barrister-at-Law*

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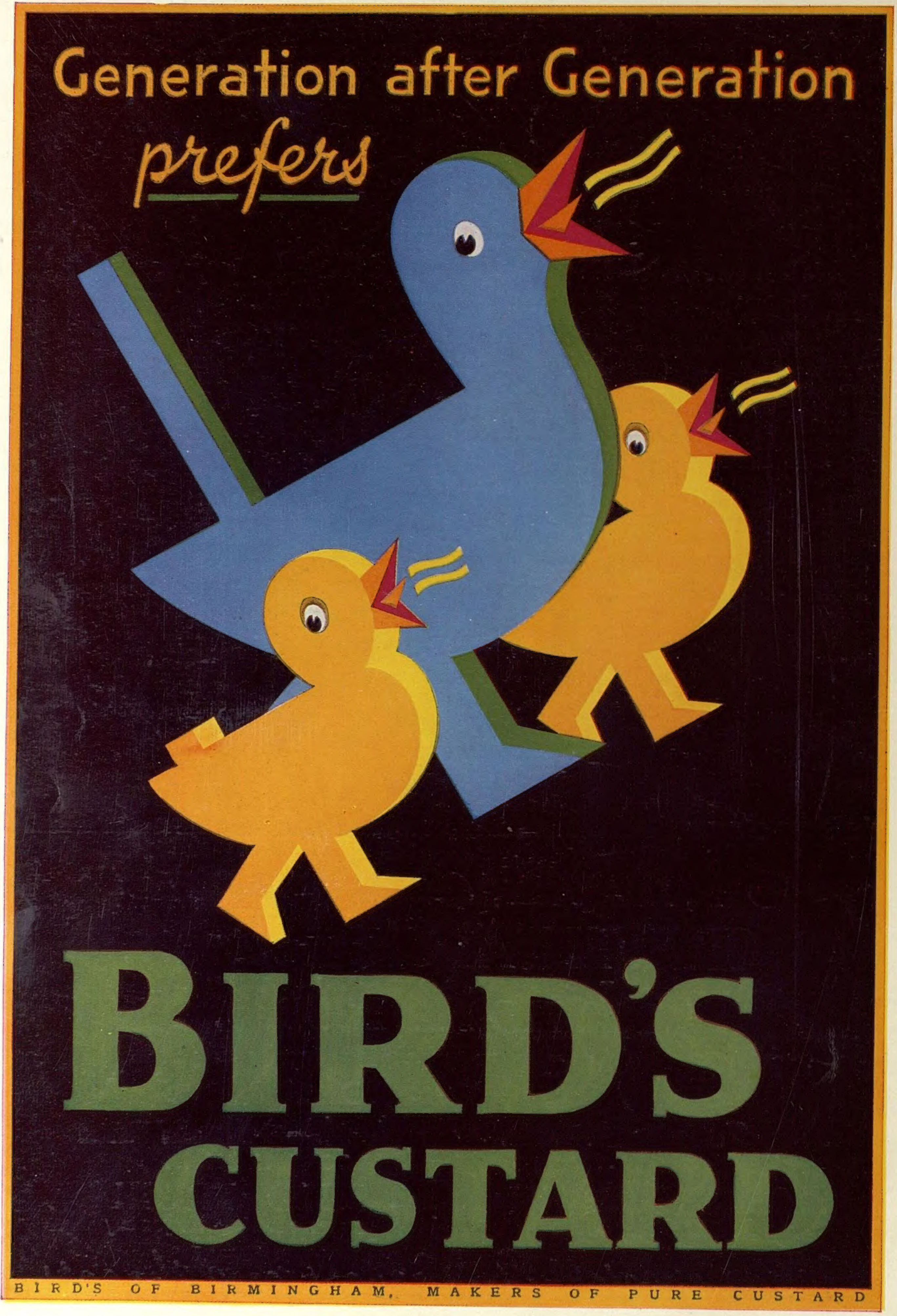
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